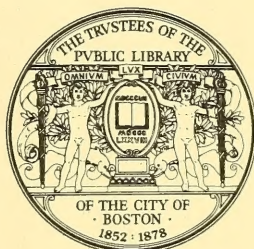






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# IRISH LITERATURE

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# IRISH LITERATURE

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Or the "Valley of the Lakes," is wild, gloomy, and desolate. Here St. Kevin founded his abbey in the sixth century, and it soon became a crowded city and a famous seat of learning. Around the round tower clustered seven churches, in one of which were buried for generations the members of the royal line of the O'Tooles. All is now in ruins, but the "Irish Baalbec," as it is called, is a shrine for countless pilgrims.

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BY

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## IRISH NOVELS.

THE new movement which is expressing itself in Irish literature to-day is not akin to that movement which influenced the Irish novelists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the first place (and this is one of its chief values in many eyes) it is not a movement of reaction. In the second, it is not purely social. There is not an Irish novelist worthy to be mentioned in this paper whose work can be judged by an exclusively literary or artistic standard. The most noted of them all, William Carleton, was a novelist because he put character, alive and palpitating, on paper and fixed it there for all time, preserving the varying shades of life. He likewise gave the atmosphere of certain conditions of his time so accurately that his novels, whatever may be the literary judgment of the future, must have an enormous sociological influence on the work of the future historian of Ireland.

The influences that have touched on such diverse personalities as Miss Edgeworth and Miss Laffan, Samuel Lover and Charles Kickham, Gerald Griffin, Lady Morgan, Maturin, and Charles Lever, are not the influences that move Lady Gregory, Mr. William Butler Yeats, Dr. Douglas Hyde, or Katherine Tynan-Hinkson when she does not write novels. Canon Sheehan belongs also to the oldest sociological school, while Dr. Barry, at least in one novel, has shown that he is willing to be receptive to the influences lately developed and recognized. In the new movement art counts for much,—and there is the old yearning for the mysticism of the past. In the older movement mysticism counted for little and conscious art for less. All the Irish novelists, except Miss Laffan and Mrs. Tynan-Hinkson, whose importance, after all, does not lie in her novels, seem to regard the laws of literary proportion,—in another phrase, the art of construction,—as if they had no relation to the gift of story-telling.

There is another very distinct difference between the writers in the new Irish movement and the older novelists. Carleton and Griffin, Lover and Lever, even the Banims, cannot somehow prevent themselves from seeing their own



people from the outside. When Griffin sings of his childhood, one feels that there is a note of regret in the song for the separation which the alien language, claiming and holding him, has made for him from the essences of the Irish past. And when Carleton makes some of his very snobbish notes, for the benefit of a prejudiced and ignorant public, one knows that he is trying to look at his own race from an alien standpoint.

The Hon. Miss Lawless, Miss Laffan, Miss Jane Barlow, and even the exquisite Moira O'Neill, who has the point of view of a novelist, though she is not one, all have sympathy and understanding, but it is a sympathy and understanding not unconscious. Thackeray's Irish characters are no more evidently painted from the outside than many of Lever's and Lover's. The dash, the sparkle, the irresponsibility of Lever's soldiers are only the glints of sunlight on the surface of rippling waters; and the imitators of Lever, Nugent Robinson, in his short story 'The Little Chapel Monamullin,' and Myles O'Reilly, have done no more than reproduce their effects. Lover's 'Handy Andy,' of all his works, has a coarseness of touch, a lack of art, and a habit of patronizing the Irish, which are amusing now; it is easy to imagine how irritating it must have been when the people thus patronized and arranged for foreign inspection were powerless to resent it. It used to be a very common remark among visitors to Ireland that "the Irish did not know their own literature." "Their own literature," in the estimation of the tourist, was principally 'Father Tom and the Pope' and the uproarious novels of Lever. The defect in both of Samuel Lover's novels 'Rory O'More' (by all odds the best) and 'Handy Andy' is that they were written with an eye on what the English reader would expect the Irish characters to do; but of all except the outer characteristics of a wonderfully complex people they give only hints. We get near to the heart of the people in Carleton's 'Poor Scholar,' in Banim's 'Crohoore of the Bill-hook,' in Griffin's 'The Collegians,'—above all, it seems to me, in spite of the demands of a sectarian market, in Carleton.

Miss Edgeworth was a novelist with a purpose. The Ireland of 'Castle Rackrent' (1800) was not the Ireland of fifty-nine years later. Miss Edgeworth, unlike Miss Aus-

ten, but like Miss Burney and Marian Evans (George Eliot), had the misfortune to fall under masculine influence. Miss Burney, who saw her world with keen, interested, and observant eyes in 'Evelina,' became mannered and verbose in 'Cecilia'; George Eliot, who was delightfully humorous and finely receptive to the values of social relations in 'Scenes of Clerical Life' and 'The Mill on the Floss,' became more and more didactic and less truly artistic as Mr. George Lewes' influence over her increased. Dr. Johnson's habit of making little fishes talk like whales, caught by Miss Burney, destroyed the promise of her youth, and Dr. Edgeworth's comfortable method of settling everything by rule and measure interfered with the free development of Miss Edgeworth's talent as a novelist. In 'Castle Rackrent,' in 'Ennui,' in 'The Absentee,' we see traces of those economic theories, those constant appeals to the processes of natural philosophy which had begun to take the place of spirituality in the bosom of many self-complacent persons in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was in this atmosphere of self-satisfaction that Madame de Genlis brought up the Orleans Princes; it permeated all the literature for youth, and the very essentials of it are found in the maxims of Benjamin Franklin.

'Castle Rackrent' is the best remembered of Miss Edgeworth's novels. It interpreted certain picturesque phases of Irish life to a public that was ignorant of them. All her novels are free from sectarian prejudice, and, in spite of the lack of vitality in some of the characters drawn by her from fashionable life, she deserved the admiration that Sir Walter Scott unreservedly expressed for her. Her sympathy is always on the side of the angels and the Irish. With the terrible or the deeply pathetic, she is not at close quarters, she prefers to see them at a distance. She had limitations,—the limitations of her creed and time. A clear head, a good heart, a well-balanced mind, a moral point of view, a keen sense of humor and as keen an appreciation of wit gave her the qualities that caused her Irish novels to be appreciated by the only public that could afford to buy them—the English. She saw the evils of absenteeism; and these evils she depicted as degrading the character of the landlord as well as ruining both the mental and the physi-

cal life of the tenant. 'The Absentee' and 'Ennui' are good examples of her work, in trying to corret the prevalent absenteeism. 'The Absentee' opens with a picture, unhappily, if one may judge from contemporary records, only too faithful.

" 'Are you to be at Lady Clonbrony's gala next week?' said Lady Langdale to Mrs. Dareville, while they were waiting for their carriages in the crush-room of the opera-house.

" 'O yes ! everybody's to be there, I hear,' replied Mrs. Dareville. 'Your ladyship, of course?'

" 'Why, I don't know: if I possibly can. Lady Clonbrony makes it such a point with me, that I believe I must look in upon her for a few minutes. They are going to a prodigious expense on this occasion. She tells me the reception rooms are all to be new furnished, and in the most magnificent style.'

" 'At what a famous rate these Clonbronzs are rushing on,' said Colonel Heathcock. 'Up to anything.'

" 'Who are they?—these Clonbronzs, that one hears of so much of late?' said her Grace of Torcaster. 'Irish absentees, I know. But how do they support all this enormous expense?'

" 'The son *will* have a prodigiously fine estate when some Mr. Quin dies,' said Mrs. Dareville.

" 'Yes, everybody who comes from Ireland *will* have a fine estate when somebody dies,' said her Grace. 'But what have they at present?'

" 'Twenty thousand a year, they say,' replied Mrs. Dareville."

Later, Lady Langdale says of the Irish peeress:

" 'If you knew all she endures to look, speak, move, breathe like an Englishwoman, you would pity her.'

" 'Yes, and you *cawn't* conceive the *peens* she *teeks* to talk of the *teebles* and *cheers*, and to thank Q, and with so much *teeste* to speak pure English,' said Mrs. Dareville.

" 'Pure cockney, you mean,' said Lady Langdale.

" 'But does Lady Clonbrony expect to pass for English?' said the duchess.

" 'Oh, yes ! because she is not quite Irish *bred and born*—only bred, not born,' said Mrs. Dareville. 'And she could not be five minutes in your Grace's company before she would tell you that she was *Henglish*, born in *Hoxfordshire*.'

To a healthy-minded woman like Miss Edgeworth, who valued among other things not English her relationship to the Abbé Edgeworth, the snobbishness of certain compatriots was unendurable; she liked and admired the Irishman; even his faults were to her not real faults,—for, at worst, they were faults of her family circle, to be condoned, if possible; if not, to be accepted so long as they did not simply imply meanness. 'Castle Rackrent' led Sir



Walter Scott to use his wide experience with Scottish characters in a similar way.<sup>1</sup> "If I could," he wrote to James Ballantyne, "but hit Miss Edgeworth's wonderful power of vivifying all her persons, and making them live as *beings* in your mind, I should not be afraid."

The time came when he was not afraid, for the world had given its verdict, and it justly put Sir Walter far beyond Miss Edgeworth in the portrayal of national characteristics. Still, when Sir Walter attempted the novel of fashionable society, he felt the limitations much more than Miss Edgeworth. 'Belinda,' Miss Edgeworth's worst novel, because that philosophical doctor, her father, *would* meddle with it, is incomparably better than 'St. Ronan's Well.' Thady, the teller of the story of the family of 'Castle Rackrent,' was not, as a creation, surpassed by Scott;—one may yawn over the talk and the tribulations of Miss Edgeworth's fine ladies and gentlemen, but her common people are always very much alive and racy of the land which alone could give such beings birth. 'Ormond,' as far as the story of Irish life goes, is of more importance than either 'Ennui' or 'The Absentee.' The real Miss Edgeworth, the lover of the manifestations of character, the sincere, the unaffected, the graphic, is here. The novel of manners is one of the most useful documents for the historian, as we know; and, in English literature, it is of very recent growth. The historian of Ireland in the eighteenth century could as fairly neglect 'Castle Rackrent' and 'Ormond' in his sociological chapters as the historian of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, dealing with France, could afford to neglect the psychological studies, expressed in fiction, of Paul Bourget.

The novel and the short story have very much in common, as the short story is understood to-day. The narrative, the mere string of episodes into which characteristics rather than character enter, has not the qualities of the form of literature which for almost two centuries we have called the novel. The novel proper differs principally from the romance in its accent on character and atmosphere. The short story of to-day is not the tale made so famous in English letters by *Blackwood's Magazine*. It depends, like the novel, on atmosphere,—the color of the society it in-

<sup>1</sup> 'Life and Letters of Maria Edgeworth,' p. 72. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

terprets,—and on the development of psychology. Most of the Irish short-story writers approach more to the novel, as we understand it to-day, and, as a rule, the writers of short stories, like Miss Jane Barlow, are included among the novelists.

Lover and Lever, however, are romancers rather than story writers. Smollet, or Dickens at his worst,—when best interpreted by Cruikshank,—was no more of a caricaturist than Lover. Those who read Smollet now look on his caricatures as bad art, and those of Dickens, though deserving a similar censure, do not offend as Lover's offend. There is the effect, in some of Lover's most comic pages, of heartlessness. Poverty and wit, starvation and humor exist together, but the result, in the eyes of a writer who did not write merely to make his public laugh, ought to be pathetic, heart-stirring, and tear-stirring, rather than amusing: if the test as to whether a work of fiction is a novel or a romance is the question whether one remembers character or incident, Lover must be both a novelist and a romancer, for in 'Rory O'More' and 'Handy Andy' it is the incidents as well as the principal characters that are etched on our minds. In Lever's books the characters do not stand out as characters: From 'Harry Lorrequer' to 'Lord Kilgobbin,' there is hardly one character except Mickey Free that holds fast to the memory. There is no person who seems so real as Carleton's Poor Scholar, Griffin's Hardress Cregan, or the hero of William Banim's 'Crohoore of the Bill-hook.'

Lever is the first of all the romancers of military life, as Maxwell is of the sporting life of the Irish gentry. Maxwell's best work is in 'The Wild Sports of the West.' It has all the sparkle, all the recklessness of Lever in his Leveresque moods. It is evident, in this book, that congenial tastes bound Lever and Maxwell together. No succeeding writer in any language has given to the life of the camp and barrack more successfully the glamour which governments endeavor to give it by means of gold lace, flags, and music; but the brilliance of Lever is a surface brilliance. It seems almost a pity that Lever should have chosen Ireland and Irish influences as his themes, for no writer has given the Irish a more widespread reputation for that irresponsibility and volatility—so agreeably con-

templated by a dominant race—than this very clever romancer. He stands alone in literature; in light-heartedness, in that gayety of heart which leads to anything but gayety of head in the morning, who can come near him! He apotheosizes wine, women, and song, and makes the primrose path of dalliance as agreeable as the Moore-Anacreon pictures of heaven, where rosy cupids float on bubbles of rosier champagne. He saves himself always from mere coarseness or vulgarity, and he is so light-hearted that few seriously ask whether his point of view is moral or not. His pictures of Dublin society in its bloom will live, and his fun no doubt continues to smoothe the wrinkles of care, in spite of the fact that Jack Hinton and Harry Lorrequer and Tom Burke, all chips of the same block, seem rather more puppet-like than they did twenty years ago. The improvement in taste and the higher demands made on the constructive power of the romancer of to-day are shown by the modern criticisms of his 'Maurice Tierney' and 'Gerald Fitzgerald.' They seem thin and tired at times; but, even as they are, there has been so far no story of Irish chivalry that at all approaches Lever's romances, even taking 'Gerald Fitzgerald,' which he evidently regarded as his weakest, as a standard.

And yet few periods in which Irishmen held a conspicuous place offer more alluring opportunities to the man of imagination than the years following the flight of the wild geese. With James II., or Louis XVI., Sarsfield or the Duke of Berwick and all the glittering groups of fighting exiles, from the period of the Sun Monarch to that of the Sea-Green Marat—what vistas of romance there are! 'Gerald Fitzgerald' brings us down to the time of Louis XVI. Mirabeau and the figures that move about him appear; this romance has not the *verve* and the swing of the earlier books, yet, from the point of view of the literary critic, it is constructively and in style much better than are those which are more read to-day; but he did not like it, and, in spite of the unusual pains he took in writing it, he did not wish to include it in the collected edition of his works. Mr. William McLennan in 'Spanish John,' Mr. S. R. Keightley in 'The Last Recruit of Clare's,' and Mr. L. McManus in 'Lally of the Brigade'



have tried their hands: so far they have made only promises to transfigure epochs which will always appeal to the lover of the heroic.

There are two romances (one written by an Irishman but not an Irish romance, 'The Epicurean'; the other Irish of the Irish, Gerald Griffin's 'Invasion') which have been lost sight of by the general reader. 'The Epicurean' is very remarkable and well-written; in spite of its erudition it is vital. 'The Invasion' is worthy of a much higher place than 'The Epicurean'; it ought to have done for the later Danish period of Irish history what 'Ivanhoe' did for the early Norman period of English history. For some reason or other, not apparent, 'The Invasion' is almost forgotten, though it abounds in stirring scenes and vivid pictures of that old life of Druid and gallowglass and Prince and sept of which most of us know so little. No one who has read it can forget it. It might be said that Gerald Griffin sometimes tints when he should lay on his colors heavily, and this may have a shade of truth in it; but who could color more heavily than Sir Samuel Ferguson in that wonderful 'Hibernian Nights' of his, and who has been more unhappily forgotten? The reason for the neglect of 'The Invasion' would seem more intangible if it should be revived and read.

The melodrama of 'The Collegians' has, by comparison, put the other novels of Gerald Griffin into the background. When Dion Bouicault dramatized this novel, he did its author a bad turn. He made the worst qualities of this fine work of fiction permanent in the public mind. Nothing can be said against 'The Colleen Bawn' as a well-constructed play for the stage; but it is stagy of the stage, and Dion Bouicault found the points for this theatricalism in the novel itself. It is not, however, the pervasive quality of the story. Griffin had more art, more refinement, more sense of the perspective of life than the Banims or Carleton; his studies in the life around him resulted in the expression of truths which all his contemporaries disdained. He knew the heart of Munster as only a man who was a poet could know it; there are pages in 'Tales of the Munster Festivals' that cannot be rivaled in artistic effect,—an effect so convincing that the means by which it is obtained are lost to the reader in the terror or the pathos

of the moment. 'The Half Sir' is one of the most careful presentations of certain phases of Irish life which Lover, Lever, and Miss Laffan would have caricatured, the Bannims seen as through a glass darkly, and which Carleton would have coarsened. The strain of pessimism which neutralized the Christian energy of Griffin at times weakens his effort just as he touches a fine psychological climax. Take him as he is, and without giving 'The Collegians' the exaggerated praise it has received at the expense of his other works, he ranks very near the first of all the Irish novelists. Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland) in 'The Wild Birds of Killeevy' shows some of the delicate insight into character which distinguishes him from his rivals. She has fine art, she is more healthy in her conception of life, more cheerful; but her work to his is as a pastel of the Lakes of Killarney on a sunny day to a Turner picture of a winter's wreck on the southwest coast. 'The Aylmers of Bally Aylmer' and 'The Birds of Killeevy' should be read together as a contrast in Irish fiction;—and both are works by careful artists. Contemporary with Lady Gilbert, we have such different types of novelists as M. E. Francis, who has touched on Irish life very widely, and George Moore, who, no matter what his subject, illumines it with the peculiar genius of the Celt.

Maginn and Mrs. Hall and Croker are names each of importance to the student of comparative literature, and there are times when Mrs. S. C. Hall strikes fire out of the worn pathway of perfunctory writing.

Who reads Lady Morgan's 'St. Clare' now? It has gone out of fashion with the turban and flowing ringlet, and the 'Annuals' with desperate verses in them and sugar-and-water stories and 'I never loved a dear gazelle' and other sentimental mush and slush. Lady Morgan is, above all, sentimental, but 'The Wild Irish Girl' and 'The O'Briens and the O'Flahertys' deserve respect; they opened vistas of the past to people who seemed in their despair to have neither past nor future. Say what we will, to give a man a pedigree is to give him self-respect. Lady Morgan's taste is not always correct; she is often as untrammelled in her sarcastic epithets as the first Lady Bulwer-Lytton; but she did well, according to her light, and she loved a nation that then had few to love it. You may smile at her Glorvina

and the swelling harp, and yet, to a sound heart, that smile ought to be very near a tear.

The critics place William Carleton very high. Prejudices have passed;—they were founded on principles, but let them go. Carleton has his vagaries, but when one reads his stories one cannot help saying with Ophelia, “God ha’ mercy on his soul! and of all Christian souls!” To read when one is young Carleton’s series of novels ‘Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry’ is to go into a strange land of bright sunshine and deep shadow, where there are great sorrows and great joys but very little happiness. One feels that one is looking at this new life in the grasp of a giant, and a giant who is strong and coarse and sometimes mean. Youth is intolerant. Carleton, with his glaring faults, is not the writer for youth. When a man has reached middle age he can turn to these works of genius, who never took pains, for instruction and delight. Let us allow for all the faults of construction, the vulgarity that prejudices all readers of ‘Paddy Go-Easy’ against Carleton, the occasional humble apologies to the English lords and gentlemen, and you find one of the most moving writers that ever dipped a pen in his experience and wrote in English. To read ‘The Poor Scholar’ well is to become a better man. When Carleton lets his peasants speak for themselves, they are perfect; when he speaks for them himself, he is at times what the French call *banal*; when he becomes one of them and speaks and acts with them, you see with their hearts and souls, you know their country as they know it. Then he is master of the pathetic, of the terrible, of the simple, of the fair hope, of the dark sorrow, because he understands, and, forgetting his understanding, he fires you with sympathy. For truth and horror, read ‘The Llanhan Shee’; for humor and grief, ‘The Geography of an Irish Oath’; for simple faith—to feel all pure impulses stir within, ‘The Poor Scholar.’ Its Gaelic is incorrect, we have been told—so incorrect that the philologers cannot put it right. When Ophelia calls for her coach and Queen Gertrude weeps, who cares whether coaches were used or invented? And so with Carleton’s Gaelic. Verbal infelicities are forgotten in a scene like that in ‘The Poor Scholar,’ where the father and mother look at the sleeping boy who, they hope, will be a priest.

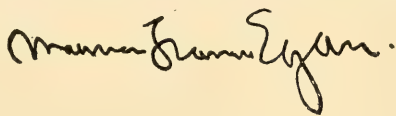


There are strong and tender passages in 'Valentine McClutchy,' 'The Black Prophet,' and even in that popular romance 'Willy Reilly,'—in 'Art Maguire,' in 'The Emigrants of Ahadarra'; but in 'The Traits and Stories' we may look for the manifestations of Carleton's genius at its highest point. There was a lesser man who had glimpses of the fire that led Carleton onward, Charles Kickham. 'Sally Cavanagh' and 'Knock-na-gow' cannot be forgotten by those who lived in the charmed atmosphere which Kickham's wizard wand created. Carleton had led the way, yet it was not easy to be followed by a man of more imagination but of less feeling and experience.

Carleton stands alone. He is ruthless at times; he revels in horrors, as in 'The Black Prophet,' where the descriptions of the famine are as heart-rending as the plague scenes in Manzoni, or the yellow fever episode in Charles Brockden Brown. Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, in his admirable sketch of Carleton, says that Kickham is the only Irish novelist who approached Carleton's "power over the emotions." "Outbursts of occasional misrepresentation," Mr. O'Donoghue says, returning to Carleton, "cannot, however, obliterate his great services to Ireland, and, in the main, there is no picture so true as that presented in his 'Traits and Stories.'

It would be unfair to an author who has some of the best qualities of both Carleton and Kickham,—with more art, but not less matter,—not to mention Seumas Macmanus. His work has more than kept its promise, and it gives promise still of even higher development.

A careful study of the Irish novelists is necessary to understand the history of Ireland for the last hundred and fifty years, and the material is plentiful and easy of access.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, which appears to read "Seumas Macmanus". The script is cursive and fluid, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.



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## JOHN KELLS INGRAM.

(1823 —)

DR. INGRAM, the distinguished scholar and political economist, was born in 1823, in County Donegal, and was educated at Newry School and in Trinity College, Dublin. He became a Fellow of Trinity in 1846, and is an Honorary LL.D. of Glasgow University. He has held in Trinity College the offices of professor of Greek, professor of English literature, Senior Lecturer and Vice-Provost, and he has been President of the Royal Irish Academy and a Commissioner for the Publication of the Ancient Laws and Institutions of Ireland. He has written 'Work and the Workman'—an address to the Trades Union Congress in 1880—and the articles on 'Political Economy' and 'Slavery' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' ninth edition.

'The Memory of the Dead' was written in his student days and was for the first time formally acknowledged when Dr. Ingram published a volume of poems in 1900.

In 1899, owing to the burden of years, he laid down most of his public responsibilities and retired into private life.

### THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?  
Who blushes at the name?  
When cowards mock the patriot's fate,  
Who hangs his head for shame?  
He's all a knave or half a slave  
Who slights his country thus:  
But a true man, like you, man,  
Will fill your glass with us.

We drink the memory of the brave,  
The faithful and the few—  
Some lie far off beyond the wave,  
Some sleep in Ireland, too;  
All, all are gone—but still lives on  
The fame of those who died;  
And true men, like you, men,  
Remember them with pride.

Some on the shores of distant lands  
Their weary hearts have laid,  
And by the stranger's heedless hands  
Their lonely graves were made;

But though their clay be far away  
 Beyond the Atlantic foam,  
 In true men, like you, men,  
 Their spirit's still at home.

The dust of some is Irish earth;  
 Among their own they rest;  
 And the same land that gave them birth  
 Has caught them to her breast;  
 And we will pray that from their clay  
 Full many a race may start  
 Of true men, like you, men,  
 To act as brave a part.

They rose in dark and evil days  
 To right their native land;  
 They kindled here a living blaze  
 That nothing shall withstand.  
 Alas! that Might can vanquish Right—  
*They* fell, and passed away;  
 But true men, like you, men,  
 Are plenty here to-day.

Then here's their memory—may it be  
 For us a guiding light,  
 To cheer our strife for liberty,  
 And teach us to unite!  
 Through good and ill, be Ireland's still,  
 Though sad as theirs, your fate;  
 And true men, be you, men,  
 Like those of Ninety-Eight.

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### SOCIAL HEREDITY.

Man is no mushroom growth of yesterday.  
 His roots strike deep into the hallow'd mold  
 Of the dead centuries; ordinances old  
 Govern us, whether gladly we obey  
 Or vainly struggle to resist their sway:  
 Our thoughts by ancient thinkers are controlled,  
 And many a word in which our thoughts are told  
 Was coined long since in regions far away.  
 The strong-souled nations, destined to be great,  
 Honor their sires and reverence the Past;



They cherish and improve their heritage.  
The weak, in blind self-trust or headlong rage,  
The olden times' transmitted treasure cast  
Behind them, and bemoan their loss too late.

---

#### NATIONALITY.

Each nation master at its own fireside—  
The claim is just, and so one day 't will be;  
But a wise race the time of fruit will bide,  
Nor pluck th' unripened apple from the tree.

## JOHN IRELAND,

ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

(1838 —)

JOHN IRELAND was born in Ireland, Sept. 11, 1838. He came to the United States in his boyhood, and was educated at the Cathedral School in St. Paul, afterward studying theology in France. He was ordained priest in 1861, and was chaplain of the Fifth Minnesota Regiment in the civil war. He was afterward rector of St. Paul, then secretary and coadjutor to Bishop Doane of St. Paul. He was consecrated in 1875 and became Archbishop in 1888.

He takes an active part in establishing Roman Catholic colonies and in organizing total abstinence societies. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by Yale in 1901. He has written 'The Church and Modern Society.'

### THE NATIVE LAND OF LIBERTY.

From 'The Church and Modern Society.'

Patriotism is love of country and loyalty to its life and weal; love tender as the affection of son for mother, strong as the pillars of death; loyalty generous and disinterested, shrinking from no sacrifice, seeking no reward save country's triumph.

Patriotism! There is magic in the word. It is bliss to repeat it. Through the ages humanity has burnt the incense of admiration and reverence at the shrines of patriotism. The most beautiful pages of history are those which count in deeds. Fireside tales, outpourings of the memories of peoples, borrow from it their warmest glow. Poets are sweetest when they echo its whisperings; orators most potent when they attune their speech to its inspirations.

Pagan nations were wrong in making gods of their noblest patriots. But their error was the excess of the great truth; that heaven unites with earth in approving and blessing patriotism, that patriotism is one of earth's most exalted virtues, worthy to have come down from the atmosphere of the skies.

The patriotism of the exiled Hebrew exhaled itself in



ARCHBISHOP IRELAND





a canticle of religion which Jehovah inspired, and which has been transmitted as the inheritance of God's people to the Christian Church:

"Upon the rivers of Babylon, there we sat and wept, when we remembered Sion. . . . If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand be forgotten. Let my tongue cleave to my jaws, if I do not remember thee, if I do not make Jerusalem the beginning of my joy."

The human race pays homage to patriotism, because of its supreme value. The value of patriotism to a people is above gold and precious stones, above commerce and industry, above citadels and war-ships. Patriotism is the vital spark of the nation's honor, the living fount of the nation's prosperity, the strong shield of the nation's safety.

The human race pays homage to patriotism because of its supreme loveliness. Patriotism goes out to what is, among earth's possessions, the most precious, the first, and best and dearest—country; and its effusion is the fragrant flowering of the purest and noblest sentiments of the heart.

Patriotism is innate in man—the absence of it betokens a perversion of human nature; but it attains its full force and beauty only where minds are elevated and hearts generous.

Next to God is country, and next to religion is patriotism. No praise goes beyond the deserts of patriotism. It is sublime in its heroic oblation upon a field of battle. "Oh, glorious is he who for his country falls!" exclaims the Trojan warrior, Hector. It is sublime in the oft repeated toil of dutiful citizenship. "Of all human doings," writes Cicero, "none is more honorable, none more estimable, than to deserve well of the commonwealth."

Countries are of divine appointment. The Most High "divided the nations, separated the sons of Adam, and appointed the bounds of peoples." The physical and moral needs of God's creatures are revelations of His will and laws. Man is born a social being. The family is a condition of his existence and of his growth to maturity. Nor does the family suffice to itself. A larger social organism is needed, into which families are gath-

ered in order to obtain from one another security for life and property, and to aid in the development of the powers and faculties with which nature has endowed the children of men.

This large organism is the country. Countries have their providential limits—the waters of a sea, a mountain range, the lines of similarity of requirements or modes of life. The limits are widened according to the measures of the destinies which the great Ruler allots to peoples and the importance of their part in the mighty work of the cycles of years, the ever-advancing tide of humanity's evolution. The Lord is the God of nations because He is the God of men. Without His bidding no nation springs into life or vanishes back into nothingness. I believe in the providence of God over countries even as I believe in His wisdom and His love, and my allegiance to my country rises before my soul encircled with the halo of my loyalty to my God.

A century ago a transatlantic poet and philosopher, reading the signs of the times, wrote:

“ Westward the course of empire takes its way ;  
The four first acts are already past ;  
A fifth shall close the drama with the day—  
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

Berkeley's prophetic eye had descried America. What shall I say in a brief discourse of my country's value and beauty, of her claims to my love and fealty? I will pass by in silence her fields and forests, her rivers and seas, her boundless riches of soil and of mountain, her pure and health-giving air, her transcendent wealth of nature's fairest and most precious gifts. I will not speak of the noble qualities and robust deeds of her sons, prosperous in peace, valorous in war, gifted in mind and heart, skilled in commerce and industry. Be this my theme of praise in America: She is, as none other, the land of human dignity and of human liberty!

America, rising into the family of nations in these latter times, is the highest billow in humanity's evolution, the crowning effort of ages in the aggrandizement of man. Unless we view her in this altitude we do not comprehend her; we belittle her towering stature, and hide from ourselves the singular design of Providence in creating her.

When the fathers of the Republic declared: "That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," a principle was enunciated which, in its truth, was as old as the race, but in practical realization was almost unknown.

Slowly and laboriously, amid suffering and revolution, humanity had been reaching out towards a reign of the rights of man. Paganism utterly denied such rights. It allowed nothing to man as man; man was what wealth, or place, or power made him. Even the wise Aristotle taught that nature intended some men to be slaves and chattels. The sweet religion of Christ proclaimed aloud the doctrine of the common fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man. Eighteen hundred years, however, went by, and the civilized world had not yet put its civil and political institutions into accord with its spiritual faith. During all that time the Christian Church was leavening human society, and patiently awaiting the promised fermentation. This came at last, and it came in America. It came in a first manifestation through the Declaration of Independence; it came in a second and final manifestation through President Lincoln's proclamation of emancipation.

In America all men are civilly and politically equal; all have the same rights; all wield the same arm of defense and of conquest—the suffrage; and the sole condition of rights and of power is simple manhood.

Liberty is exemption from all restraint, save that of the laws of justice and order, exemption from submission to other men, except so far as they represent and enforce those laws. The divine gift of liberty is God's recognition of man's greatness and man's dignity. In liberty lie the sweetness of life and the power of growth. The loss of liberty is the loss of light and sunshine, the loss of life's best portion. Under the spell of heavenly memories, humanity never had ceased to dream of liberty, and to aspire to its possession. Now and then, here and there, liberty had for a moment caressed humanity's brow. But not until the Republic of the West was born, not until the star-spangled banner rose towards the skies,

was liberty caught up in humanity's embrace and embodied in a great and abiding nation.

In America the government takes from the liberty of the citizen only so much as is necessary for the weal of the nation. In America there are no masters who govern in their own right, for their own interest, or at their own will. We have over us no Bourbon saying: "*L'état c'est moi*;" no Hohenzollern proclaiming that in his acts as sovereign he is responsible only to his conscience and to God. Ours is the government of the people, by the people, and for the people. Our government is our own organized will.

In America, rights begin with, and go upward from the people. In other countries, even in those which are apparently the most free, rights begin with, and come downward from the state; the rights of citizens, the rights of the people, are concessions which have been wrested from the governing powers.

In America, whenever the government does not prove its grant, the liberty of the individual citizen remains intact. Elsewhere there are governments called republics; there, too, universal suffrage establishes the state; but once established, the state is tyrannous and arbitrary; it invades at will private rights, and curtails at will individual liberty. One republic only is liberty's native home—America.

The God-given mission of the Republic of America is not confined to its own people—it extends to all the peoples of the earth, to whom it is the symbol of human rights and of human liberty, and towards whom its flag flutters hopes of future happiness.

Is there not for Americans meaning to the word, Country? Is there not for Americans reasons to live for country, and, if need be, to die for country? Is there not joy in the recollection that you have been the saviors of your country? Is there not glory in the name of America's "Loyal Legion"? In every country, patriotism is a duty: in America, it is a duty thrice sacred.

The prisoner Paul rose at once into proud distinction, and commanded the respect of the Roman soldiers and Palestinian Jews, when, to the question of the tribune at Jerusalem: "Art thou a Roman? *Dic mihi si tu es*



*Romanus?* " he replied, " I am." The title of honor, among the peoples of antiquity, was, "*Civis Romanus*—a Roman citizen." More significant to-day, throughout the world, is the title: "*Civis Americanus*—an American citizen."

The duty of patriotism is a duty of justice and of gratitude. The country fosters our dearest interests; it protects our hearths and altars. Without it there is no safety for life and property, no opportunity for development and progress. We are wise of our country's wisdom, rich of its opulence, strong of its fortitude, resplendent of its glory.

Duty to country is a duty of conscience, a duty to God. Country exists by divine right. It receives from God the authority needful for its life and work; its right to command is divine: "There is no power but from God, and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore, he that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God." The religion of patriotism is not sufficiently understood, and yet it is this religion that gives to country its majesty, and to patriotism its sacredness and force.

What the part is to the whole, that the citizen is to the country; and this relation is the due measure of patriotism. The country and its interests are above the citizen and his interests. A king of France, St. Louis, set to his device this motto: "*Dieu, la France et Marguerite*." The motto told the order of allegiances: God first, next to God, country, next to country, family, one's self the last—the chevalier, even unto death, of family, country and God.

## THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN.

(1823—1892.)

THOMAS CAULFIELD IRWIN was born May 4, 1823, at Warren Point, County Down. He was educated by private tutors, and acquired a thorough acquaintance with classics and modern languages. He was intended for the medical profession, but he lost all his private means in 1848 and lived a desultory and unhappy life. He began his literary career at an early age. By 1853 he was already so favorably known that he was employed by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy to write for his journal. In 1854 he began to contribute to *The Dublin University Magazine*, and he continued to write frequently for that periodical for a long time. Several collections of his poems have been published, among them 'Versicles,' 1856; 'Poems,' 1866; 'Irish Historical and Legendary Poems,' 1868; 'Songs and Romances,' 1878; 'Summer and Winter Stories,' 1878; 'Pictures and Songs,' 1880; 'Sonnets, etc.,' 1881; 'Poems, Sketches, and Songs,' 1889.

He wrote one hundred and thirty tales of various length, and essays on a large number of subjects. He was the author of a romance of ancient life, 'From Cæsar to Christ,' in which there is a striking representation of Roman and British civilization in the reign of Nero. He was also the author of a poetic drama, 'Ortus and Ernia,' a versified translation of 'Catullus,' and translations from several classical and Continental poets. Mr. Irwin had true poetic inspiration. Picturesqueness and rich color, a pure style, and a mastery of measure characterized all that he wrote. Some of his prose is remarkable for its picturesqueness and stately diction. He died in Dublin in 1892.

"In his later days," says a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "as he used to be seen in the Dublin streets, he presented a weird and uncouth but venerable figure. The gentle mania which had then descended upon him had, however, occasionally made its appearance much earlier. The great Irish antiquary, O'Donovan, has left a picture of him and his ways in a note to Sir Samuel Ferguson:

"I understand that the mad poet who is my next-door neighbor claims acquaintance with you. He says I am his enemy, and watch him through the thickness of the wall which divides our houses. He threatens in consequence to shoot me. One of us must leave. I have a houseful of books and children; he has an umbrella and a revolver. If, under the circumstances, you could influence and persuade *him* to remove to other quarters, you would confer a great favor on yours sincerely,  
JOHN O'DONOVAN."

## AN EXTRAORDINARY PHENOMENON.

We read of many curious things in the world, from the fish of the Amazon which pass part of their lives in the branches of trees, thus realizing Virgil's fancy of matters impossible, to the echo in the south of Ireland which returns a courteous answer to its interlocutor. On the other hand, there are places without any echo. For instance, persons have been known to call many times demanding payment of an account without meeting with any response whatever, and a diligent examination will elicit facts of this character in other parts of Ireland besides the south. That in the latter region other phenomena equally remarkable once engaged the attention of its philosophers, and at the same time illustrated the inquiring though simple intellect of the peasantry, ever ready to lend their aid in the elucidation of Nature, and for the advantage of acoustic science, and their own, may we think be rendered manifest by the following narrative:—

A number of years since, in the time before railways or telegraphs, when something of the simplicity of the *prisca gens mortalium* still lingered among a little group of "savants" resident in a certain southern city, a peasant one day called at the residence of a gentleman (whom we shall call Mr. B.) well known for his love of science, and his ardor as an amateur investigator of natural phenomena. On the peasant being shown into his study, the following colloquy occurred:—

"Well, my man," inquired Mr. B., "what do you want of me?"

"Why, yer honor, I've heard that you are a very learned gentleman, and—but there's no one within hearing, yer honor?"

"No, no—go on."

"The fact is, sir, that I've made a very curious discovery, and thought I'd just call and acquaint yer honor iv it."

"Well, and what is the nature of this discovery, my man," said Mr. B., all impatience.

"Troth, and that's jist the thing that puzzles me, sir.

It's one of the most curious things that is of a subjunctive, and I may say every day parenthetical way that ever conjugated itself with my experience."

"Well, what is it?"

"Well, yer honor, of course I'm only a poor peasant, and don't understand the philosophy of it. But if yer honor would only let me tell you—"

"Why it—man—don't you see I'm most anxiously waiting to hear you."

"Are you, sir, and troth and it's myself's glad to hear you say so. Well, yer honor, what I'm going to tell you is, without further circumlocution, just this. I've a little holding a few miles away from the town—I'm not beholding just at present to say exactly where it is—and there's a little stream runs through it which, if I was on my Bible oath, is not more than two foot broad."

"Well, well?"

"Now, the curious thing is, that if you stud on one side of it and I on the other, devil a won iv us could hear the other speaking."

"Oh, come," said Mr. B., "you don't expect me to believe that?"

"I do, by my sowl, as much as I believe it, sir."

"What! that you could not hear me speak across a stream two foot broad?"

"Not if you had the lungs of Nebuchadnazar. I've tried it myself, and might just as well think to make myself heard across the Atlantic."

The savant paused awhile, puzzled and slightly interested. Some local peculiarity, or, who could say, perhaps some novel acoustic phenomenon.

"But how did you find this out?" he inquired.

"Troth, easy enough, yer honor. One day, about noon, after I had been digging a bit of a potato trench, and feeling a little tired, I called out to my wife, Judy, who was weeding in a field a few perches off, 'Judy, light the pipe.'"

"Well?"

"Well, sir, devil a more notice she tuck of me than if I was out of sight. 'Judy,' I says to her a second time, 'light the pipe, and be quick about it, for I'm dying for a draw.' Judy, however, to my astonishment, kept on never



minding—not even a turn iv her head, to let me see she heard me. This nettled me. ‘Judy,’ I says, the third time, ‘if you don’t bring me my pipe simultaneously, by the — I’ll give you such a whopping.’

“I spoke quite angry, as was nathral, as your honor can understand, if it is a thing that you smoke, as I’m towld by the annals of history many learned gentlemen have done to ease their mind when they were tired wid pursuing their lubrications, and in troth a whiff is a comfort, even to a simple-minded peasant like myself, after he has been at work wid his spade, from after breakfast, and when Mac-Cormack (the sun) is in his noonday strength and glory. Well, sir, when I minded that Judy went on plucking up the chickenweed and groundsel, quite promiscuous, and not seeming to hear what I said, I saw that something was wrong, jumped across the stream, and when I landed on the opposite side, called out to her to bring me my pipe, or, by the mortal, I’d inaugurate her!

“On this she at once heard me, and came over to me, smiling innocent and kindly as ever; and taking the du-deen from a handful of things she had in her pocket—a bone for cutting the teeth iv the last, her thimble, bits of griddle bread, a cork of the bottle we shared on my birthday, and a key of the door—gave it to me. ‘Why didn’t you answer?’ I says to her. ‘Answer what?’ says she. ‘Why, haven’t I been calling to you this half hour from the other side of the stream there for the pipe?’ says I. ‘As heaven’s betune me and harm,’ says Judy, ‘a word iv yours never reached me, though I saw you looking at me, and thought you were joking to yourself.’ On this I saw there was something wrong in earnest. ‘Stand there,’ I says; and leaping back across the stream began putting interrogatories and equivocations to her as an experiment. Oh, if you had seen her face when she found she couldn’t hear me; and when she discovered I could only make faces at her, and she at me, she began crying and saying the Rosary as fast as she could. And, faix, yer honor, I was so frightened myself I could scarce stand. ‘Paddy, it’s the devil,’ says Judy, after she’d recovered her composure and looking serious; ‘and sure I never thought—the saints be about us—that he’d occupy himself about such a little stream as this.’ ‘Judy,’ I says, ‘recollect where he comes

from. Sorra much iv water he has when he is at home!’ ‘True for ye,’ says Judy, ‘but I doubt if he’d care for anything in the way iv water, that wasn’t half whisky,’ says she, looking slyly at me.”

Here the savant interrupted the peasant, and reflecting a moment, said :

“What you tell me, my man, of this local peculiarity is very interesting—a very singular natural phenomenon, indeed.”

“Natural phenomena, yer honor! Troth, you may say that. The like iv it’s not to be found in Ireland, and that’s a big word.”

“Well,” said Mr. B., “I must get you to bring me to this stream, until I examine the place myself.”

“Of course, yer honor. But you see there’s a little difficulty first—”

“And what may that be?”

“Why, yer honor, of course I’m only a poor peasant, and know nothing of larning; but of course a larned gentleman like yourself couldn’t expect me to part wid this very curious secret without getting a little something for showing it to yer honor—for sure you may take out a patent for it.”

“And how much do you want?” asked Mr. B.

“Well, it’s luck that this curiosity is on my bit of land,” said the peasant, “and, of course, many another would ask more than I have the conscience to charge. But—and so I honestly tell you—under a pound the secret won’t leave me.”

Mr. B. put his hand in his pocket, gave the man a pound and told him to call the next day, when he should visit the place in his company.

Next day they set out, and arrived at the little stream. Mr. B. rubbed his hands with philosophical delight.

“Now, you just jump across the stream,” said Mr. B. to the peasant. He did so.

“A fine day! Well, don’t you hear me?” roared Mr. B. at the top of his voice.

[Dumb show.]

On this he beckoned the man to his side of the stream, and said :

“This is curious, certainly; but stay, I will now go to

the other side, and do you call out to me as loud as you can."

All he saw, however—for he heard nothing—was the man making faces and violent gestures at him a couple of yards off. . . .

Convinced by this experiment, Mr. B., highly gratified at having become acquainted with such an astonishing acoustic phenomenon at so small a cost, retraced his steps to the city, made up a party of friends, and returned shortly after with them to the remarkable locality in question.

"Now, gentlemen," said he, "I am at length in a position to dissipate your skepticism. You can test the truth of my statement yourselves. I will now address you from the opposite side of this stream, while you remain on this," and, springing across, he roared out with stentorian energy, "Well, do you hear me now?"

"To be sure we do," cried his friends, in a laughing chorus.

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### TO A SKULL

Silent as thou, whose inner life is gone,  
Let me essay thy meaning if I can,  
Thou ghostly, ghastly moral carved in bone,  
Old Nature's quiet mockery of man.

I place thee in the light; the orient gold  
Falls on thy crown, and strikes each uncouth line;  
Strange shape! the earth has ruins manifold,  
But none with meaning terrible as thine.

For here beneath this bleak and sterile dome  
Did hatred rage, and silent sorrow mourn—  
A little world, an infinite spirit's home,  
A heaven or hell abandoned and forlorn.

Here thought on thought arose, like star on star,  
And love, deemed deathless, habited; and now  
An empty mausoleum, vainer far  
Than Cheops' mountain pyramid, art thou.

Once on that forehead, radiant as the day,  
Imagination flamed in tranced mood:

Once on thy fleshy mask, now fallen away,  
Rippled the pulses of a bride-groom's blood;

And laughter wrinkled up those orbs with fun,  
And sorrow furrowed channels as you prayed—  
Well, now no mark is left on thee but one,  
The careless stroke of some old sexton's spade.

Lost are thy footprints; changeful as the air  
Is the brown disk of earth whereon we move;  
The bright sun looks for them in vain. Ah, where  
Is now thy life of action, thought, and love?

Where are thy hopes, affections, toil, and gain?  
Lost in the void of all surrounding death.  
And does this pound of lime alone remain  
To tell of all thy passion, pride, and faith?

"Where is the soul?" we cry—and swift the sound  
Dies in the morning depth of voiceless light;  
"The structure where?" Oh, bend unto the ground,  
And ask the worm that crawls the mold at night.

The brown leaf rots upon the Autumn breeze,  
The empty shell is washed upon the shore,  
The bubble glitters on the morning seas,  
And bursting in the vast is seen no more.

Like mist thy life has melted on the air,  
And what thy nature, history, or name,  
No sorcery now of science or of prayer  
Can make the voiceless infinite proclaim.

Dumb are the heavens; sphere controlling sphere  
Chariot the void through their allotted span;  
And man acts out his little drama here  
As though the only Deity were man.

Cold Fate, who sways creation's boundless tides,  
Instinct with masterdom's eternal breath,  
Sits in the void invisible, and guides  
The huge machinery of life and death,

Now strewing seeds of fresh immortal bands  
Through drifts of universes deepening down;  
Now molding forth with giant spectral hands  
The fire of suns colossal for his crown;



Too prescient for feeling, still enfolds  
 The stars in death and life, in night and day,  
 And, clothed in equanimity, beholds  
 A blossom wither or a world decay;

Sleepless, eternal, laboring without pause,  
 Still girds with life his infinite abode,  
 And molds from matter by developed laws  
 With equal ease the insect or the God!

Poor human skull, perchance some mighty race,  
 The giant birth of never ceasing change,  
 Winging the world, may pause awhile to trace  
 Thy shell in some re-orient Alpine range;

Perchance the fire of some angelic brow  
 May glow above thy ruin in the sun,  
 And higher shapes reflect, as we do now  
 Upon the structure of the Mastodon.

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#### A CHARACTER.

As from the sultry town, oppressed,  
 At eve we pace the suburb green,  
 There, at his window looking west,  
 Our good old friend will sure be seen:  
 Upon the table, full in light,  
 Backgammon box and Bible lie:  
 Behind the curtain, hid from sight,  
 A wine-glass no less certainly;  
 A finger beckons—nothing loath  
 We enter—ah! his heart is low,  
 His flask is brimming high, but both  
 Shall change their level ere we go.

We sit, and hour on hour prolong,  
 For memory loves on wine to float;  
 He tells old tales, chirps scraps of song,  
 And cracks the nut of anecdote;  
 Tells his best story with a smile—  
 'T is his by fifty years of right;  
 And slowly rounds his joke, the while,  
 With eye half closed, he trims the light:

The clock hand marks the midnight's date,  
 But blithe is he as matin wren;  
 His grasp is firm, his form dilate  
 With wine, and wit of vanished men.

He reads each morn the news that shook  
 The days of Pitt and Nelson, too,  
 But little cares for speech or book,  
 Or battle after Waterloo;  
 The present time is lost in haze,  
 The past alone delights his eye;  
 He deems the men of these poor days  
 As worthless all of history;  
 Who dares to scorn that love of thine,  
 Old friend, for vanished men and years?  
 'T is youth that charms thee—pass the wine—  
 The wine alone is good as theirs.

Each morn he basks away the hours  
 In garden nooks, and quaffs the air;  
 Chats with his plants, and holds with flowers  
 A tender-toned communion there;  
 Each year the pleasant prospect shrinks,  
 And houses close the olden view;  
 The world is changing fast; he thinks  
 The sun himself is failing too.  
 Ah! well-a-day, the mists of age  
 May make these summer seasons dim;  
 No matter—still in Chaucer's page  
 The olden summers shine for him.

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### A WINDOW SONG.

Within the window of this white,  
 Low, ivy-roofed, retired abode,  
 We look through sunset's sinking light  
 Along the lone and dusty road  
 That leads unto the river's bridge,  
 Where stand two sycamores broad and green,  
 Whence from their rising grassy ridge  
 The low rays lengthen shade and sheen.  
 The village panes reflect the glow,  
 And all about the scene is still,  
 Save, by the foamy dam below,  
 The drumming wheel of the whitewashed mill:

A radiant quiet fills the air,  
And gleam the dews along the turf:  
While the great wheel, bound  
On its drowsy round,  
Goes snoring through the gusts of surf.

A-south, beyond the hamlet, lie  
The low, blue hills in mingling mist,  
With furl of cloud along the sky,  
And ravines rich as amethyst,  
And mellow edges golden-ored  
As sinks the round sun in the flood,  
And high up wings the crow line toward  
Old turrets in the distant wood;  
Awhile from some twilighted roof  
The blue smoke rises o'er the thatch;  
By cots along the green aloof  
Some home-come laborer lifts the latch;

Or housewife sings her child to sleep,  
Or calls her fowl-flock from the turf,  
While the mill-wheel, bound  
On its drowsy round,  
Goes snoring through the gusts of surf.

Still at our open window, where  
Gleams on the leaves the lamp new lit,  
For hours we read old books, and share  
Their thoughts and pictures, love and wit:  
As midnight nears, its quiet ray  
Thrown on the garden's hedges faint,  
Pales, as the moon, from clouds of gray,  
Looks down serenely as a saint.  
We hear a few drops of a shower,  
Laying the dust for morning feet,  
Patter upon the corner bower,  
Then, ceasing, send an air as sweet.

And as we close the window down,  
And close the volumes read so long,  
Even the wheel's snore  
Is heard no more,  
And scarce the runnel's swirling song.

## MRS. JAMESON.

(1794—1860.)

ANNA JAMESON was born in Dublin in 1794. Her father, Mr. Brownell Murphy, was miniature painter-in-ordinary to the Princess Charlotte. While she was still a child her parents went to live in the north of England.

At sixteen she became governess in the family of the Marquis of Winchester, in which position she remained for some years. During this time she made the acquaintance of her future husband, Robert Jameson, a young barrister, and was engaged to him. For some reason the engagement was broken off. In 1821 she became governess in the family of Lord Hatherton. During this period 'The Diary of an Ennuyée' was written. A second meeting with Mr. Jameson was followed by a renewal of the engagement, and in 1824 they were married. In 1826 'The Diary of an Ennuyée' was published, and at once it was a popular favorite. During the four years following her marriage she wrote 'The Loves of the Poets' (1829) and 'Celebrated Female Sovereigns' (1831).

About this time the husband and wife began to live apart; this was the first of many separations, which were made by mutual arrangement and due to no worse cause than incompatibility of temperament, for Mr. Jameson, as is proved by his letters, always retained for his wife deep respect. In the meantime Mrs. Jameson resided with her father, and shortly afterward accompanied him on a European tour. On her return to England she resumed her pen, and in 1832 her 'Characteristics of Women, Moral, Poetical, and Historical,' appeared. In 1833 appeared 'Beauties of the Court of Charles II.,' enriched by copies of the portraits by Sir Peter Lely. A second European tour partially supplied the materials for 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad,' which appeared in 1834.

In 1836 Mrs. Jameson joined her husband in Canada. Here she wrote her delightfully fresh and fanciful 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada,' published in 1838. Before quite a year had elapsed, Mrs. Jameson returned to England and settled down quietly to a life of literary labor. 'Tales and Miscellanies' appeared in 1838, being a collection in one volume of short stories and articles contributed to various periodicals. She next undertook her translations from the dramas of the Princess Amelia of Saxony, which were produced in 1840 as 'Pictures of Social Life in Germany.' To each drama were added an introduction and notes. Another translation, from the German of Dr. Waagen, followed, entitled 'Rubens, his Life and Genius.'

Her industry was untiring, and as a kind of relaxation from her labor she wrote Handbooks of all the principal public and private art-galleries in and near London. 'Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters and of the Progress of Painting in Italy' appeared in 1845, followed by the useful work entitled 'Memoirs and Essays on Art,



Literature, and Social Morals.' 'Sacred and Legendary Art' was published in 1848. With admirable taste and judgment, both of pen and pencil, she opened in this book a curious branch of well-nigh forgotten learning. 'A Commonplace Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies, Original and Selected,' appeared in 1854, followed by 'Sisters of Charity, Catholic and Protestant, at Home and Abroad,' 1855.

The later years of her life were devoted to the amelioration and improvement of the position of women, and in her 'Lectures on the Social Employments of Women' and 'The Communion of Labor' she evinces clear and deep thought, draws logical conclusions, and sympathizes with woman's labor as only an earnest worker could do. For some years before her death Mrs. Jameson was in receipt of a pension from the civil list. Her latest work was 'The History of Our Lord as Exemplified in Works of Art; with that of his Types, St. John the Baptist, and other Persons of the Old and New Testaments.' It was finished by Lady Eastlake after her death, which took place in London, March 17, 1860.

## STORY OF GENEVIEVE.

From 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad.'

Genevieve de Sorbigny was the last of a noble family: young, beautiful, and a rich heiress, she seemed born to command all this world could yield of happiness. When left an orphan, at an early age, instead of being sent to a convent, as was then the universal custom, she was brought up under the care of a maternal aunt, who devoted herself to her education, and doated on her with an almost exclusive affection.

Genevieve resided in the country with her aunt till she was about sixteen; she was then brought to Paris to be united to the marquis of —; it was a mere marriage *de convenance*, a family arrangement entered into when she was quite a child, according to the *ancien régime*; and, unfortunately for Genevieve, her affianced bridegroom was neither young nor amiable; yet more unfortunately it happened that the marquis' cousin, the Baron de Villay, who generally accompanied him in his visits of ceremony, possessed all the qualities in which *he* was deficient; being young and singularly handsome, "amiable," "spirituel."

While the marquis, with the good breeding of that day, was bowing and paying his devoirs to the aunt of his intended (*sa future*), the young baron, with equal success

but in a very different style, was captivating the heart of the niece. Her extreme beauty had charmed him at the first glance, and her partiality, delicately and involuntarily betrayed, subdued every scruple, if he ever entertained any; and so, in the usual course of things, they were soon irretrievably and *éperdument* in love with each other.

Genevieve, to much gentleness of character, united firmness. The preparations for the marriage went on; the trousseau was bought; the jewels set; but the moment she was aware of her own sentiments, she had courage enough to declare to her aunt, that, rather than give her hand to the marquis, whom she detested past all her terms of detestation, she would throw herself into a nunnery, and endow it with her fortune. The poor aunt was thrown, by this unexpected declaration, into the utmost amazement and perplexity; she was *au désespoir*; such a thing had never been heard of or contemplated: but the tears of Genevieve prevailed; the marriage, after a long negotiation, was broken off, and the baron appeared publicly as the suitor of Genevieve. The marquis politely challenged his cousin, and owed his life to his forbearance; and the duel, and the cause of it, and the gallantry and generosity of De Villay, rendered him irresistible in the eyes of all the women in Paris, while to the heart of Genevieve he became dearer than ever.

To gain the favor of the aunt was now the only difficulty; she had ever regarded him with ill-concealed aversion and suspicion. Some mystery hung over his character; there were certain reports whispered relative to his former life and conduct which it was equally difficult to discredit and to disprove. Besides, though of a distinguished family, he was poor, most of his ancestral possessions being confiscated or dissipated; and his father was notoriously a *mauvais sujet*. All these reports and representations appeared to the impassioned Genevieve mere barbarous calumnies, invented to injure her lover; and regarding herself as the primal cause of these slanders, they rather added to the strength of her attachment. A reluctant consent was at last wrung from her aunt, and Genevieve was united to her lover.

The chateau of the baron was situated in one of the wildest districts of the wild and desolate coast of Bretagne.

The people who inhabited the country round were a ferocious, half-civilized race, and, in general, desperate smugglers and pirates. They had been driven to this mode of life by a dreadful famine and the oppressions of the provincial tax-gatherers, and had pursued it partly from choice, partly from necessity. They had carried on for near half a century a constant and systematic warfare against the legal authorities of the province, in which they were generally victorious.

No revenue officer or *exempt* dare set his foot within a certain district; and when the tempestuous season, or any other accident, prevented them from following their lawless trade on the sea, they dispersed themselves through the country in regularly organized bands, and committed the most formidable depredations, extending their outrages even as far as St. Pol. Such was their desperate courage, the incredible celerity of their movements, and the skill of their leaders, that though a few stragglers had been occasionally shot, all attempts to take any of them alive, or to penetrate into their secret fastnesses, proved unavailing.

The baron had come to Paris for the purpose of representing the disturbed state of his district to the government, and procuring an order from the minister of the interior to embody his own tenantry and dependants into a sort of militia for the defense of his property, and for the purpose of bringing these marauders to justice, if possible. He was at first refused, but after a few months' delay, money and the interest of Genevieve's family prevailed; the order was granted, and he prepared to return to his chateau. The aunt and all her friends remonstrated against the idea of exposing his young wife to such revolting scenes, and insisted that she should be left behind at Paris; to which he agreed with seeming readiness, only referring the decision to Genevieve's own election. She did not hesitate one moment; she adored her husband, and the thought of being separated from him in this early stage of their union, was worse than any apprehended danger: she declared her resolution to accompany him. At length the matter was thus compromised: they consented that Genevieve should spend four months of every year in Bretagne, and the other eight at Paris, or at her uncle's

chateau in Auvergne; in fact, so little was known then in the capital of what was passing in the distant provinces, that Genevieve only, being prepared by her husband, could form some idea of what she was about to encounter.

On their arrival the peasantry were immediately armed, and the chateau converted into a kind of garrison, regularly fortified. A continual panic seemed to prevail through the whole household, and she heard of nothing from morning till night but the desperate deeds of the marauders, and the exploits of their captain, to whom they attributed more marvelous atrocities than were ever related of Barbone, or Blue Beard himself. Genevieve was at first in constant terror; finding, however, that week after week passed and the danger, though continually talked of, never appeared, she was rather excited and *désennuyée*, by the continual recurrence of these alarms. She would have been perfectly happy in her husband's increasing and devoted tenderness, but for his frequent absences in pursuit of the smugglers either on sea or on shore, and the dangers to which she fancied him exposed: but even these absences and these dangers endeared him to her, and kept alive all the romantic fervor of her attachment. He was not only the lord of her affections, but the hero of her imagination. The time allotted for her stay insensibly passed away; the four months were under different pretenses prolonged to six, and then her confinement drawing near, it was judged safest to defer her journey to Paris till after her recovery.

Genevieve, in due time, became the mother of a son; an event which filled her heart with a thousand delicious emotions of gratitude, pride, and delight. It seemed to have a very different and most inexplicable effect on her husband the baron's behavior. He became gloomy, anxious, abstracted; and his absences, on various pretexts, more frequent than ever: but what appeared most painful and incomprehensible to Genevieve's maternal feelings, was his indifference to his child. He would hardly be persuaded even to look at it, and if he met it smiling in its nurse's arms, would perhaps gaze for a moment, then turn away as from an object which struck him with a secret horror.

One day as Genevieve was sitting alone in her dressing-



room, fondling her infant, and thinking mournfully on this change in her husband's conduct, her femme-de-chambre, a faithful creature, who had been brought up with her, and accompanied her from Paris, came into the room, pale as ashes; and throwing herself at her feet, told her, that though regard for her health had hitherto kept her silent, she could no longer conceal the dreadful secret which weighed upon her spirits. She then proceeded to inform the shuddering and horror-struck Genevieve, that the robbers who had excited so much terror, and were now supposed to be at a distance, were then actually in the chateau: that they consisted of the very servants and immediate dependants, with the baron himself at their head. She supposed they had been less on their guard during Genevieve's confinement; and many minute circumstances had at first awaked, and then confirmed her suspicions. Then embracing her mistress' knees, she besought her, for the love of Heaven, to return to Paris instantly, with those of her own attendants on whom she could securely depend, before they were all murdered in their beds.

Genevieve, as soon as she had recovered from her first dizzy horror and astonishment, would have rejected the whole as a dream, an impossible fiction. She thought upon her husband, on all that her fond heart had admired in him, and all that till lately she had found him—his noble form, his manly beauty, his high and honorable bearing, and all his love, his truth, his tenderness for her—and could *he* be a robber, a ruffian, an assassin? No; though her woman's attachment and truth were beyond suspicion, her tale too horribly consistent for disbelief, Genevieve would trust to her own senses alone to confirm or disprove the hideous imputation. She commanded her maid to maintain an absolute silence on the subject, and leave the rest to her.

The same evening the baron informed his wife that he was obliged to set off before light next morning, in pursuit of a party of smugglers who had landed at St. Pol; and that she must not be surprised if she missed him at an early hour. His absence he assured her would not be long: he should certainly return before the evening. They retired to rest earlier than usual. Genevieve, as it may be

imagined, did not sleep, but she lay perfectly still as if in a profound slumber. About the middle of the night she heard her husband softly rise from his bed and dress himself; and taking his pistols he left the room. Genevieve rushed to the window which overlooked the courtyard, but there neither horses nor attendants were waiting; she flew to another window which commanded the back of the chateau—there too all was still; nothing was to be seen but the moonlight shadows on the pavement. She hastily threw round her a dark cloak or wrapper, and followed her husband, whose footsteps were still within hearing. It was not difficult, for he walked slowly, stopping every now and then, listening, and apparently irresolute; he crossed the court and several outbuildings, and part of the ruins of a former chateau, till he came to an old well, which, being dry, had long been disused and shut up, and moving aside the trap-door which covered the mouth of it, he disappeared in an instant. Genevieve with difficulty suppressed a shriek of terror. She followed, however, with a desperate courage, groped her way down the well by means of some broken stairs, and pursued her husband's steps, guided only by the sound on the hollow damp earth.

Suddenly a distant light and voices broke upon her eye and ear; and stealing along the wall, she hid herself behind one of the huge buttresses which supported the vault above; she beheld what she was half-prepared to see—a party of ruffians, who were assembled round a board drinking. They received the baron with respect as their chief, but with sullen suspicious looks, and an ominous silence. Genevieve could distinguish among the faces many familiar to her, which she was accustomed to see daily around her, working in the gardens or attending in the chateau; among the rest the concierge, or house-steward, who appeared to have some authority over the rest. The wife of this man was the nurse of Genevieve's child. The baron took his seat without speaking. After some boisterous conversation among the rest, carried on in an unintelligible dialect, a quarrel arose between the concierge and another villain, both apparently intoxicated; the baron attempted to part them, and the uproar became general. The whole was probably a preconcerted plan, for from reproaching each other they proceeded to attack the baron

himself with the most injurious epithets; they accused him of a design to betray them; they compared him to his father, the old baron, who had never flinched from their cause, and had at last died in it; they said they knew well that a large party of regular troops had lately arrived at Saint Brieux, and they insisted it was with his knowledge, that he was about to give them up to justice, to make his own peace with government, etc.

The concierge, who was by far the most insolent and violent of these mutineers, at length silenced the others, and affecting a tone of moderation he proposed, and his proposal was received with an approving shout, that the baron should give up his infant son into the hands of the band; that they should take him to the island Guernsey, and keep him there as a pledge of his father's fidelity, till the regular troops were withdrawn from the province. How must the mother's heart have trembled and died away within her! She listened breathless for her husband's reply. The baron had hitherto with difficulty restrained himself, and attempted to prove how absurd and unfounded was their accusation, since his safety was involved in theirs, and he would, as their leader, be considered as the greatest criminal of all. His eyes now flashed with fury; he sprung upon the concierge like a roused tiger, and dragged him by the collar from amid the mutinous group. A struggle ensued, and the wretch fell, stabbed to the heart by his master's hand; a crowd of ferocious faces then closed around the baron—Genevieve heard—saw no more—her senses left her.

When she recovered she was in perfect silence and darkness, and felt like one awakening from a terrible dream; the first image which clearly presented itself to her mind was that of her child in the power of these ruffians, and their daggers at her husband's throat. The maddening thought swallowed up every other feeling, and lent her for the moment strength and wings; she rushed back through the darkness, fearless for herself; crossed the court, the galleries;—all was still: it seemed to her affrighted imagination that the chateau was forsaken by its inhabitants. She reached her child's room, she flew to his cradle and drew aside the curtain with a desperate hand, expecting to find it empty; he was quietly sleeping in his beauty and

innocence: Genevieve uttered a cry of joy and thankfulness, and fell on the bed in strong convulsions.

Many hours elapsed before she was restored to herself. The first object she beheld was her husband watching tenderly over her, her first emotion was joy for his safety—she dared not ask him to account for it. She then called for her son; he was brought to her, and from that moment she would never suffer him to leave her. With the quick wit of a woman, or rather with the prompt resolution of a mother trembling for her child, Genevieve was no sooner sufficiently recovered to think than she had formed her decision and acted upon it; she accounted for her sudden illness and terrors under pretense that she had been disturbed by a frightful dream: she believed, she said, that the dullness and solitude of the chateau affected her spirits, that the air disagreed with her child, and that it was necessary that she should instantly return to Paris. The baron attempted first to rally and then to reason with her: he consented—then retracted his consent; seemed irresolute—but his affections finally prevailed over his suspicions, and preparations were instantly made for their departure, as if he intended to accompany her.

Putting her with her maid and child into a traveling carriage, he armed a few of his most confidential servants, and rode by her side till they came to Saint Brieu: he then turned back in spite of all her entreaties, promising to rejoin her at Paris within a few days. He had never during the journey uttered a word which could betray his knowledge that she had any motive for her journey but that which she avowed; only at parting he laid his finger expressively on his lip, and gave her one look full of meaning: it could not be mistaken; it said, “Genevieve! your husband’s life depends on your discretion, and he trusts you.” She would have thrown herself into his arms, but he gently replaced her in the carriage, and remounting his horse, rode back alone to the chateau.

Genevieve arrived safely at Paris, and commanded her maid, as she valued both their lives, and on pain of her eternal displeasure, not to breathe a syllable of what had passed; firmly resolved that nothing should tear the terrible secret from her own breast: but the profound melancholy which had settled on her heart, and her pining and



altered looks, could not escape the eyes of her affectionate aunt; and her maid, either through indiscretion, timidity, or a sense of duty, on being questioned, revealed all she knew, and more than she knew. The aunt, in a transport of terror and indignation, sent information to the governor of the police, and Le Noir instantly summoned the unfortunate wife of the baron to a private interview.

Genevieve though taken by surprise, did not lose her presence of mind, and at first she steadily denied every word of her maid's deposition; but her courage and her affection were no match for the minister's art: when he assured her he had already sufficient proof of her husband's guilt, and promised, with jesuitical equivocation, that if she would confess all she knew, his life should not be touched, that due regard should be had for the honor of his family and hers, and that he (Le Noir) would exert the power which he alone possessed to detach him from his present courses, and his present associates, without the least publicity or scandal—she yielded, and on this promise being most solemnly reiterated and confirmed by an oath, revealed all she knew.

In a short time afterwards, the baron disappeared, and was never heard of more. In vain did his wretched wife appeal to Le Noir, and recall the promise he had given: he swore to her that her husband still *lived*, but more than this he would not discover. In vain she supplicated, wept, offered all her fortune for permission to share his exile if he were banished, his dungeon if he were a prisoner—Le Noir was inexorable.

Genevieve, left in absolute ignorance of her husband's fate, tortured by a suspense more dreadful than the most dreadful certainty, by remorse, and grief, which refused all comfort, died broken-hearted: what became of the baron was never known.

I could not learn exactly the fate of his son: it is said that he lived to man's estate, that he took the name of his mother's family, and died a violent death during the Revolution.

May not this singular anecdote be the foundation of all the tales of mysterious freebooters and sentimental bravoës, which have been written since the date of its occurrence? Not unlikely at least.

## GEORGE H. JESSOP.

(1852 —)

GEORGE H. JESSOP was born in Ireland in 1852, and was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was a contributor to *Kottabos*.

In 1873 he came to this country and wrote abundantly while here. He edited *Judge* in 1884 and contributed freely to *Puck* and *The Century*. Some of his plays have been very successful, especially his first, 'Sam'l of Posen.' He collaborated with Mr. Brander Matthews in 'A Gold Mine' and in 'On Probation.' He is the librettist of 'My Lady Molly,' which in 1903-4 had a run of three hundred nights in London after it had failed in New York.

He has published a novel entitled 'Judge Lynch,' and a volume of short stories entitled 'Gerald French's Friends,' and in collaboration with Mr. Brander Matthews 'A Tale of 25 Hours.'

## BOYCOTTED.

From 'The Emergency Men.'

The party was breaking up; some had retired; others were standing, bedroom candlesticks in their hands, exchanging a last word, when suddenly, out of the silence of the night, the melodious notes of a huntsman's horn echoed through the room. Harold recalled the legend, and paused at the door, mute and wondering.

Jack and his father exchanged glances.

"Now which of you's tryin' to humbug us this year?" asked the old man, laughing, while Jack looked round and proceeded, as he said, to "count noses."

This was a useless attempt, for half the party that had sat up to wait for the New Year had already disappeared.

Dick sprang to the window and threw it open, but the night was cloudy and dark.

Again came the notes of the horn, floating in through the open window, and almost at the same moment there was a sound of hoofs crunching the gravel of the drive as a dozen or more animals swept past at wild gallop.

"This is past a joke," cried Jack. "I never heard of the old hunt materializing in any such way as this."

They rushed to the front door—Jack, Mr. Connolly, all of them. Harold reached it first. Wrenching it open, he

stood on the step, while the others crowded about him and peered out into the night. Only darkness, rendered murkier by the lights in the hall; and from the distance, fainter now, came the measured beat of the galloping hoofs.

No other sound? Yes, a long-drawn, quivering, piteous sigh; and as their eyes grew more accustomed to the night, out of the darkness something white shaped itself—something prone and helpless, lying on the gravel beneath the lowest step. They did not stop to speculate as to what it might be. With a single impulse, Jack and Harold sprang down, and between them they carried back into the hall the inanimate body of Polly Connolly.

Her eyes were closed and her face was as white as the muslin dress she wore. Clutched in her right hand was a hunting-horn belonging to Dick. It was evident that the girl had stolen out unobserved to reproduce—perhaps for the visitor's benefit—the legendary notes of the phantom huntsman. This was a favorite joke among the young Connollys, and scarcely a New-Year's night passed that it was not practiced by one or other of the large family; but what had occurred to-night? Whence came those galloping hoofs, and what was the explanation of Polly's condition?

The swoon quickly yielded to the usual remedies, but even when she revived it was some time before the girl could speak intelligibly. Her voice was broken by hysterical sobs; she trembled in every limb. It was evident that her nerves had received a severe shock.

While the others were occupied with Polly, Dick had stepped out on the gravel sweep, where he was endeavoring, by close examination, to discover some clue to the puzzle. Suddenly he ran back into the house.

"Something's on fire," he cried. "I believe it's the yard."

They all pressed to the open door—all except Mrs. Connolly, who still busied herself with her daughter, and Harold, whose sole interest was centered in the girl he loved.

Above a fringe of shrubbery which masked the farmyard, a red glow lit up the sky. It was evident the buildings were on fire. And even while they looked a man, half dressed, panting, smoke-stained, dashed up the steps. It was Tom Neil, one of the Emergency men.

These men slept in the yard, in the quarters vacated by the deserting coachman. In a few breathless words the big, raw-boned Ulsterman told the story of the last half-hour.

He and his comrade Fergus had been awakened by suspicious sounds in the yard. Descending, they had found the cattle-shed in flames. Neil had forced his way in and had liberated and driven out the terrified bullocks. The poor animals, wild with terror, had burst from the yard and galloped off in the direction of the house. This accounted for the trampling hoofs that had swept across the lawn, but scarcely for Polly's terrified condition. A country-bred girl like Miss Connolly would not lose her wits over the spectacle of a dozen fat oxen broken loose from their stalls. Had the barn been purposely burned, and had the girl fallen in with the retreating incendiaries?

It seemed likely. No one there doubted the origin of the fire, and Mr. Connolly expressed the general feeling as he shook his head and muttered:

"I mistrusted that they wouldn't let us get them cattle out o' the country without some trouble."

"But where is Fergus?" demanded Jack, suddenly.

"Isn't he here?" asked the Ulsterman. "When we seen the fire he started up to the big house to give the alarm, while I turned to to save the bullocks."

"No, he never came to the house," answered Jack, and there was an added gravity in his manner as he turned to his brother.

"Get a lantern, Dick. This thing must be looked into at once."

While the boy went in search of a light, Mr. Connolly attempted to obtain from his daughter a connected statement of what had happened and how much she had seen; but she was in no condition to answer questions. The poor girl could only sob and moan and cover her face with her hands, while convulsive tremblings shook her slight figure.

"Oh, don't ask me, papa; don't speak to me about it. It was dreadful—dreadful. I saw it all."

This was all they could gain from her.

"Don't thrubble the poor young lady," interposed old Peter, compassionately. "Sure, the heart's put across in her wid the fright. Lave her be till mornin'."



There seemed nothing else to be done, so Polly was left in charge of her mother and sister, while the men, headed by Dick, who carried a lantern, set out to examine the grounds.

There was no trace of Fergus between the house and the farm-yard. The lawn was much cut up by the cattle, for the frost had turned to rain early in the evening, and a rapid thaw was in progress. The ground was quite soft on the surface, and it was carefully scrutinized for traces of footsteps, but nothing could be distinguished among the hoof-prints of the bullocks.

In the yard all was quiet. The fire had died down; the roof of the cattle-shed had fallen in and smothered the last embers. The barn was a ruin, but no other damage had been done, and there were no signs of the missing man.

They turned back, this time making a wider circle. Almost under the kitchen window grew a dense thicket of laurel and other evergreen shrubs. Dick stooped and let the light of the lantern penetrate beneath the overhanging branches.

There, within three steps of the house, lay Fergus, pale and blood-stained, with a sickening dent in his temple—a murdered man.

Old Peter Dwyer was the first to break the silence: “The Lord be good to him! They’ve done for him this time, an’ no mistake.”

The lifeless body was lifted gently and borne toward the house. Harold hastened in advance to make sure that none of the ladies were astir to be shocked by the grisly sight. The hall was deserted. Doubtless Polly’s condition demanded all their attention.

“The girl saw him murdered,” muttered Mr. Connolly. “I thought it must have been something out of the common to upset her so.”

“D’ye think did she, sir?” asked old Peter, eagerly.

“I haven’t a doubt of it,” replied the old gentleman, shortly. “Thank goodness, her evidence will hang the villain, whoever he may be.”

“Ah, the poor thing, the poor thing!” murmured the servant, and then the sad procession entered the house.

The body was laid on a table. It would have been useless to send for a surgeon. There was not one to be found with-

in several miles, and it was but too evident that life was extinct. The top of the man's head was beaten to a pulp. He had been clubbed to death.

"If it costs me every shilling I have in the world, an' my life to the boot of it," said Mr. Connolly, "I'll see the ruffians that did the deed swing for their night's work."

"Amin," assented Peter, solemnly; and Jack's handsome face darkened as he mentally recorded an oath of vengeance.

"There 'll be little sleep for this house to-night," resumed the old gentleman after a pause. "I'm goin' to look round and see if the doors are locked, an' then take a look at Polly. An' Peter."

"Sir!"

"The first light in the mornin'—it's only a few hours off," he added, with a glance at his watch—"you run over to the police station, and give notice of what's happened."

"I will, yer honor."

"Come upstairs with me, boys. I want to talk with you. Good-night, Mr. Hayes. This has been a blackguard business, but there's no reason you should lose your rest for it."

Mr. Connolly left the room, resting his arms on the shoulders of his two sons. Harold glanced at the motionless figure of the murdered man, and followed. He did not seek his bedroom, however; he knew it would be idle to think of sleep. He entered the smoking-room, lit a cigar, and threw himself into a chair to wait for morning.

All his ideas as to the Irish question had been changing insensibly during his visit to Lisnahoe. This night's work had revolutionized them. He saw the agrarian feud—not as he had been wont to read of it, glozed over by the New York papers. He saw it as it was—in all its naked, brutal horror.

He had observed that there had been no attempt on the part of the Connollys to appeal to neighbors for help or sympathy in this time of trouble, and he had asked Jack the reason. Jack's answer had been brief and pregnant.

"Where's the good? We're boycotted."

And that dead man lying on the table outside was only an example of boycotting carried to its logical conclusion.

## LIONEL JOHNSON.

(1867—1902.)

THE full story of Lionel Johnson's inner life would be an extraordinary addition to the world's spiritual and intellectual biographies. His slight, delicate frame and boyish face gave little hint of his deep and fascinating personality, though they suggested the gentleness, reticence, and dignity that always distinguished him. Most of the years of his literary labor were spent in London; he was in it but scarcely of it; his ideas were centered in Ireland, in the Fathers of the Church and the masters of literature.

He saw the light of day in 1867, and it came to pass that while still young he broke with family traditions in more ways than one. He chose literature, instead of a military career, like the long line of the Johnsons before him, and he became a Catholic. He was educated at Winchester and at Oxford, where he took the degree of B.A. at the age of twenty-three. He was worthy of that small company of rare spirits, of whom Newman was one, who have given Oxford a grave and spiritual dignity in the imagination. Early in the nineties he made his home in London, and soon became known to inner spheres of its literary world for his brilliant critical articles in a couple of high-class weekly reviews and in a daily paper that devoted much attention to literature. As a critic he showed then as ever great breadth and fine poise, as well as abundant culture. The general reader had, so far as he knew, the first taste of his intellectual—and lyrical—quality in 'The Book of the Rhymers' Club.'

The "Rhymers" were a little band of poets, some of them Irishmen (W. B. Yeats, Dr. Todhunter, G. A. Greene, and T. W. Rolleston as well as Johnson), who met periodically to recite and discuss their new poems at "The Cheshire Cheese" in Fleet Street, London, a haunt of famous earlier literary associations. The gatherings had a social as well as an intellectual zest: social in a kindly and mellow way as befitted such a fraternity.

Soon afterward Johnson and his fellow Irishmen found a wider and still more congenial haunt in the Irish Literary Society. Johnson took his place at an early stage on a literary subcommittee and proved a practical worker, full of hope and enthusiasm. Already his learning might literally be described as colossal. He had a profound knowledge of religious writers, while in early English and Elizabethan literature, in the classics, in highways and byways of Irish lore, and with the great figures of the Middle Ages, he was equally at home. His own original poetry had a gravity and stately grace, as of one whose life was passed ever between a university and a cathedral. A breath from hills and seas and dreams of Ireland came into it later. Indeed his Irish enthusiasm seemed to grow with the years. The Gaelic League, whose great objects were (and are) the preservation and extension of Irish as a spoken and literary language, was founded in 1893, and for an early *Oireachtos* (the annual literary and musical festival of all Ireland) Johnson offered

a prize for the best essay in Irish on the subject of what Wales had taught Ireland in the way of national language revival. The prize was won by an Ulster writer, Mr. P. T. MacGinley, and duly published. In those days Johnson reviewed many books of high interest in the London *Daily Chronicle*, and the reviews had fine flashes of insight, enthusiasm, and faith. He published a study of 'The Art of Thomas Hardy,' a work that showed his amazing learning in its wealth of literary allusion, and that also proved his high critical quality, too high perhaps for the London of the period. In succeeding years two volumes of his poems were published, both illustrating his grave austerity and dignity of spirit and his profound religious character. The second especially showed his deep and glowing attachment to Ireland.

Meanwhile, and to the last, in the social and personal sense his life was aloof and retiring. Only a few friends knew the heights, enthusiasms, and exaltations of his nature. By them he was more than esteemed; he was beloved. In an age of "cheap" criticism and cheaper literature, he was never "cheap." The fine soul in the frail, boyish body shrank from the vulgarities of the world, or peopled it with Dantes, Augustines, and Deirdres. On the whole, his fine-tempered and cultured criticism, his grave and stately poetry, did not receive their due in London or in England. Illness tried and darkened his closing years. The last chapter of all was pathetic. He met with a serious accident in Fleet Street and died from the effects of it in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in October, 1902. An Irish-speaking priest was with him in his last moments. With his great gifts and his rare spirit, his life darkening and narrowing down to a melancholy chapter in Fleet Street was a literary tragedy. To the many his poetry, to a favored few the memories of delightful converse and companionship, remain to show the noble soul he was.

"Mr. Lionel Johnson," says Mr. W. B. Yeats in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "has in his poetry completed the trinity of the spiritual virtues by adding Stoicism to Ecstasy and Asceticism. He has renounced the world and built up a twilight world instead, where all the colors are like the colors in the rainbow that is cast by the moon, and all the people as far from modern tumults as the people upon fading and dropping tapestries. He has so little interest in our pains and pleasures, and is so wrapped up in his own world, that one comes from his books wearied and exalted, as though one had posed for some noble action in a strange *tableau vivant* that cast its painful stillness upon the mind instead of the body."

## COUNTRY FOLK.

From 'The Art of Thomas Hardy.'

"John Hewet was a well set man of about five and twenty; Sarah Drew might be called rather comely than beautiful, and was about the same age. They had passed



thro' the various labors of the year together with the greatest satisfaction; if she milked, 't was his morning and evening care to bring the cows to her hand; it was but last fair day that he brought her a present of green silk for her straw hat, and the posie on her silver ring was his choosing. Their love was the talk of the whole neighborhood; for scandal never affirm'd that they had any other views than the lawful possession of each other in marriage. It was that very morning that he had obtain'd the consent of her parents, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps in the intervals of their work they were now talking of the wedding cloaths and John was suiting several sorts of poppys and field flowers to her complection, to chuse her a knot for the wedding-day.

"While they were thus busied (it was on the last of July between three and four in the afternoon) the clouds grew black, and such a storm of lightning and thunder ensued, that all the laborers made the best of their way to what shelter the trees and hedges afforded. Sarah was frightened, and fell down in a swoon on a heap of barley. John, who never separated from her, sate down by her side, having raked together two or three heaps the better to secure her from the storm. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had split asunder; everyone was solicitous for the safety of his neighbor, and called to one another throughout the field. No answer being returned to those who called to our Lovers, they stept to the place where they lay; they perceived the barley all in a smook, and then spy'd the faithful pair; John with one arm about Sarah's neck, and the other held over her, as to skreen her from the lightning.

"They were both struck dead in this tender posture. Sarah's left eyebrow was sing'd, and there appeared a black spot on her breast; her lover was all over black, but not the least signs of life were found in either. Attended by their melancholy companions, they were convey'd to the town, and the next day interr'd in Stanton-Harcourt Church-yard."

This letter by Gay, which Thackeray has immortalized in another version, enshrines with so great a grace one view of country life, that I have set it down here; innocent,

comely laborers; pretty serious ways of love in the fields; glimpses of the fair, that last fair at the busy, homely town; the kindly concern of the neighbors; then, the angry storm bursting over that hot hayfield, the storm so grand a visitation; all this makes of John Hewet and Sarah Drew, typical figures, whom we can see now in the fields, with no harsh presentiment of poverty or of coarseness to come: they lie dead, those English country lovers, in all the significant beauty of Cleobis and Bito. It is a story, of which one loves to think, when challenged to think well of country life, in face of certain horrors and brutalities undeniably there: as in Madam Darmesteter's 'The New Arcadia,' or Mrs. Woods' 'A Village Tragedy.' It helps us, this true idyll of the last century, to believe that much vaunted sentiment about the country is born from more than love of a pretty insincerity; Strephon sighing to Chloe in the shade, Damon piping to Phyllis among the flocks; those nymphs and swains, whom French and English art made so delightful an hundred years ago; giving them, for all their coats and gowns of another mode, something of Apollo's glory and something of the Muse's grace.

The apparent monotony of rural ways, viewed by spectators used to streets, crowded with strange faces, inclines a writer to people his fields and villages with primitive virtues, or with primitive vices, but hardly with both. "To make men moral something more is requisite than to turn them out to grass," wrote George Eliot, in protest against the superstition about blameless Arcadians. But from George Eliot's protest to M. Zola's practice, the descent is long and difficult: *la bête humaine* is no more real than the Arcadian, nor Hodge than Strephon. No long acquaintance with country folk is wanted, to persuade us that every Sabine laborer is not hardy, not every Breton poetical, not every Russian patient. Though "rustics" be to some men as undistinguishable as "silly sheep," the shepherd can distinguish a world of difference between silly face and face. Mr. Hardy has given us some ten groups of country folk; the farm hands, woodlanders, shepherds, dairy-maids, furze cutters, carriers, nondescript laborers, servants, cottagers, who form the main populace of his Wessex scenes. Unessential, in many cases, to the conduct

of the mere narrative, they and the landscape around them yet serve to emphasize the force of that narrative: far from being picturesque accessories, they form the chorus, whose office is to insist upon stable moralities, the tried wisdom and experience, with which the fortunes of the chief actors are in contrast.

Young and old, prudent and foolish, consciously or unconsciously, they come to represent a body of sentiment and opinion, the growth of rustic times: their proverbs, witticisms, anecdotes, comments, are all sententious. Thus as a Greek chorus, with its leisurely, appropriate utterances, sometimes full of an exasperating sobriety, stands round about the two or three passionate souls in travail; so these aged patriarchs, half-witted clowns, shrewd workmen, village butts and wits and characters, move through the Wessex scenes, where Henchard or Eustacia or Tess is acting and suffering, with grotesque, stolid, or pathetic commentaries. But they never lose their reality, their hold upon life and truth, in the creator's hands: not one of them is set up, a puppet of the stage, to drawl bucolic commonplaces in a dialect, or to pass the bounds of nature, in savagery, and whimsicality, and uncouthness. As we read it is borne in upon us, that in this pleasant talk we have the spiritual history of a country side: feudalism and Catholicism and Protestantism, law and education and tradition, changed in agriculture and commerce and tenure, in traffic and society and living, all these have worked and wrought upon the people, and here is the issue: *this* and *this* is their view of life; *thus* and *thus* they think and act; *here* is a survival, and *there* a desire; *here* a spirit of conversation, and *there* a sign of decay, and *there* again a look of progress. Poor laws and school boards, the Established Church and the Dissenting Mission, the extension of the franchise, and the condition of the laborer, matters for grave inquiry and debate among men of social studies, though you may read Mr. Hardy's books without noticing them there, are there none the less: not discussed in set form, often not so much as mentioned, admirably kept back from intrusion, they are yet to be recognized and felt.

Not only what the peasants are, but also the causes of their being that, are implied in Mr. Hardy's artistic treat-

ment of them: he deals with men, hard to understand and to portray; but mere ghosts and caricatures of men unless portrayed with understanding. In literature, no less than in life, they resent patronage: the rustic, whose office in a book is that of a gargoyle upon a tower, to look quaint and to spout, takes revenge by becoming very wearisome.

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## TO MORFYDD.

A voice of the winds,  
A voice by the waters,  
Wanders and cries:

*Oh! what are the winds?  
And what are the waters?  
Mine are your eyes.*

Western the winds are,  
And western the waters,  
Where the light lies:

*Oh! what are the winds?  
And what are the waters?  
Mine are your eyes.*

Cold, cold grow the winds,  
And dark grow the waters,  
Where the sun dies:

*Oh! what are the winds?  
And what are the waters?  
Mine are your eyes.*

And down the night winds  
And down the night waters,  
The music flies:

*Oh! what are the winds?  
And what are the waters?  
Cold be the winds,  
And wild be the waters,  
So mine be your eyes.*



## WAYS OF WAR.

A terrible and splendid trust  
Heartens the host of Innisfail:  
Their dream is of the swift sword-thrust,  
A lightning glory of the Gael.

Croagh Patrick is the place of prayers,  
And Tara the assembling-place:  
But each sweet wind of Ireland bears  
The trump of battle on its race.

From Dursey Isle to Donegal,  
From Howth to Achill, the glad noise  
Rings: and the heirs of glory fall,  
Or victory crowns their fighting joys.

A dream! a dream! an ancient dream!  
Yet, ere peace come to Innisfail,  
Some weapons on some field must gleam,  
Some burning glory fire the Gael.

That field may lie beneath the sun,  
Fair for the treading of an host:  
That field in realms of thought be won,  
And armed minds do their uttermost:

Some way to faithful Innisfail  
Shall come the majesty and awe  
Of martial truth, that must prevail  
To lay on all the eternal law.

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THE AGE OF A DREAM.

Imageries of dreams reveal a gracious age;  
Black armor, falling lace, and altar lights at morn.  
The courtesy of Saints, their gentleness and scorn,  
Lights on an earth more fair than shone from Plato's page;  
The courtesy of knights, fair calm and sacred rage;  
The courtesy of love, sorrow for love's sake born.  
Vanished, those high conceits! Desolate and forlorn,  
We hunger against hope for that lost heritage.

Gone now, the carven work! Ruined, the golden shrine!  
 No more the glorious organs pour their voice divine;  
 No more rich frankincense drifts through the Holy Place;  
 Now from the broken tower, what solemn bell still tolls,  
 Mourning what piteous death? Answer, O saddened souls!  
 Who mourn the death of beauty and the death of grace.

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### THE LAST MUSIC.

Calmly, breathe calmly all your music, maids!  
 Breathe a calm music over my dead queen.  
 All your lives long, you have not heard nor seen  
 Fairer than she, whose hair in somber braids  
     With beauty overshades  
     Her brow broad and serene.

Surely she hath lain so an hundred years:  
 Peace is upon her, old as the world's heart.  
 Breathe gently, music! Music done, depart:  
 And leave me in her presence to my tears,  
     With music in mine ears;  
     For sorrow hath its art.

Music, more music, sad and slow! She lies  
 Dead: and more beautiful than early morn.  
 Discrowned am I, and of her looks forlorn:  
 Alone vain memories immortalize  
     The way of her soft eyes,  
     Her virginal voice low borne.

The balm of gracious death now laps her round  
 As once life gave her grace beyond her peers.  
 Strange! that I loved this lady of the spheres,  
 To sleep by her at last in common ground:  
     When kindly death hath bound  
     Mine eyes, and sealed mine ears.

Maidens! make a low music: merely make  
 Silence a melody, no more. This day,  
 She travels down a pale and lonely way:  
 Now for a gentle comfort, let her take  
     Such music for her sake,  
     As mourning love can play.

Holy my queen lies in the arms of death:  
Music moves over her still face, and I  
Lean breathing love over her. She will lie  
In earth thus calmly, under the wind's breath—  
The twilight wind that saith:  
*Rest! worthy found to die.*

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## TE MARTYRUM CANDIDATUS.

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!  
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, the Knights of  
God!  
They for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed  
All, save the sweetness of treading where He first trod!  
These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,  
Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:  
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,  
They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now, whithersoever He goeth, with Him they go:  
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses—oh, fair to see!  
They ride where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,  
White Horsemen, with Christ their Captain: for ever He!

## CHARLES JOHNSTON.

(1867 —)

CHARLES JOHNSTON was born at Ballykilbeg, County Down, Ireland, Feb. 17, 1867. He is the son of William Johnston, M.P. for Belfast, Ireland, and of Georgina, the daughter of Sir John Hay, Bart., of Park, Scotland. He was educated in Derby, England, and at Dublin University. He entered the course for the Indian Civil Service in 1886, and passed his final examination in August, 1888, reaching India in November. He was assistant and Deputy Magistrate at Murshedabad in Lower Bengal and afterward at Cuttack in the district of Irissa. He visited Bombay, Madras, Calcutta, and Allahabad, and was invalided two years later.

He afterward traveled for four years on the Continent, visiting Holland, Belgium, Germany, Russia, Austria, and France, and came to the United States in October, 1896. He is a member of the Royal Asiatic Society, and President of the Irish Literary Society of New York (1904).

He has translated 'From the Upanishads,' archaic Sanskrit, 1896; 'What is Art?' from the Russian of Count L. N. Tolstoi; 'Julian, the Apostate,' from the Russian of 'Mereshkovski,' and 'The System of Vedanta,' from the German of Professor Paul Deussen.

He is the author of 'The Memory of Past Births,' 1900; 'Kela Bai,' 1900; 'Ireland, Historic and Picturesque,' 1901, and he has contributed articles on Oriental, historical, and literary subjects to the leading magazines.

### IRELAND, VISIBLE AND INVISIBLE.

From 'Ireland Historic and Picturesque.'

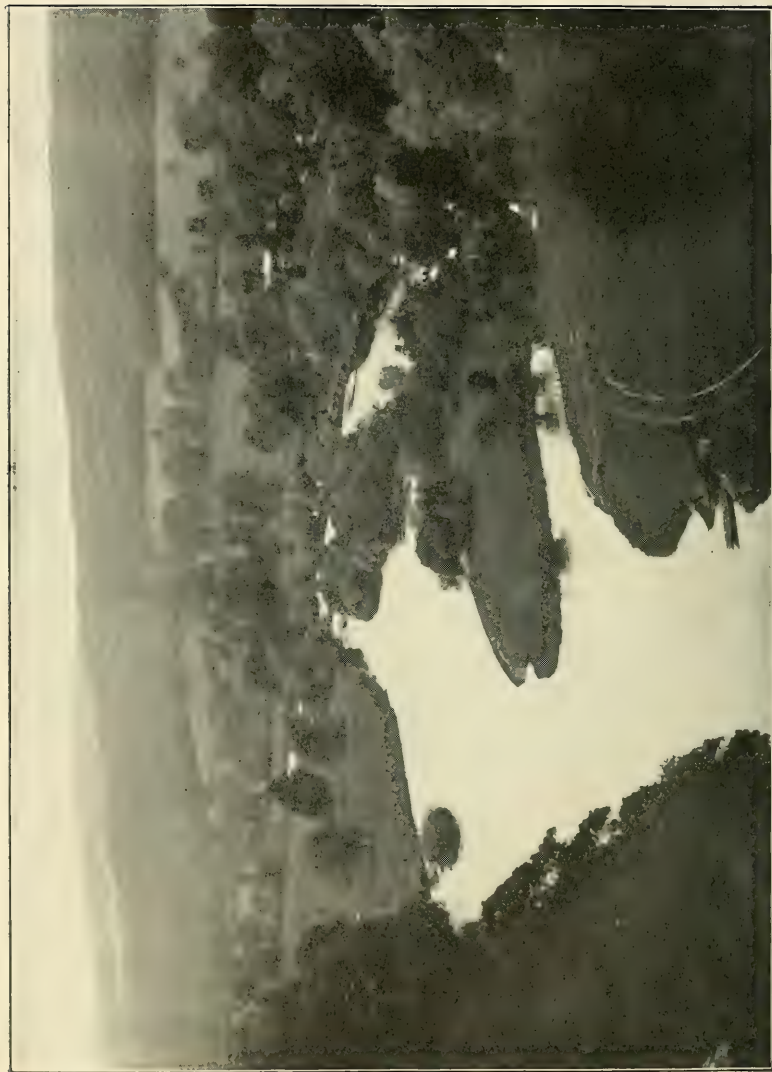
Finally, encircling all, is the perpetual presence of the sea, with its foaming, thunderous life or its days of dreamy peace; round the silver sands or furrowed cliffs that gird the island our white waves rush forever, murmuring the music of eternity.

Such is the land of Eire, very old, yet full of perpetual youth; a thousand times darkened by sorrow, yet with a heart of living gladness; too often visited by evil and pale death, yet welling ever up in unconquerable life,—the youth and life and gladness that thrill through earth and air and sky, when the whole world grows beautiful in the front of Spring.

For with us Spring is like the making of a new world







IRELAND IN SUMMER

in the dawn of time. Under the warm wind's caressing breath the grass comes forth upon the meadows and the hills, chasing dun Winter away. Every field is newly vested in young corn or the olive greenness of wheat; the smell of the earth is full of sweetness. White daisies and yellow dandelions star all our pastures; and on the green ruggedness of every hillside, or along the shadowed banks of every river and every silver stream, amid velvet mosses and fringes of newborn ferns, in a million nooks and crannies throughout all the land, are strewn dark violets; and wreaths of yellow primroses with crimped green leaves pour forth a remote and divine fragrance; above them, the larches are dainty with new greenery and rosy tassels, and the young leaves of beech and oak quiver with fresh life.

Still the benigance of Spring pours down upon us from the sky, till the darkening fields are hemmed in between barriers of white hawthorn, heavy with nectar, and twined with creamy honeysuckle, the fingertips of every blossom coral-red. The living blue above throbs with the tremulous song of innumerable larks; the measured chant of cuckoos awakens the woods; and through the thickets a whole world's gladness sings itself forth from the throat of thrush and blackbird. Through the whole land between the four seas benediction is everywhere; blue-bells and the rosy fingers of heath deck the mountain-tops, where the grouse are crooning to each other among the whins; down the hillsides into every valley pour gladness and greenness and song; there are flowers everywhere, even to the very verge of the whispering sea. There, among the gray bent-spikes and brackens on the sandhills, primroses weave their yellow wreaths; and little pansies, golden and blue and purple, marshal their weird eyes against the spears of dark blue hyacinths, till the rich tribute of wild thyme makes peace between them.

The blue sky overhead, with its flocks of sunlit clouds, softly bends over the gentle bosom of the earth. A living spirit throbs everywhere, palpable, audible, full of sweetness and sadness immeasurable—sadness that is only a more secret joy.

Then the day grows weary, making way for the magic of evening and the oncoming dark with its mystery. The

tree-stems reddened with the sunset; there is a chill sigh in the wind; the leaves turn before it, burnished against the purple sky. As the gloom rises up out of the earth, bands of dark red gather on the horizon, seaming the clear bronze of the sky, that passes upward into olive-color, merging in dark blue overhead. The sun swings down behind the hills, and purple darkness comes down out of the sky; the red fades from the tree-stems, the cloud-colors die away; the whole world glimmers with the fading whiteness of twilight. Silence gathers itself together out of the dark, deepened, not broken, by the hushing of the wind among the beech-leaves, or the startled cluck of a blackbird, or a wood-pigeon's soft murmur, as it dreams in the silver fir.

Under the brown wings of the dark, the night throbs with mystic presence; the hills glimmer with an inward life; whispering voices hurry through the air. Another and magical land awakes in the dark, full of a living restlessness; sleepless as the ever-moving sea. Everywhere through the night-shrouded woods, the shadowy trees seem to interrupt their secret whispers till you are gone past. There is no sense of loneliness anywhere, but rather a host of teeming lives on every hand, palpable though hidden, remote from us though touching our lives, calling to us through the gloom with wordless voices, inviting us to enter and share with them the mystical life of this miraculous earth, great mother of us all. The dark is full of watching eyes.

Summer with us is but a brighter Spring, as our Winter only prolongs the sadness of Autumn. So our year has but two moods, a gay one and a sad one. Yet each tinges the other—the mists of Autumn veiling the gleam of Spring—Spring smiling through the grief of Autumn. When the sad mood comes, stripping the trees of their leaves and the fields of their greenness, white mists veil the hills and brood among the fading valleys. A shiver runs through the air, and the cold branches are starred with tears. A poignant grief is over the land, an almost desolation—full of unspoken sorrow, tongue-tied with unuttered complaint. All the world is lost and forlorn, without hope or respite. Everything is given up to the dirges of the moaning seas, the white shrouds of weeping mist. Wander forth upon the uplands and among the lonely hills and rock-seamed



sides of the mountains, and you will find the same sadness everywhere: a grieving world under a grieving sky. Quiet desolation hides among the hills, tears tremble on every brown grass-blade, white mists of melancholy shut out the lower world.

Who ever has not felt the poignant sadness of the leafless days has never known the real Ireland; the sadness that is present, though veiled, in the green bravery of Spring, and under the songs of Summer. Nor have they ever known the real Ireland who have not divined beneath that poignant sadness a heart of joy, deep and perpetual, made only keener by that sad outward show.

Here in our visible life is a whisper and hint of our life invisible; of the secret that runs through and interprets so much of our history. For very much of our nation's life has been like the sadness of those autumn days,—a tale of torn leaves, of broken branches, of tears everywhere. Tragedy upon tragedy has filled our land with woe and sorrow and, as men count success, we have failed of it, and received only misery and deprivation. He has never known the true Ireland who does not feel that woe. Yet, more, he knows not the real Ireland who cannot feel within that woe the heart of power and joy,—the strong life outlasting darkest night,—the soul that throbs incessantly under all the calamities of the visible world, throughout the long tragedy of our history.

This is our secret: the life that is in sorrow as in joy: the power that is not more in success than in failure—the one soul whose moods these are, who uses equally life and death. . . .

Therefore, for the whole world and for our land there was needed another epoch, a far more difficult lesson,—one so remote from what had been of old, that even now we only begin to understand it. To the Ireland that had seen the valor of Cuculain, that had watched the wars of Fergus—to the Ireland that listened to the deeds of Find and the songs of Ossin,—came the Evangel of Galilee, the darkest yet the brightest message ever brought to the children of earth. If we rightly read that Evangel, it brought the doom of the natural man, and his supersession by the man immortal; it brought the death of our personal perfecting and pride, and the rising from the dead of the common

soul, whereby a man sees another self in his neighbor; sees all alike in the one Divine.

Of this one Divine, wherein we all live and live forever, pain is no less the minister than pleasure; nay, pain is more its minister, since pleasure has already given its message to the natural man. Of that one Divine, sorrow and desolation are the messengers, alike with joy and gladness; even more than joy and gladness, for the natural man has tasted these. Of that one Divine, black and mysterious death is the servant, not less than bright life; and life we had learned of old in the sunshine.

There came, therefore, to Ireland, as to a land cherished for enduring purposes, first the gentler side, and then the sterner, of the Galilean message. First, the epoch almost idyllic which followed after the mission of Patrick; the epoch of learning and teaching the simpler phrases of the Word. Churches and schools rose everywhere, taking the place of fort and embattled camp. Chants went up at morning and evening, with the incense of prayer, and heaven seemed descended upon earth. Our land, which had stood so high in the ranks of valor and romance, now rose not less eminent for piety and fervid zeal, sending forth messengers and ministers of the glad news to the heathen lands of northern and central Europe, and planting refuges of religion within their savage bounds. Beauty came forth in stone and missal, answering to the beauty of life it was inspired by; and here, if anywhere upon earth through a score of centuries, was realized the ideal of that prayer for the kingdom, as in heaven, so on earth. Here, again, we have most ample memorials scattered all abroad throughout the land; we can call up the whole epoch, and make it stand visible before us, visiting every shrine and sacred place of that saintly time, seeing, with inner eyes, the footsteps of those who followed that path, first traced out by the shores of Gennesaret.

Once more, if the kingdom come upon earth were all of the message, we might halt here; for here forgiveness and gentle charity performed their perfect work, and learning was present with wise counsel to guide willing feet in the way. Yet this is not all; nor, if we rightly understand that darkest yet brightest message, are we or is mankind destined for such an earthly paradise; our king-

dom is not of this world. Here was another happiness, another success; yet not in that happiness nor in that success was hid the secret; it lay far deeper. Therefore we find that morning with its sunshine rudely clouded over, its promise swept away in the black darkness of storms. Something more than holy living remained to be learned; there remained the mystery of failure and death—that death which is the doorway to our real life. Therefore upon the shores broke wave after wave of invasion, storm after storm of cruelest oppression and degradation. In the very dust was our race ground down, destitute, afflicted, tormented, according to prophecy and promise. Nor was that the end. Every bitterness that the heart of man can conceive, that the heart of man can inflict, that the heart of man can endure, was poured into our cup, and we drained it to the dregs. Of that saddest yet most potent time we shall record enough to show not only what befell through our ages of darkness, but also, so far as may be, what miraculous intent underlay it, what promise the darkness covered, of our future light; what golden rays of dawn were hidden in our gloom.

Finally, from all our fiery trials we shall see the genius of our land emerge, tried indeed by fire, yet having gained fire's purity; we shall see that genius beginning, as yet with halting speech, to utter its most marvelous secret of the soul of man. We shall try at least to gain a clear sight of our great destiny, and thereby of the like destiny of universal man.

For we cannot doubt that what we have passed through, all men and all nations either have passed through already, or are to pass through in the time to come. There is but one divine law, one everlasting purpose and destiny for us all. And if we see other nations now entering that time of triumph which passed for us long ago, that perfecting of the natural man, with his valor and his song, we shall with fear and reverence remember that before them also lie the dark centuries of fiery trial; the long night of affliction, the vigils of humiliation and suffering. The one Divine has not yet laid aside the cup that holds the bitter draft,—the drinking of which comes ever before the final gift of the waters of life. What we passed through, they shall pass through also; what we suffered,

they too shall suffer. Well will it be with them if, like us, they survive the fierce trial, and rise from the fire immortal, born again through sacrifice.

Therefore I see in Ireland a miraculous and divine history, a life and destiny invisible, lying hid within her visible life. Like that throbbing presence of the night which whispers along the hills, this diviner whisper, this more miraculous and occult power, lurks in our apparent life. From the very gray of her morning, the children of Ireland were preoccupied with the invisible world; it was so in the darkest hours of our oppression and desolation; driven from this world, we took refuge in that; it was not the kingdom of heaven upon earth, but the children of earth seeking a refuge in heaven. So the same note rings and echoes through all our history; we live in the invisible world. If I rightly understand our mission and our destiny, it is this: To restore to other men the sense of that invisible; that world of our immortality; as of old our race went forth carrying the Galilean Evangel. We shall first learn, and then teach, that not with wealth can the soul of man be satisfied; that our enduring interest is not here but there, in the unseen, the hidden, the immortal, for whose purposes exist all the visible beauties of the world. If this be our mission and our purpose, well may our fair mysterious land deserve her name: *Inis Fail*, the Isle of Destiny.



## CHARLES JOHNSTONE.

(1719—1800.)

CHARLES JOHNSTONE was born in Limerick County in 1719. He had the benefit of a classical education, studied for the bar, and on being called he chose to practice in England. Being slightly deaf, he was principally engaged as a chamber counsel, and was comparatively successful. Notwithstanding his defect of hearing, he was welcomed in general society as lively and companionable.

In 1760 '*Chrysal*; or, *The Adventures of a Guinea*' appeared. It is a political romance not unlike '*Le Diable Boiteux*.' As it set forth the secret history of some political intrigues on the Continent, and contained piquant sketches of celebrated living characters, it became at once a success.

In 1762 Johnstone published another satire entitled '*The Reverie, or a Flight to the Paradise of Fools*.' This was followed in 1774 by '*The History of Arsaces, Prince of Betlis*,' a sort of political romance. In 1775 appeared '*The Pilgrim, or a Picture of Life*'; and in 1781 '*The History of John Juniper, Esquire, alias Juniper Jack*,' a romance of low life.

Johnstone started for India in 1782. On his way thither he was shipwrecked, but his life was saved and he finally reached Bengal. In India he continued to write, but there his work was chiefly for newspapers, and appeared over the signature of "*Onciropolos*." In a short time he became one of the joint proprietors of a Bengal paper, and acquired a considerable fortune before his death, which occurred in 1800.

Sir Walter Scott called him "a prose Juvenal," and, comparing him with *Le Sage*, says: "As *Le Sage* renders vice ludicrous, Johnstone seems to paint even folly as detestable, as well as ludicrous."

## POET AND PUBLISHER.

From '*Chrysal*.'

My new master was one of those aspiring geniuses whom desperate circumstances drive to push at everything, and court consequences the bare apprehension of which terrifies men who have some character and fortune to lose out of their senses. He was that evening to meet at a tavern an author the boldness and beauty of whose writings had for some time engaged the public attention in a particular manner, and made his numerous admirers tremble for his safety.

As he happened to outstay his time, my master's impor-

ance took offense at a freedom which he thought so much out of character.

"This is very pretty, truly!" (said he, walking back and forward in a chafe), "that I should wait an hour for an author. It was his business to have been here first and waited for me, but he is so puffed up of late that he has quite forgot himself. Booksellers seldom meet with such insolence from authors. I should serve him right to go away and disappoint him. But would not that disappoint myself more? He is come into such vogue lately that the best man in the trade would be glad to get him. Well, if he does not do what I want, I know not who can! Fools may be frightened at the thoughts of a cart's tail or a pillory, I know better things. Where they come in a popular cause nothing sets a man's name up to such advantage, and that's the first step towards making a fortune; as for the danger, it is only a mere bugbear while the mob is on my side. And therefore I will go on without fear, if I am not bought off. A pension or a pillory is the word."

These heroic meditations were interrupted by the entrance of the author, who, throwing himself carelessly into a chair, "I believe I have made you wait," said he, "but I could not help it. I was obliged to stay to kick a puppy of a printer who had been impertinent; as I am to meet company directly, so let me hear what you have to say."

"I thought, sir," answered my master with an air of offended importance, "you had appointed me to meet you here on business, and business, you know, cannot be hurried over so soon."

"Don't mention business to me, I hate the very name of it, and as to any that can possibly be between you and me, it may be done in five minutes as well as five years; so speak directly, and without further preamble, for all your finesse could have no effect upon me, even if I would submit to let you try it."

"Finesse, sir! I do not know what you mean! I defy the world to charge me with ever having been guilty of any. The business I desired to meet you upon was about a poem I was informed you had ready for the press, and which I should be glad to treat with you for."

"Well, sir, and what will you give me for it? Be quick, for I cannot wait to make many words."

"What! before I have seen it? It is impossible for me to say till I have looked it over and can judge what it is, and how much it will make."

"As to your judging what it is, that must depend upon inspiration, which I imagine you will scarcely make pretense to till you turn Methodist at least; but for what it will make here it is, and you may judge of that while I go downstairs for a few minutes."

Saying which he gave him a handful of loose papers and left the room.

The first thing my master did when left thus to form his judgment of a work of genius was to number the pages, and then the lines in a page or two, by the time he had done which the author returned, and, taking the papers out of his hand, "Well, sir," said he, "and what is the result of your judgment?"

"Why, really, sir," answered my master after some pause, "I hardly know what to say; I have cast off the copy, and do not think that it will make more than a shilling, however pompously printed."

"What you think it will make is not the matter, but what you will give me for it. I sell my work by the quality, not the quantity."

"I do not doubt the quality of them in the least; but considering how much the trade is overstocked at present, and what a mere drug poetry has long been, I am a good deal at a loss what to offer, as I should be unwilling to give you or any gentleman offense by seeming to undervalue your works. What do you think of five guineas? I do not imagine that more can be given for so little, nor, indeed, should I be fond of giving even that but in compliment to you; I have had full twice as much for two many a time."

"Much good may your bargain do you, sir; but I will not take less than fifty for mine in compliment to you, or any bookseller alive; and so, sir, I desire to know without more words (for I told you before that your eloquence would be thrown away upon me!) whether you will give that, as I am in haste to go to company much more agreeable to me than yours."—

"What, sir! fifty guineas for scarce five hundred lines! Such a thing was never heard of in the trade."—

"Confound your trade, and you together! Here, waiter! what is to pay?"—

"But, dear sir! why will you be in such a hurry? can you not give yourself and me time to consider a little? Perhaps we might come nearer to each other!"—

"I have told you before, and I repeat it again, that I will have so much, and that without more words."—

"You are very peremptory, sir, but you know your own value, and therefore in hopes you will let me have more for my money next time, I will venture to give you your price now, though really if it was not for your name I could not possibly do it, but to be sure that is worth a shilling extraordinary, I own."

"Which is twelve pence more than yours ever will be, unless to the ordinary of Newgate.—But come! give me the money, I want to go to my company."—

"Well, sir, this is a hasty bargain, but I take it upon your word, and don't doubt that there is merit in it, to answer such a price. Satire, sir! keen satire, and so plain that he who runs may read, as the saying is, is the thing now o' days. Where there is any doubt or difficulty in the application it takes off the pleasure from the generality of readers. That, sir, is your great merit. Satire must be personal, or it will never do."—

"Personal! that mine never shall be. Vices, not persons, are the objects of my satire; though where I find the former, I never spare the latter, be the rank and character in life what it will."

My master had by this time counted out his money (among which I was), which the author took without telling over, and then went to his company, leaving the book-seller scarcely more pleased with his bargain than mortified at the cavalier treatment he had met in making it.



## PATRICK WESTON JOYCE.

(1827 —)

PATRICK WESTON JOYCE, the well-known educator and collector of Irish music, is a brother of R. D. Joyce (*q.v.*). He was born in 1827 in the village of Ballyorgan, County Limerick. He was educated at private schools. In 1845 he entered the service of the Commissioners of National Education, under whom he held several successive posts till 1860, when he was placed at the head of the Central National Model Schools, Dublin. He was next raised to the position of a professor in the Commissioners' training department for teachers—a post he still holds. While he was thus climbing the ladder of promotion in his department he found time to enter Trinity College, of which he became B.A. in 1861, M.A. in 1865, and LL.D. in 1870.

Dr. Joyce's first book, 'A Handbook of School Management and Methods of Teaching,' was published in 1863, has passed through many editions, and continues to be universally used by teachers of Irish National Schools. He was elected a member of the Royal Irish Academy in 1863, and two years afterward he put at the disposition of that body the results of his investigations into the laws by which the Irish names of places were formed. The series of papers in which he developed his ideas was received with favor by Petrie, Todd, and other leading Irish scholars. Thus encouraged, Dr. Joyce continued his investigations, and in 1869 published his work on the 'Origin and History of Irish Names of Places,' a fascinating volume, full of quaint stories, curious information, and most interesting analysis of the superstitions and history hidden in the names by which localities are known. The success of the book was immediate, a second edition being called for within a few months. In 1875 came a "Second Series," and the book, now consisting of two volumes, is unique of its kind; for in no other country in Europe have place-names been subjected to the same detailed scientific analysis, and the results given in more readable form.

'Ancient Irish Music,' a collection of one hundred Irish airs theretofore unpublished, with historical and illustrative text, appeared in 1872. The work contained, besides, several songs, some of them by Dr. Joyce himself, others by his brother, Robert Dwyer Joyce. In 1879 appeared 'Old Celtic Romances,' a series of eleven of the ancient bardic tales of Ireland, translated into plain homely English from the Gaelic manuscripts of the Royal Irish Academy and Trinity College, Dublin—a work which, like the 'Irish Names of Places,' has been very favorably reviewed and is an established success. Tennyson was indebted to the story of 'The Voyage of Maeldune' in this book for his exquisite attempt to reproduce the Irish form of verse. Of his poem bearing this title Tennyson says, "I read the legend in 'Joyce's Celtic Legends,' but most of the details are mine."

"By this story" (his son continues) "he intended to represent in his own original way the Celtic genius, and he wrote the poem with

a genuine love of the peculiar exuberance of the Irish imagination." (See 'Alfred Lord Tennyson, a Memoir,' by his son, vol. ii. p. 255.)

Dr. Joyce is, besides, author of 'A History of Ireland' and 'A School Irish Grammar.' Among his best-known works are 'A Short History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1608,' 'A Concise History of Ireland from the Earliest Times to 1837,' and his especially popular and latest books, 'Child's History of Ireland' and 'A Reading Book of Irish History,' etc.

'A Reading Book of Irish History' contains a mixture of Irish history, biography, and romance. A knowledge of the history of the country is conveyed partly in special historical sketches, partly in notes under the illustrations, and partly through the biography of important personages who flourished at various periods from St. Bridget down to the great Earl of Kildare.

## OISIN IN TIRNANOGE;<sup>1</sup> OR, THE LAST OF THE FENA.

According to an ancient legend, Finn's son Oisín, the hero-poet, survived to the time of St. Patrick, two hundred years (the legend makes it three hundred) after the other Fena. On a certain occasion, when the saint asked him how he had lived to such a great age, the old hero related the following story.

A short time after the fatal battle of Gavra,<sup>2</sup> where so many of our heroes fell, we were hunting on a dewy morning near the brink of Lough Lein,<sup>3</sup> where the trees and hedges around us were all fragrant with blossoms, and the little birds sang melodious music on the branches. We

<sup>1</sup> *Tirnanoge*, the Land of Youth. The ancient Irish had a sort of dim, vague belief that there was a land where people were always youthful, and free from care and trouble, suffered no disease, and lived for ever. This country they called by various names: *Tir-na-mbeo*, the land of the [ever-]living; *Tir-na-nóg*, the land of the [ever-] youthful; *Moy-Mell*, the plain of pleasure, etc. It had its own inhabitants—fairies; but mortals were sometimes brought there, and while they lived in it were gifted with the everlasting youth and beauty of the fairy people themselves, and partook of their pleasures. As to the exact place where Tirnanoge was situated, the references are shadowy and variable; but they often place it far out in the Atlantic Ocean, as far as the eye can reach from the high cliffs of the western coast. And here it is identical with O'Brasil.

The fairies were also supposed to live in palaces in the interior of pleasant green hills, and that they were hence called *Aes-shee* or *Deena-shee*, *i.e.* people of the *shee* or fairy hills; and hence also the word "*banshee*," *i.e.* a woman (*bean*) of the fairy hills. Tirnanoge was often regarded as identical with these bright, subterranean palaces. In my boyhood days, the peasantry believed that the great limestone cavern near Michelstown, in the County Cork, was one of the entrances to Tirnanoge.

<sup>2</sup> Gavra, now Garristown, in the northwest of the County Dublin.

<sup>3</sup> Lough Lein, the Lakes of Killarney.

soon roused the deer from the thickets, and as they bounded over the plain, our hounds followed after them in full cry.

We were not long so engaged, when we saw a rider coming swiftly towards us from the west; and we soon perceived that it was a maiden on a white steed. We all ceased from the chase on seeing the lady, who reined in as she approached. And Finn and the Fena were greatly surprised, for they had never before seen so lovely a maiden. A slender golden diadem encircled her head; and she wore a brown robe of silk, spangled with stars of red gold, which was fastened in front by a golden brooch, and fell from her shoulders till it swept the ground. Her yellow hair flowed far down over her robe in bright, golden ringlets. Her blue eyes were as clear as the drops of dew on the grass; and while her small, white hand held the bridle and curbed her steed with a golden bit, she sat more gracefully than the swan on Lough Lein. The white steed was covered with a smooth, flowing mantle. He was shod with four shoes of pure yellow gold, and in all Erin a better or more beautiful steed could not be found.

As she came slowly to the presence of Finn, he addressed her courteously in these words—

“Who art thou, O lovely youthful princess? Tell us thy name and the name of thy country, and relate to us the cause of thy coming.”

She answered in a sweet and gentle voice, “Noble king of the Fena, I have had a long journey this day, for my country lies far off in the Western Sea. I am the daughter of the king of Tirnanoge, and my name is Niam of the Golden Hair.”

“And what is it that has caused thee to come so far across the sea? Has thy husband forsaken thee; or what other evil has befallen thee?”

“My husband has not forsaken me, for I have never been married or betrothed to any man. But I love thy noble son, Oisín; and this is what has brought me to Erin. It is not without reason that I have given him my love, and that I have undertaken this long journey; for I have often heard of his bravery, his gentleness, and the nobleness of his person. Many princes and high chiefs have sought me in marriage; but I was quite indifferent to all

men, and never consented to wed, till my heart was moved with love for thy gentle son, Oisín."

When I heard these words, and when I looked on the lovely maiden with her glossy, golden hair, I was all over in love with her. I came near, and, taking her small hand in mine, I told her she was a mild star of brightness and beauty, and that I preferred her to all the princesses in the world for my wife.

"Then," said she, "I place you under *gesa*, which true heroes never break through, to come with me on my white steed to Tirnanoge, the land of never-ending youth. It is the most delightful and the most renowned country under the sun. There is abundance of gold and silver and jewels, of honey and wine; and the trees bear fruit and blossoms and green leaves together all the year round. You will get a hundred swords and a hundred robes of silk and satin, a hundred swift steeds, and a hundred slender, keen-scented hounds. You will get herds of cows without number, and flocks of sheep with fleeces of gold; a coat of mail that cannot be pierced, and a sword that never missed a stroke and from which no one ever escaped alive. There are feasting and harmless pastimes each day. A hundred warriors fully armed shall always await you at call, and harpers shall delight you with their sweet music. You will wear the diadem of the king of Tirnanoge, which he never yet gave to any one under the sun, and which will guard you day and night, in tumult and battle and danger of every kind. Lapse of time shall bring neither decay nor death, and you shall be for ever young and gifted with unfading beauty and strength. All these delights you shall enjoy, and many others that I do not mention; and I myself will be your wife if you come with me to Tirnanoge."

I replied that she was my choice above all the maidens in the world, and that I would willingly go with her to the Land of Youth.

When my father, Finn, and Fena heard me say this, and knew that I was going from them, they raised three shouts of grief and lamentation. And Finn came up to me and took my hand in his, saying sadly—

"Woe is me, my son, that you are going away from me, for I do not expect that you will ever return to me!"



The manly beauty of his countenance became quite dimmed with sorrow; and though I promised to return after a little time, and fully believed that I should see him again, I could not check my tears, as I gently kissed my father's cheek.

I then bade farewell to my dear companions, and mounted the white steed, while the lady kept her seat before me. She gave the signal, and the steed galloped swiftly and smoothly towards the west, till he reached the strand; and when his gold-shod hoofs touched the waves, he shook himself and neighed three times. He made no delay but plunged forward at once, moving over the face of the sea with the speed of a cloud-shadow on a March day. The wind overtook the waves and we overtook the wind, so that we straightway lost sight of land; and we saw nothing but billows tumbling before us and billows tumbling behind us.

Other shores came into view, and we saw many wonderful things on our journey—islands and cities, lime-white mansions, bright greenans<sup>1</sup> and lofty palaces. A hornless fawn once crossed our course, bounding nimbly along from the crest of one wave to the crest of another; and close after, in full chase, a white hound with red ears. We saw also a lovely young maiden on a brown steed with a golden apple in her hand; and as she passed swiftly by a young warrior on a white steed plunged after her, wearing a long, flowing mantle of yellow silk, and holding a gold-hilted sword in his hand.

I knew naught of these things, and, marveling much, I asked the princess what they meant; but she answered—

“Heed not what you see here, Oisín; for all these wonders are as nothing compared with what you shall see in Tirnanoge.”

At last we saw at a great distance, rising over the waves on the very verge of the sea, a palace more splendid than all the others; and, as we drew near, its front glittered like the morning sun. I asked the lady what royal house this was and who was the prince that ruled over it.

“This country is the Land of Virtues,” she replied. “Its king is the giant, Fomor of the Blows, and its queen the daughter of the king of the Land of Life. This Fomor

<sup>1</sup> *Greenan*, a summer house; a house in a bright airy spot.

brought the lady away by force from her own country, and keeps her in his palace; but she has put him under gesa that he cannot break through, never to ask her to marry him till she can find a champion to fight him in single combat. But she still remains in bondage; for no hero has yet come hither who has the courage to meet the giant."

"A blessing on you, golden-haired Niam," I replied; "I have never heard music sweeter than your voice; and although I feel pity for this princess, yet your story is pleasant to me to hear; for of a certainty I will go to the palace, and try whether I cannot kill this Fomor, and free the lady."

So we came to land; and as we drew nigh to the palace, the lovely young queen met us and bade us welcome. She led us in and placed us on chairs of gold; after which choice food was placed before us, and drinking-horns filled with mead, and golden goblets of sweet wine.

When we had eaten and drunk, the mild young princess told us her story, while tears streamed from her soft blue eyes; and she ended by saying—

"I shall never return to my own country and to my father's house, so long as this great cruel giant is alive!"

When I heard her sad words, and saw her tears falling, I was moved with pity, and telling her to cease from her grief, I gave her my hand as a pledge that I would meet the giant, and either slay him or fall myself in her defense.

While we were yet speaking, we saw the giant coming towards the palace, large of body, and ugly and hateful in appearance, carrying a load of deerskins on his back, and holding a great iron club in his hand. He threw down his load when he saw us, turned a surly look on the princess, and, without greeting us or showing the least mark of courtesy, he forthwith challenged me to battle in a loud, rough voice.

It was not my wont to be dismayed by a call to battle, or to be terrified at the sight of an enemy; and I went forth at once without the least fear in my heart. But though I had fought many battles in Erin against wild boars and enchanters and foreign invaders, never before did I find it so hard to preserve my life. We fought for three days and

three nights without food or drink or sleep; for the giant did not give me a moment for rest, and neither did I give him. At length, when I looked at the two princesses weeping in great fear, and when I called to mind my father's deeds in battle, the fury of my valor arose; and with a sudden onset I felled the giant to the earth; and instantly, before he could recover himself, I cut off his head.

When the maidens saw the monster lying on the ground dead, they uttered three cries of joy; and they came to me, and led me in the palace. For I was indeed bruised all over, and covered with gory wounds; and a sudden dizziness of brain and feebleness of body seized me. But the daughter of the king of the Land of Life applied precious balsam and healing herbs to my wounds; and in a short time I was healed, and my cheerfulness of mind returned.

Then I buried the giant in a deep and wide grave; and I raised a great cairn over him, and placed on it a stone with his name graven in Ogam.

We rested that night, and at the dawn of next morning Niam said to me that it was time for us to resume our journey to Tirnanoge. So we took leave of the daughter of the king of the Land of Life; and though her heart was joyful after her release, she wept at our departure, and we were not less sorry at parting from her. When we had mounted the white steed, he galloped towards the strand; and as soon as his hoofs touched the wave, he shook himself and neighed three times. We plunged forward over the clear, green sea, with the speed of a March wind on a hill-side; and soon we saw nothing but billows tumbling before us and billows tumbling behind us. We saw again the fawn chased by the white hound with red ears; and the maiden with the golden apple passed swiftly by, followed by the young warrior in yellow silk on his white steed. And again we passed many strange islands and cities and white palaces.

The sky now darkened, so that the sun was hidden from our view. A storm arose, and the sea was lighted up with constant flashes. But though the wind blew from every point of the heavens, and the waves rose up and roared around us, the white steed kept his course straight on, moving as calmly and swiftly as before, through the foam

and blinding spray, without being delayed or disturbed in the least, and without turning either to the right or to the left.

At length the storm abated, and after a time the sun again shone brightly; and when I looked up, I saw a country near at hand all green and full of flowers, with beautiful smooth plains, blue hills, and bright lakes and waterfalls. Not far from the shore stood a palace of surpassing beauty and splendor. It was covered all over with gold and with gems of every color—blue, green, crimson, and yellow; and on each side were greenans shining with precious stones, built by artists the most skilled that could be found. I asked Niam the name of that delightful country, and she replied—

“This is my native country, Tirnanoge; and there is nothing I have promised you that you will not find in it.”

As soon as we reached the shore, we dismounted; and now we saw advancing from the palace a troop of noble looking warriors, all clad in bright garments, who came forward to meet and welcome us. Following these we saw a stately glittering host, with the king at their head wearing a robe of bright yellow satin covered with gems, and a crown that sparkled with gold and diamonds. The queen came after, attended by a hundred lovely young maidens; and as they advanced towards us, it seemed to me that this king and queen exceeded all the kings and queens of the world in beauty and gracefulness and majesty.

After they had kissed their daughter, the king took my hand, and said aloud in the hearing of the host—

“This is Oisin, the son of Finn, for whom my daughter, Niam, traveled over the sea to Erin. This is Oisin, who is to be the husband of Niam of the Golden Hair. We give you a hundred thousand welcomes, brave Oisin. You will be for ever young in this land. All kinds of delights and innocent pleasures are awaiting you, and my daughter, the gentle, golden-haired Niam, shall be your wife; for I am the king of Tirnanoge.”

I gave thanks to the king, and I bowed low to the queen; after which we went into the palace, where we found a banquet prepared. The feasting and rejoicing lasted for



ten days, and on the last day I was wedded to gentle Niam of the Golden Hair.

I lived in the Land of Youth more than three hundred years; but it appeared to me that only three years had passed since the day I parted from my friends. At the end of that time, I began to have a longing desire to see my father, Finn, and all my old companions, and I asked leave of Niam and of the king to visit Erin. The king gave permission, and Niam said—

“I will give consent, though I feel sorrow in my heart, for I fear much you will never return to me.”

I replied that I would surely return, and that she need not feel any doubt or dread, for that the white steed knew the way, and would bring me back in safety. Then she addressed me in these words, which seemed very strange to me—

“I will not refuse this request, though your journey afflicts me with great grief and fear. Erin is not now as it was when you left it. The great king Finn and his Fena are all gone; and you will find instead of them, a holy father and hosts of priests and saints. Now, think well on what I say to you and keep my words in your mind. If once you alight from the white steed, you will never come back to me. Again I warn you, if you place your feet on the green sod in Erin, you will never return to this lovely land. A third time, O Oisín, my beloved husband, a third time I say to you, if you alight from the white steed, you will never see me again.”

I promised that I would faithfully attend to her words, and that I would not alight from the white steed. Then, as I looked into her gentle face and marked her grief, my heart was weighed down with sadness, and my tears flowed plentifully; but even so, my mind was bent on coming back to Erin.

When I had mounted the white steed, he galloped straight towards the shore. We moved as swiftly as before over the clear sea. The wind overtook the waves and we overtook the wind, so that we straightway left the Land of Youth behind; and we passed by many islands and cities, till at length we landed on the green shores of Erin.

As I traveled on through the country, I looked closely

around me; but I scarcely knew the old places, for every thing seemed strangely altered. I saw no sign of Finn and his host, and I began to dread that Niam's saying was coming true. At length, I espied at a distance a company of little men and women,<sup>1</sup> all mounted on horses as small as themselves; and when I came near, they greeted me kindly and courteously. They looked at me with wonder and curiosity, and they marveled much at my great size, and at the beauty and majesty of my person.

I asked them about Finn and the Fena; whether they were still living, or if any sudden disaster had swept them away. And one replied—

“We have heard of the hero Finn, who ruled the Fena of Erin in times of old, and who never had an equal for bravery and wisdom. The poets of the Gaels have written many books concerning his deeds and the deeds of the Fena, which we cannot now relate; but they are all gone long since, for they lived many ages ago. We have heard also, and we have seen it written in very old books, that Finn had a son named Oisín. Now this Oisín went with a young fairy maiden to Tirnanoge, and his father and his friends sorrowed greatly after him, and sought him long; but he was never seen again.”

When I heard all this, I was filled with amazement, and my heart grew heavy with great sorrow. I silently turned my steed away from the wondering people, and set forward straightway for Allen of the mighty deeds, on the broad, green plains of Leinster. It was a miserable journey to me; and though my mind, being full of sadness at all I saw and heard, forecasted further sorrows, I was grieved more than ever when I reached Allen. For there, indeed, I found the hill deserted and lonely, and my father's palace all in ruins and overgrown with grass and weeds.

I turned slowly away, and afterwards fared through the land in every direction in search of my friends. But I met only crowds of little people, all strangers, who gazed on me with wonder; and none knew me. I visited every place throughout the country where I knew the Fena had lived; but I found their houses all like Allen, solitary and in ruins.

<sup>1</sup> The gigantic race of the Fena had all passed away, and Erin was now inhabited by people who looked very small in Oisín's eyes.

At length I came to Glenasmole,<sup>1</sup> where many a time I had hunted in days of old with the Fena, and there I saw a crowd of people in the glen. As soon as they saw me, one of them came forward and said—

“Come to us, thou mighty hero, and help us out of our strait; for thou art a man of vast strength.”

I went to them, and found a number of men trying in vain to raise a large, flat stone. It was half lifted from the ground; but those who were under it were not strong enough either to raise it further or to free themselves from its weight. And they were in great distress, and on the point of being crushed to death.

I thought it a shameful thing that so many men should be unable to lift this stone, which Oscar, if he were alive, would take in his right hand and fling over the heads of the feeble crowd. After I had looked a little while, I stooped forward and seized the flag with one hand; and, putting forth my strength, I flung it seven perches from its place, and relieved the little men. But with the great strain the golden saddle-girth broke, and, bounding forward to keep myself from falling, I suddenly came to the ground on my two feet.

The moment the white steed felt himself free, he shook himself and neighed. Then, starting off with the speed of a cloud-shadow on a March day, he left me standing helpless and sorrowful. Instantly a woeful change came over me: the sight of my eyes began to fade, the ruddy beauty of my face fled, I lost all my strength, and I fell to the earth, a poor, withered old man, blind and wrinkled and feeble.

The white steed was never seen again. I never recovered my sight, my youth, or my strength; and I have lived in this manner, sorrowing without ceasing for my gentle, golden-haired wife, Niam, and thinking ever of my father, Finn, and of the lost companions of my youth.

<sup>1</sup> Glenasmole, a fine valley about seven miles south of Dublin, through which the river Dodder flows.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SONS OF O'CORRA.<sup>1</sup>

From 'Old Celtic Romances.'

A princely upright hundred-herd brugaid<sup>2</sup> was born one time in the lovely province of Connaught, namely, Conall derg O'Corra the fair-haired. And thus was this brugaid (circumstanced):—he was a fortunate, rich, prosperous man; and his house was never found without three shouts in it—the shout of the brewers brewing ale, and the shout of the servants over the caldrons distributing (meat) to the hosts, and the shout of the youths over the chessboards<sup>3</sup> winning games from one another.

The same house was never without three measures:—a measure of malt for making yeast, a measure of wheat for providing bread for the guests, and a measure of salt for savoring each kind of food.

His wife was Cairderga<sup>4</sup> the daughter of the erenach<sup>5</sup> of Clogher.<sup>6</sup> They felt no want of any kind except being without children; and it was not that they were without children (being born to them), but that the infants always died the moment after birth.

Then this brugaid said (one day) to his wife as she reclined near him on the couch:—"It is a sad thing for us," said he, "that we have no children who would take our place and fill it worthily when we are gone."

"What desire is in your mind in regard to that?" says the wife.

"It is my desire," says the brugaid, "to make a bond with the demon to try if he would give us a son or a daughter who would take our place after us (since God has not done so)."

<sup>1</sup> I translated this tale from two Royal Irish Academy MSS., 23. N. 1 and 23. M. 50; and I subsequently made some modifications after I had an opportunity of consulting the more correct text of the Book of Fermoy. This last text has since been published, with literal translation, by Dr. Whitley Stokes, in the *Revue Celtique* (January, 1893). After comparing my somewhat free version with Dr. Stokes' close translation, I have not thought it necessary to make any changes.

<sup>2</sup> *Brugaid*, a sort of local officer who maintained a large establishment as keeper of a house of public hospitality. See my 'Short History of Ireland,' p. 57.

<sup>3</sup> Chess-playing was a favorite amusement among the ancient Irish.

<sup>4</sup> *Cairderga*, original *Caer-derg*, red berry.

<sup>5</sup> *Erenach*, the holder or *impropriator* of a church and its lands: usually a layman.

<sup>6</sup> *Clogher* in Tyrone, where there was a monastery.



“Let us do that,” said the woman.

They accordingly fasted (and prayed) to the demon; (and the demon hearkened unto them. And in due time) . . . she bore three sons at that great birth, namely, a son at the beginning of the night, and a son at the middle of the night, and a son at the end of the night.

And they were baptized according to the baptism of the pagans (by which they were dedicated not to God but to the demon); and their names were Lochan, Enna, and Silvester. And after that, they were reared and carefully trained up till they were swift and active on sea and land; so that they were an overmatch for all the young people of their own age in every game and in every accomplishment. And they were in the mouths and on the tongues of all who saw or heard of them in their day.

One day when they were resting at the railings of the house of their father and mother, wearied after their hurling and their martial games, the housefolk said that they saw no fault or defect in these handsome much-renowned youths, except only their being baptized in the service of the devil. (And the youths hearing this said):—“If it be so,” said they, “that the devil is our lord and master, it is very wrong of us not to bring ruin and wrath and woe on his enemies, that is to say (we ought), to slaughter the clergy, and burn and spoil their churches.”

Then did these three youths arise (and collecting a band), and taking unto them their arms, they came to Tuam-da-Gualann,<sup>1</sup> and spoiled and burned the town. And (after that) they plundered and made dreadful havoc on the churches and clergy throughout the province of Connaught, until their wicked and bloodthirsty ravages were noised over the four quarters of Erin. Thus did they run their evil course without ceasing for a whole year, during which time they destroyed more than half the churches of Connaught.

At the end of the year Lochan said to his brothers: “We have made one great mistake through forgetfulness,” says he, “and our lord the devil will not be thankful to us on account of it.” “What is that?” said the other two youths. “Our grandfather,” says he, “that is our moth-

<sup>1</sup> *Tuam-da-Gualann*, where was formerly a celebrated ecclesiastical establishment: now Tuam in Galway.

er's father—not to have killed him and burned his church.”

So they set out straightway, journeying without sparing or respite (to Clogher), and this was how they found the erenach, namely, on the green of the church with a great company of his folk around him (waiting for the O'Corras), in order to attend on them and to deal out to them the choice of every food and the best of every ale. And the intention that the elder had towards them, that indeed was not the intention they had towards him, but to murder him and to burn and spoil his church.

Then the O'Corras came to the spot where the elder was standing, and they made up their minds not to kill him or burn the houses till night, when the cows and the (other) cattle of the homestead would be housed, all in their own proper places.

The elder welcomed them and led them to the homestead; and he now became aware of their intention. Nevertheless he put them in a goodly pleasant *Greenan*, and they were served with food and ale till they became exhilarated and cheerful: after which couches were made ready for them on lofty bedsteads.

And now deep slumber and heavy sleep fell on them, and a wonderful vision was revealed in a dream to Lochan, the eldest of the sons of O'Corra, in which he was carried to see heaven and hell. And after this he awoke. The other two awoke at the same time, and they said:—"Let us now arise, for it is time to plunder and destroy the homestead."

"Seems to me," said Lochan, "that this is not the right thing for us to do: for evil is the lord we have served until now, and good is the Lord we have plundered and outraged.

"And last night I had," said he, "a fearful dream, in which I saw a vision of heaven and hell. And first I was taken to see hell, where were countless souls of men and vast crowds of demons suffering divers tortures, and plagues unexampled. And I saw the four rivers of hell, that is to say, a river of toads, a river of serpents, a river of fire, and a river of snow. I saw also a monstrous serpent with many heads and legs, at sight whereof, even though it were only a single glance, all the men in the world would drop dead with loathing and horror.

"After this methought I was taken to see heaven; where

I beheld the Lord Himself seated on His kingly throne, and angels in the shapes of white birds singing for Him. And among them was one great snow-white bird of dazzling brightness that excelled all the others in size and beauty and voice, chanting strains of surpassing sweetness. Women in travail and men sore wounded and sick people racked with pain would fall asleep if they heard the delightful harmony of his voice. And it was made known to me that this great bird who chanted such heavenly music to his mild Lord was Michael the Archangel.

"And now, my brothers," said Lochan, "it is my counsel to you that you follow God henceforward."

"But," said the others, "will the Lord accept repentance from us for the dreadful evils we have already done?"

They go to the father of their mother, namely, the erenach, and they ask this thing of him. "He will accept your repentance without doubt," says the erenach.

"Well then," said Lochan, "let Mass be celebrated for us, and put us under instruction, and let us offer our confession to God. After that we will make staffs of the handles of our spears; and we will go to Finnen of Clonard, the tutor of the saints and of the just men of all Erin. He is a very holy man, and he will advise us in regard to what we ought to do."

To this counsel they agreed; and on the morrow they set out for the place where Finnen was; whom they found on the green of Clonard with a number of his clerics.

"Who are these coming towards us?" said the clerics. And one said, "They are the O'Corras the robbers." Hearing this they fled, like lightning, in a body from their master, for they felt quite sure that the O'Corras were coming to slay them; so that Finnen was left quite alone before the three brothers.

"It is from us the clerics are fleeing," says Lochan. "Of a certainty it is," said his brothers. "Let us," said Lochan, "cast from us our staffs, the only little remnant of our arms left with us; and let us throw ourselves on our knees before the cleric."

And this they did. "What is your desire?" says the cleric (Finnen). "Our desire," said they, "is faith and piety, and to serve God, and to abandon the lord whom we have hitherto served, namely, the devil."

"That is a good resolution," says the cleric; "and let us go now to the homestead yonder, the place where live our brotherhood."

They go accordingly with him to the brotherhood; and after the matter had been considered, it was arranged to set apart a young cleric to teach them; and it was decreed that they should not speak to any one except their own master till the end of a year.

So they continued for a whole year till they had read the Canons through, and by the time they had come to be able to read them, the whole brotherhood felt grateful (to God) for their piety and their gentleness.

At the end of the year they came to Finnen; and they knelt before him, and said to him:—"It is time now that we should be judged and sentence passed on us for the great crimes we have committed."

"What," said Finnen, "do ye not think it enough—the penance you have done already for a whole year among the brotherhood?" "It is not enough," said they. "What then are the greatest crimes ye have committed?" says Finnen. "We have burned more than half the churches of Connaught; and neither priest nor bishop got quarter or protection from us."

"You cannot," replied Finnen, "give back life to the people you have killed; but do ye that which will be in your power, namely, to build up the churches ye have burned, and to repair every other damage ye have committed in them. And I will give to each man of you," says he, "the swiftness and strength of a hundred; and I will take from you all weariness of feet, of hands, and of body; and I will give you light and understanding which will have neither decay nor end."

So the O'Corras departed, and went first to Tuam-da-Gualann; and after that, they fared through the province, obedient to rule and working hard each day, until it came to pass that they had restored everything they had previously destroyed.

After that they came at the end of the year to speak with Finnen. "Have you been able," asks Finnen, "to repair everything ye destroyed belonging to the Church?" "We have," said they, "except one place alone, namely



Kenn-Mara.”<sup>1</sup> “Alas for that,” says Finnen; “that is the very first place you should have repaired; for it is the homestead of the oldest of all the saints of Ireland, namely, the aged Camann of Kenn-Mara. And now go and carefully restore everything ye have destroyed in that homestead. And the sentence that holy man passes on you, fulfill it patiently.”

So they went gladly to Kenn-Mara; and they repaired everything they had ruined there.

One day when they had come forth from the homestead, they sat on the margin of the litle bay, watching the sun as it went westward. And as they gazed and reflected on the course of the sun, they began to marvel greatly, pondering whither it went after it had gone down beneath the verge of the sea. “What more wonderful thing is there in the whole world,” said they, “than that the sea does not freeze into ice, while ice is formed in every other water!”

Thereupon they formed the resolution on the spot to bring unto them a certain artificer who was a fast friend of theirs, and to (get him) to make a three-hide curragh for them. Accordingly the curragh was made, and a strong-sided one it was. And the reward the artificer asked for building it was to be let go with them.

When the time had come, and they were about to embark, they saw a large crowd passing close by; and this crowd was a company of *crossans*.<sup>2</sup> When the *crossans* saw the curragh putting forth on the sea, they inquired:—“Who are yonder people that are launching this curragh on the sea?” said they.

The *furshore* (juggler) of the *crossans* said:—“I know them well; they are the sons of Conall derg O’Corra the fair-haired of Connaught, the destroyers and robbers, going on their pilgrimage on the sea and on the great ocean, to make search for their Lord.” “And indeed,” added the *furshore*, “my word for it, they do not stand more in need of seeking for heaven than we do.”

<sup>1</sup> *Kenn-Mara*, now Kinvarra on Galway Bay.

<sup>2</sup> *Crossans*, traveling gleemen: the clothes, musical instruments, etc., were the property of the company. This word is the origin of the Scotch and Irish family name Mac Crossan, now often changed to Crosbie. A company of crossans had always among them a *fuirseoir*, i.e. a juggler or buffoon.

"It is a long day I fancy till you go on your pilgrimage," said the leader of the band. "Say not so," answered the *furshore*: "for I will certainly go with these people on my pilgrimage now without delay."

"Upon our word," said the *crossans*, "you will not take away our clothes with you; for not a single article of the garments you wear belongs to you." "It is not so small a matter that would keep me with you," says he.

So they stripped off all his clothes, and sent him away mother naked to the curragh.

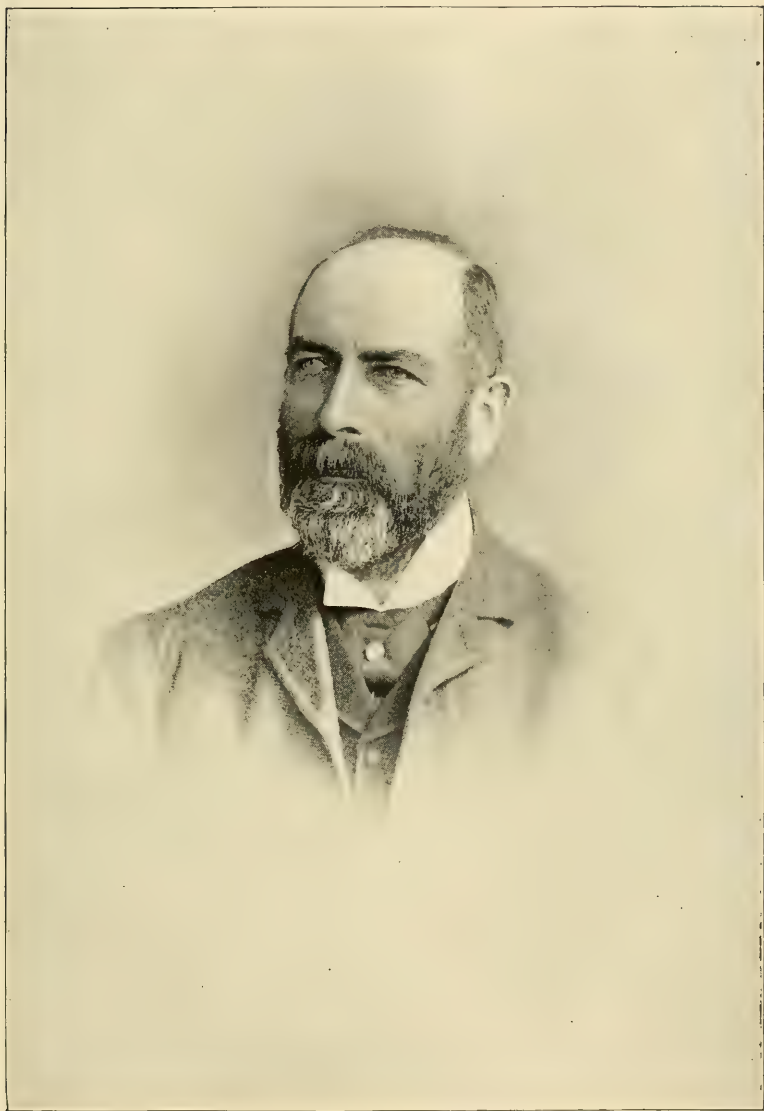
"Who and what in the world are you, good man?" asked the crew. "A poor wretch who wishes to go with you on pilgrimage," said he. "Indeed," said they, "you shall not by any means come with us, seeing that you are stark naked." "Say not so, young men," said he; "for the sake of God do not refuse me; for I will amuse you and keep your hearts cheerful (with my music and singing); and your piety will not be a whit the worse for it."

And (inasmuch as he had asked) for the sake of God they consented to let him go.

Now this is how it was with the crew:—each man of them had built a church and raised an altar to the Lord in his own district. Their number was nine; among whom was a bishop, and a priest, and a deacon; and they had one *gilla* (attendant) who was the ninth man.

"Let us go aboard our curragh now," says Lochan, "as we have finished our task of restoring the churches, and as we have, besides, each of us built a church to the Lord in our own district."

It was then they put up their prayers fervently to God in the hope that they might have fine weather; and that the Lord would quell the fury of the billows, and the might of the ocean, and the rage of the terrible sea monsters. So they embarked in their curragh, bringing their oars; and they began to question among themselves what direction they should take. "The direction in which this wind will bring us," says the bishop. And having commended themselves to God, one and all, they betook them to their oars. A great wind now arose, which drove them out on the waste of waters straight to the west; and they were forty days and forty nights on the ocean. And God revealed to them great and unheard of wonders.



PATRICK WESTON JOYCE





They had not been long rowing when the *crossan* died; and sad and sorrowful were they for his loss, and wept much. While they were still mourning, they saw a little bird alight on the deck of the curragh. And the little bird spoke and said to them:—"Good people, tell me now in God's name what is the cause of your sorrow."

"A *crossan* that we had playing music for us; and he died a little while ago in this curragh; and that is the cause of our sorrow."

And the bird said:—"Lo, I am your little *crossan*: and now be not sorrowful any longer, for I am going straight-way to heaven." So saying he bade them farewell and flew away.

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## CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR AND THE FAIRY MAIDEN.<sup>1</sup>

From 'Old Celtic Romances.'

Connla of the Golden Hair was the son of Conn the Hundred-fighter.<sup>2</sup> One day as he stood with his father on the royal Hill of Usna,<sup>3</sup> he saw a lady a little way off, very beautiful, and dressed in strange attire. She approached the spot where he stood; and when she was near, he spoke to her, and asked who she was, and from what place she had come.

The lady replied, "I have come from the Land of the Living—a land where there is neither death nor old age, nor any breach of law. The inhabitants of earth call us Aes-shee, for we have our dwellings within large, pleasant, green hills. We pass our time very pleasantly in feasting and harmless amusements, never growing old; and we have no quarrels or contentions."

The king and his company marveled very much; for

<sup>1</sup> This has been translated from the Book of the Dun Cow, a manuscript which was transcribed A.D. 1100, now in the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. The story is one of the most ancient illustrations to be found of the widespread Irish superstition that fairies sometimes take away mortals to their enchanted palaces.

<sup>2</sup> *Conn Ced-cathach*, or Conn the Fighter of a Hundred (not Conn of the Hundred Battles, as the name is generally translated), was King of Ireland from A.D. 123 to 158.

<sup>3</sup> The Hill of Usna, in the parish of Conry, in Westmeath, one of the royal residences of Ireland.

though they heard this conversation, no one saw the lady except Connla alone.

"Who is this thou art talking to, my son?" said the king.

And anon she answered for the youth, "Connla is speaking with a lovely, noble-born young lady, who will never die, and who will never grow old. I love Connla of the Golden Hair, and I have come to bring him with me to Moy-mell, the plain of never-ending pleasure. On the day that he comes with me he shall be made king, and he shall reign for ever in Fairyland, without weeping and without sorrow. Come with me, O gentle Connla of the ruddy cheek, the fair, freckled neck, and the golden hair! Come with me, beloved Connla, and thou shalt retain the comeliness and dignity of thy form, free from the wrinkles of old age, till the awful day of judgment."

"Thy flowing golden hair, thy comely face,  
Thy tall majestic form of peerless grace,  
That show thee sprung from Conn's exalted race."

King Conn the Hundred-fighter being much troubled, called then on his druid<sup>1</sup> Coran, to put forth his power against the witchery of the banshee:—"O Coran of the mystic arts and of the mighty incantations, here is a contest such as I have never been engaged in since I was made king at Tara—a contest with an invisible lady, who is bequilling my son to Fairyland by her baleful charms. Her cunning is beyond my skill, and I am not able to withstand her power; and if thou, Coran, help not, my son will be taken away from me by the wiles and witchery of a woman from the fairy hills."

Coran the druid then came forward, and began to chant against the voice of the lady. And his power was greater than hers for that time, so that she was forced to retire.

As she was going away she threw an apple to Connla, who straightway lost sight of her; and the king and his people no longer heard her voice.

<sup>1</sup> The ancient Irish druids do not appear to have been *priests* in any sense of the word. They were, in popular estimation, men of knowledge and power—"men of science," as they were often designated; they knew the arts of healing and divination, and they were skilled above all in magic. In fact, the Irish Druids were magicians, neither more nor less; and hence the Gaelic word for "druidical" is almost always applied where we should use the word "magical"—to spells, incantations, metamorphoses, etc.

The king and the prince returned with their company to the palace; and Connla remained for a whole month without tasting food or drink except the apple. And though he ate of it each day, it was never lessened, but was as whole and perfect in the end as at the beginning. Moreover, when they offered him aught else to eat or drink he refused it; for while he had his apple he did not deem any other food worthy to be tasted. And he began to be very moody and sorrowful, thinking of the lovely fairy maiden.

At the end of the month, as Connla stood by his father's side among the nobles, on the Plain of Arcomin, he saw the lady approaching him from the west. And when she had come near, she addressed him in this manner:—"A glorious seat, indeed, has Connla among wretched, short-lived mortals, awaiting the dreadful stroke of death! But now, the ever-youthful people of Moy-mell, who never feel age, and who fear not death, seeing thee day by day among thy friends, in the assemblies of thy fatherland, love thee with a strange love, and they will make thee king over them if thou wilt come with me."

When the king heard the words of the lady, he commanded his people to call the druid again to him, saying,—"Bring my druid Coran to me; for I see that the fairy lady has this day regained the power of her voice."

At this the lady said, "Valiant Conn, fighter of a hundred, the faith of the druids has come to little honor among the upright, mighty, numberless people of this land. When the righteous law shall be restored, it will seal up the lips of the false black demon; and his druids shall no longer have power to work their guileful spells."

Now the king observed, and marveled greatly, that whenever the lady was present his son never spoke one word to any one, even though they addressed him many times. And when the lady had ceased to speak, the king said, "Connla, my son, has thy mind been moved by the words of the lady?"

Connla spake then, and replied, "Father, I am very unhappy; for though I love my people beyond all, I am filled with sadness on account of this lady!"

When Connla had said this, the maiden again addressed him, and chanted these words in a very sweet voice:—

" A land of youth, a land of rest,  
 A land from sorrow free ;  
 It lies far off in the golden west,  
 On the verge of the azure sea.  
 A swift canoe of crystal bright,  
 That never met mortal view—  
 We shall reach the land ere fall of night,  
 In that strong and swift canoe ;  
     We shall reach the strand  
     Of that sunny land,  
 From druids and demons free ;  
     The land of rest  
     In the golden west,  
 On the verge of the azure sea !

" A pleasant land of winding vales, bright streams, and verdurous  
 plains,  
 Where summer all the live-long year in changeless splendor reigns,  
 A peaceful land of calm delight, of everlasting bloom ;  
 Old age and death we never know, no sickness, care, or gloom ;  
     The land of youth,  
     Of love and truth,  
 From pain and sorrow free,  
     The land of rest,  
     In the golden west,  
 On the verge of the azure sea !

" There are strange delights for mortal men in that island of the  
 west ;  
 The sun comes down each evening in its lovely vales to rest ;  
     And though far and dim  
     On the ocean's rim  
 It seems to mortal view,  
     We shall reach its halls  
     Ere the evening falls,  
 In my strong and swift canoe ;  
     And evermore  
     That verdant shore  
 Our happy home shall be ;  
     The land of rest,  
     In the golden west,  
 On the verge of the azure sea !

" It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden hair,  
 It will guard thee from the druids, from the demons of the air,  
 My crystal boat will guard thee, till we reach that western shore,  
 When thou and I in joy and love shall live for evermore :  
     From the druid's incantation,  
     From his black and deadly snare,  
 From the withering imprecation  
     Of the demon of the air,





CONNLA OF THE GOLDEN HAIR



"It will guard thee, gentle Connla of the flowing golden hair;  
My crystal boat shall guard thee, till we reach that silver strand  
Where thou shalt reign in endless joy, the king of the Fairyland!"<sup>1</sup>

When the maiden had ended her chant, Connla suddenly walked away from his father's side, and sprang into the curragh, the gleaming, straight-gliding, strong, crystal canoe. The king and his people saw them afar off, and dimly moving away over the bright sea towards the sunset. They gazed sadly after them, till they lost sight of the canoe over the utmost verge; and no one can tell whither they went, for Connla was never again seen in his native land.

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## FOOD, DRESS, AND DAILY LIFE IN ANCIENT IRELAND.

From 'A Child's History of Ireland.'

At the regular meals the whole household sat in one large room, the chief and his family and distinguished guests at the head, and the rest of the company ranged downwards in order of rank.

For food, the higher classes used the flesh of wild and domestic animals, boiled or roast, much as at the present day, with wheaten bread. The main food of the general body of the people consisted of various kinds of bread baked on a griddle; milk, curds, cheese, butter; fish and fruit; and, for those who could afford it, pork and bacon. Pork was a favorite food among all classes. Oatmeal porridge, or stirabout, as it is called in Ireland, was in very general use, especially for children, and was eaten with milk, butter, or honey. The Irish rivers abounded then as now in salmon, a food which was in great request.

There was then no sugar, and honey was greatly valued: beehives were kept everywhere; and the management of bees was considered such an important industry that a special section of the Brehon laws is devoted to it. The people used honey in a great many different ways: they basted roasting meat with it; it was used on salmon while

<sup>1</sup> This is an expansion rather than a translation of the original, which is very short, and in some places very obscure.

cooking, and as a seasoning with all sorts of dishes. Often at meals each person had a little dish, sometimes of silver, filled with honey, beside his plate, and each morsel, whether meat, fish, or bread, was dipped into it before being conveyed to the mouth. For drink, they had—besides plain water and milk—ale, mead, and frequently wine brought from the Continent: for in those early days there was frequent communication, as well as considerable trade, with France and other Continental countries. The people often mixed honey with milk, either sweet or sour, for drinking. From honey also was made a kind of liquor called mead, very sweet and slightly intoxicating. This was considered a delicacy; and a visitor was often treated to a drink of mead immediately on arrival. People of the higher classes often drank from a beautiful horn of elaborate and costly workmanship. A much more common drinking-vessel was what was called a *methen* (from *mead*), made of wood, with one, two, or four handles, which circulated from hand to hand, each passing it to his neighbor after taking a drink.

In every great house there was at least one large-sized caldron which was kept in continual use boiling food, so that guests might be hospitably entertained whenever they happened to arrive.

At intervals through the country there were houses of public hospitality—open *brudins* or hostels—where all travelers who called, and also certain important persons, such as kings, chiefs, bishops, brehons, etc., when on their circuits, were entertained free of expense. The keeper of one of these houses was called a *brugaid* [broo-ee], *i. e.* a public hostel-keeper: and sometimes a beetagh. He was held in great honor; and he had a tract of land, besides other large allowances, to enable him to maintain his expensive establishment.

Small corn mills driven by water were used in Ireland from very remote ages. In early Christian times almost every monastery had a mill attached to it for the use of the community. In most houses there was a quern or hand-mill, which was commonly worked by women, who each evening ground corn enough for next day. Querns continued in use down to our time in remote parts of Ireland.

For light they had dipped candles, which were held in



candlesticks, sometimes with branches. The poorer classes used peeled rushes soaked in grease, as we sometimes see at the present day. As bees were so abundant, beeswax, as might be expected, was turned to account. In some of our old records we find wax candles mentioned as being used in the houses of the richer classes (in Dinnree for instance) long before the fifth century. For a king, it was customary to make an immense candle, sometimes as thick as a man's body, with a great bushy wick, which was always kept burning in his presence at night:—in the palace it was placed high over his head; during war it blazed outside his tent door; and on night marches it was borne before him. As there were forests and thickets everywhere, wood was the most usual fuel; but dried peat cut from bogs was also burned; and coal and charcoal were used by smiths and other metal-workers.

In ordinary out-door life, the men wore a large loose frieze mantle or overall, which was often so long as to cover them down to the ankles: among the rich it was usually of fine cloth, often variegated with scarlet and other brilliant colors, and fastened at the throat with a beautiful brooch.

Well-dressed people wore inside this a shorter tight-fitting garment, generally reaching to the middle of the thigh, but often below the knee, plaited up and down and fastened at the waist by a belt. This was sometimes dyed in color. In active life the outer mantle was thrown off. A single short mantle, always dyed in color, and sometimes furnished with a hood, was also much worn. It should be remarked here that the Irish were very fond of bright colors, and well understood the art of dyeing. The trousers were tight fitting; the cap was usually cone-shaped and without a leaf. But the common people generally went bareheaded, wearing the hair long, hanging down behind, and clipped in front just above the eyes. Perhaps the oldest extant representations of Irish costume are in the Book of Kells—seventh century. The shoes or sandals were mostly of untanned hide stitched with thongs, but sometimes of tanned leather curiously stamped or engraved. Occasionally the ladies of high families wore sandals of whitish bronze highly ornamented. In early times gloves were common among the higher classes.

The women generally wore variously colored tunics down to the very feet, with many folds and much material—twenty or thirty yards—under which was a long gown or kirtle. Linen, whether used by men or women, was dyed saffron. The married women had a kerchief on the head: the unmarried girls went bareheaded, with the hair either folded up neatly or hanging down on the back. They took much care of the hair, and used combs, some of them very ornamental. The higher classes were fond of gold ornaments; such as brooches, bracelets for the arms, rings, necklaces, twisted torques or collars to be worn round the neck, or bright rich-looking clasps to confine the hair. Other ornamental articles were made of silver or white bronze, enameled in various colors and set with gems. A great number of these, many of most beautiful workmanship, are preserved in the National Museum in Dublin. One torque of pure gold found near Tara measures five and a half feet in length, and weighs twenty-seven and a half ounces.

It was the custom to hold fair-meetings in various places for the transaction of important business, sometimes once a year, sometimes once in three years. The most important of all was the Fes of Tara. Very important yearly meetings were held at the Hill of Ward (*Tlachtga*) near Athboy in Meath; at the Hill of Ushnagh in Westmeath; and at Tailltenn, now Teltown, on the Blackwater between Navan and Kells in Meath. This last was the great national assembly for horse races and all kinds of athletic games and exercises. A triennial meeting was held at Wexford; and there were fair-meetings in numberless other places. At these assemblies laws were proclaimed to keep them before the minds of the people, taxes were arranged, pastimes and athletic sports were carried on, as well as buying and selling as we see at fairs of the present day.

In those times so very few were able to read, that for all information and amusement to be derived from books the people had to depend on professional story-tellers and poets, who had great numbers of tales and poems by heart, the very tales and poems contained in the Book of Leinster and other volumes. There were many such men, who often traveled from place to place and earned a good livelihood

by their profession. At every festive gathering, among the lowest as well as the highest, one of these story-tellers was sure to be present, who was now and then called upon to repeat a tale or a poem for the amusement of the company. And as soon as he stood up, these rough men ceased their noisy revels, and listened with rapt delight to some tale of the heroes of old. A harper was also present, who charmed the company with his beautiful Irish airs: or if it was a gathering of the lower classes, more likely a piper.

Chess-playing was a favorite pastime of kings and chiefs; and in every great house there were sure to be a chessboard and a set of chessmen for the amusement of the family and their guests. The chessmen were kept in a bag often of woven brass wire. Chess is mentioned in the very oldest of the Irish romantic tales; and it was considered a necessary accomplishment of every hero to be a good player.

Fosterage prevailed from the remotest period, and was practiced by persons of all classes, but more especially by those of the higher ranks. A man sent his child to be reared and educated in the home and with the family of another member of the tribe, who then became foster-father, and his sons and daughters the foster-brothers and foster-sisters of the child. Fosterage, which was the closest tie between families, was subject to strict regulations, which were carefully set forth in the Brehon Law.

When a man stood sponsor for a child at baptism, he became the child's godfather, and gossip to the parents: this was called gossipred. It was regarded as a sort of religious relationship between families, and created mutual obligations of regard and friendship.

There were five great highways leading in five different directions through Ireland from Tara: and besides these there were numerous others; so that the country seems to have been very fairly provided with roads. The Brehon Law laid down arrangements for keeping them in repair; and every man whose land lay for any distance next a road had to help in cleaning and repairing that part of it. But the roads then were not near so smooth and good as those we have at the present time. When the road came to a bog or marsh, a causeway of bushes and clay was constructed across. Stone bridges were not then used in Ireland; but

there were many constructed of timber planks or rough tree-trunks. Rivers however were very generally crossed by wading through fords where the stream spread out broad and shallow, and often by swimming; for most young persons were taught to swim as a regular part of their education.

Chariots were used both in private life and in war. The early Irish saints commonly traveled in chariots when on their long missionary journeys. Chariots were often covered in; and those used by persons of high rank were luxuriously furnished with cushions and furs. It was usual to yoke two horses; but sometimes there were four. The battle chariots were open, and were furnished with spikes and scythe-blades for driving through the ranks of the enemy.

Horses were used a good deal by the higher classes. The men rode without saddle or stirrup; and were trained to vault into their seat from either side, right or left. Mac Murrough Kavanagh rode down hill in this manner when coming to confer with the Earl of Gloucester. Low benches were common on the roadsides to enable old or infirm persons to mount.

The Irish had three kinds of boats:—small sailing vessels, with which oars were employed when the wind failed; canoes of one piece hollowed out from the trunks of trees, which were chiefly used on lakes; and *currachs*, that is, wickerwork boats covered with hides. The single-piece canoes are now often found deep down in bogs, where there were or are lakes or crannoges. Currachs are still used on the western coast, as for instance at Kilkee in County Clare; but instead of hides, they are now covered with a cheaper material, tarred canvas.



## ROBERT DWYER JOYCE.

(1830—1883.)

ROBERT DWYER JOYCE was born in 1830, in the village of Glenosheen, County Limerick. He was the brother of Patrick Weston Joyce. After entering the service of the Commissioners of National Education, he became a student at Queen's College, Cork, was graduated with science honors, and took the degree of M.D. in 1865.

In 1866 he came to this country and settled in Boston, practicing medicine there. While in Cork he had been a frequent contributor to the poetical columns of *The Nation*, and he had also written a number of articles on Irish literature in several other periodicals.

His first book was a volume of 'Ballads, Romances, and Songs,' published in Dublin in 1861. In 1868 appeared his 'Legends of the Wars in Ireland,' a number of prose stories, founded on traditions preserved by the peasantry of the northern counties of Ireland. This was followed in 1871 by another volume of the same kind, 'Irish Fireside Tales.' His next work was 'Ballads of Irish Chivalry' (1872). In 1876 appeared the most successful of his poems, 'Deirdre,' a free poetical version of one of the old romances of Ireland, 'The Fate of the Children of Usna.' The story is told in heroic rhyming verse, and the character of Deirdre, the heroine, is one of the most beautiful and attractive in the poetic literature of Ireland. The poem was at once received here with enthusiasm, and the judgment of critical periodicals in England and Ireland has fully confirmed the favorable verdict.

Dr. Joyce's latest work, 'Blanid,' published in 1879, was fully equal in merit to 'Deirdre.' The author pursued the same plan of weaving into poetic story a tragedy of real life in the old days. The period described is the first century of the Christian era, when the Red Branch Knights flourished, and the basis of the tale is an ancient Irish tragedy, the death of the great champion Curoi, King of South Munster, and of his captive, the "bloom-bright Blanid." The poem bears some resemblance in its construction to Tennyson's 'Princess.' He died in October, 1883.

### THE BLACKSMITH OF LIMERICK.

He grasped his ponderous hammer; he could not stand it more,  
To hear the bombshells bursting and the thundering battle's  
    roar.

He said: "The breach they're mounting, the Dutchman's murdering crew—

I'll try my hammer on their heads and see what *that* can do!

"Now, swarthy Ned and Moran, make up that iron well;  
'T is Sarsfield's horse that wants the shoes, so mind not shot or shell."

"Ah, sure," cried both, "the horse can wait—for Sarfield's on the wall,

And where you go we'll follow, with you to stand or fall!"

The blacksmith raised his hammer, and rushed into the street,  
His 'prentice boys behind him, the ruthless foe to meet—  
High on the breach of Limerick, with dauntless hearts they stood

Where the bombshells burst and shot fell thick, and redly ran the blood.

"Now look you, brown-haired Moran, and mark you, swarthy Ned;

This day we'll prove the thickness of many a Dutchman's head!  
Hurrah! upon their bloody path they're mounting gallantly;  
And now the first that tops the breach, leave him to this and me!"

The first that gained the rampart, he was a captain brave!  
A captain of the Grenadiers, with blood-stained dirk and glaive;  
He pointed and he parried, but it was all in vain,  
For fast through skull and helmet the hammer found his brain!

The next that topped the rampart, he was a colonel bold,  
Bright through the murk of battle his helmet flashed with gold.  
"Gold is no match for iron!" the mighty blacksmith said,  
As with that ponderous hammer he cracked his foeman's head!

"Hurrah for gallant Limerick!" black Ned and Moran cried,  
As on the Dutchmen's leaden heads their hammers well they plied;

A bombshell burst between them—one fell without a groan,  
One leaped into the lurid air, and down the breach was thrown!

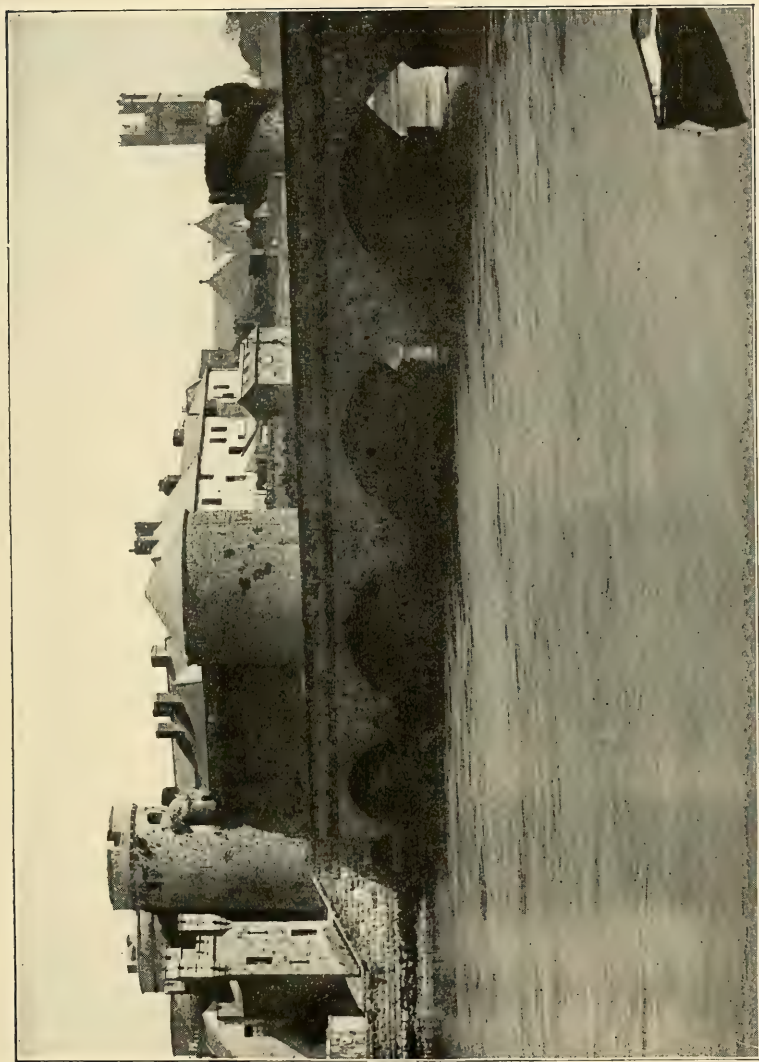
"Brave smith! brave smith!" cried Sarsfield, "beware the treacherous mine—

Brave smith! brave smith! fall backward, or surely death is thine!"

The smith sprang up the rampart and leaped the blood-stained wall,

As high into the shuddering air went foemen, breach and all!

Up like a red volcano they thundered wild and high,  
Spear, gun, and shattered standard, and foemen through the sky;



THE BRIDGE AND CASTLE, LIMERICK





And dark and bloody was the shower that round the blacksmith  
fell—

He thought upon his 'prentice boys, they were avengèd well!

On foemen and defenders a silence gathered down,  
'T was broken by a triumph-shout that shook the ancient town;  
As out its heroes sallied, and bravely charged and slew,  
And taught King William and his men what Irish hearts can  
do!

Down rushed the swarthy blacksmith unto the river side,  
He hammered on the foes' pontoon, to sink it in the tide;  
The timber it was tough and strong, it took no crack or strain—  
"Mavrone, 't won't break," the blacksmith roared; "I'll try  
their heads again!"

The blacksmith sought his smithy, and blew his bellows strong;  
He shod the steed of Sarsfield, but o'er it sang no song:  
"Ochon! my boys are dead," he cried; "their loss I'll long de-  
plore,  
But comfort 's in my heart—their graves are red with foreign  
gore!"

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### FINEEN THE ROVER.

An old castle towers o'er the billow  
That thunders by Cleena's green land,  
And there dwelt as gallant a rover  
As ever grasped hilt by the hand.  
Eight stately towers of the waters  
Lie anchored in Baltimore Bay,  
And over their twenty score sailors,  
Oh! who but the Rover holds sway?  
Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover!  
Fineen O'Driscoll the free!  
Straight as the mast of his galley,  
And wild as the wave of the sea!

The Saxons of Cork and Moyallo,  
They harried his lands with their powers;  
He gave them a taste of his cannon,  
And drove them like wolves from his towers.  
The men of Clan London brought over  
Their strong fleet to make him a slave;  
They met him by Mizen's wild highland,  
And the sharks crunched their bones 'neath the wave!

Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover,  
 Fineen O'Driscoll the free;  
 With step like the red stag of Beara,  
 And voice like the bold sounding sea.

Long time in that old battered castle,  
 Or out on the waves with his clan,  
 He feasted and ventured and conquered,  
 But ne'er struck his colors to man.  
 In a fight 'gainst the foes of his country  
 He died as a brave man should die;  
 And he sleeps 'neath the waters of Cleena,  
 Where the waves sing his *caoine* to the sky.  
 Then, ho! for Fineen the Rover,  
 Fineen O'Driscoll the free;  
 With eye like the osprey's at morning,  
 And smile like the sun on the sea.

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### CROSSING THE BLACKWATER.

A. D. 1603.

We stood so steady,  
 All under fire,  
 We stood so steady,  
 Our long spears ready  
 To vent our ire:  
 To dash on the Saxon,  
 Our mortal foe,  
 And lay him low  
 In the bloody mire.

'T was by Blackwater,  
 When snows were white,  
 'T was by Blackwater,  
 Our foes for the slaughter  
 Stood full in sight;  
 But we were ready  
 With our long spears,  
 And we had no fears  
 But we 'd win the fight.

Their bullets came whistling  
 Upon our rank,  
 Their bullets came whistling,

Their spears were bristling  
On th' other bank :  
Yet we stood steady,  
And each good blade,  
Ere the morn did fade,  
At their life-blood drank.

" Hurrah ! for Freedom ! "  
Came from our van,  
" Hurrah ! for Freedom !  
Our swords—we 'll feed 'em  
As best we can—  
With vengeance we 'll feed 'em ! "  
Then down we crashed,  
Through the wild ford dashed,  
And the fray began.

Horses to horses,  
And man to man :  
O'er dying horses,  
And blood and corses,  
O'Sullivan,  
Our general, thundered,  
And we were not slack  
To slay at his back  
Till the flight began.

O, how we scattered  
The foemen then,—  
Slaughtered and scattered,  
And chased and shattered,  
By shore and glen !  
To the wall of Moyallo  
Few fled that day :  
Will they bar our way  
When we come again ?

Our dead frères we buried,  
They were but few,  
Our dead frères we buried  
Where the dark waves hurried,  
And flashed and flew :  
O sweet be their slumber  
Who thus have died  
In the battle's tide,  
Inisfail, for you !

## THE WIND THAT SHAKES THE BARLEY.

I sat within the valley green,  
 I sat me with my true love;  
 My sad heart strove the two between,  
 The old love and the new love;  
 The old for her, the new that made  
 Me think on Ireland dearly,  
 While soft the wind blew down the glade,  
 And shook the golden barley.

'T was hard the woeful words to frame  
 To break the ties that bound us;  
 But harder still to bear the shame  
 Of foreign chains around us.  
 And so I said, "The mountain glen  
 I'll seek at morning early,  
 And join the brave United Men,"  
 While soft winds shook the barley.

While sad I kissed away her tears,  
 My fond arms around her flinging,  
 The foeman's shot burst on our ears,  
 From out the wildwood ringing;  
 The bullet pierced my true love's side,  
 In life's young spring so early,  
 And on my breast in blood she died,  
 When soft winds shook the barley.

But blood for blood without remorse  
 I've ta'en at Oulart Hollow;  
 I've placed my true love's clay-cold corse  
 Where I full soon will follow;  
 And round her grave I wander drear,  
 Noon, night, and morning early,  
 With breaking heart where'er I hear  
 The wind that shakes the barley!

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 NAISI RECEIVES HIS SWORD.

From 'Deirdre.'

Naisi the Usnianian prince, while waiting to attack the Fomorian pirates, receives a mighty sword from the sea-god Mananan. The pirates with their King Talc are defeated and slain, their galleys



are captured, and in them Naisi with Deirdre and their companions sail for Alba or Scotland.

Now in the lonely hour when with her ray  
The moon o'er ocean trailed a shimmering way  
That the bright Spirit-folk to heaven might take,  
A voice struck Naisi's ear and bade him wake.  
Sudden he woke and wondering, to behold,  
Beneath the couch's furs and cloth of gold,  
His wife beside him wrapped in sleep serene,  
And 'mid the pillows, in the moony sheen,  
His little boy with wild eyes weird and bright  
Laughing and crowing loud in huge delight,  
With dimpled arms outstretched all silvered o'er  
By moonbeams from the calm tent's open door,  
As if some godlike Presence none could see  
With kindly wiles there woke his infant glee!  
There Naisi looked, and filled with sudden awe  
A mighty sword beside its scabbard saw  
Stuck two good span-lengths in the grassy earth,  
And bright as though the moon had given it birth  
And cast it flashing down to where it stood  
Within the tent-door, glorying in her flood  
Of silver light. Then back in calm repose  
The strong babe sank, and, wildered, Naisi rose  
And bent above the weapon, marveling  
If mortal hand ere forged so fair a thing.  
And as with curious eyes the hero gazed  
On the gold hilt that bright with diamonds blazed,  
A spirit voice through his whole being ran  
That seemed to say, "The gift of Mananan!  
Take it, and fear not!" Then with eager hand  
He grasped the hilt, and plucked the dazzling brand  
From the soft earth, and from the tent withdrew  
Into the light, and looked with wonder new  
On the great blade whereon was pictured  
All shapes that live and move in Ocean's bed.  
Long time he gazed upon its mimic sea,  
Then whirled the weapon round full joyously  
O'er his proud head in circles of bright flame  
That made the night breeze whistle as it came.

He stood and paused; stole softly to the tent;  
Donned his strong garb of war, and musing went  
Down the smooth hill-side to the glassy sound,  
And halted on the shore and gazed around  
On rugged isle and smooth white-tented hill,

And moonlit shore, that lay all cold and still,  
Sleeping as though they ne'er would wake again  
To life and morning and the sea-lark's strain.  
And, as he looked, a breeze blew on his face,  
Perfumed with scents from all the lovely race  
Of flowers that blossom by the windy sea,—  
The fragrant pink, the wild anemone,  
The armed thistle ere its head grows old  
And the winds blow its beard across the wold,  
The foxglove, heather, and sweet-smelling thyme,—  
Yea, all the flowers, from north to southland clime  
That meet the morn with smiles, their odors sent,  
With the fresh salty smell of ocean blent,  
On that strange breeze that, waxing momentarily,  
Fulfilled the hero with wild ecstasy  
Of heart and brain, as though his footsteps fell  
In heaven 'mid meadows of sweet asphodel!  
And now, as stronger still the breeze blew by,  
The sound's clear water caught the hero's eye:  
Moveless it gleamed, with not one wave to show  
That o'er its surface that weird breeze could blow.  
Whereat great wonder filled him. To a tree,  
That grew behind on the declivity  
Of the green height, he turned: no motion there  
Of branch or leaf;—not even his own dark hair  
Was lifted by the marvelous wind. Around  
Again the hero turned, and with a bound  
Of his strong heart, and tingling cheeks all warm  
From the fresh blood, beheld the giant form  
Of a huge warrior, clad in sea-green mail,  
Standing upon the shore. The flowing sail  
Of a great bark appeared his cloak; the spray  
That dances with the morning winds at play,  
Topmost o'er all the woods on Scraba's elm,  
Seemed the tall plume that waved above his helm,  
While like a spire he stood, upon the sand  
His long spear resting, towering from his hand  
As a great larch's shaft in Ara's dell.  
Silent he stood, the while his glances fell  
On the Fomorian gate. A shadow vast  
Betimes he seemed, wherethro' the moonbeams passed  
With shimmering glow, or in his mantle caught,  
Or linkèd mail, to Naisi's vision brought  
Strange shifting shapes of all the things that be,  
Living or dead, within the crystal sea!

## THE EXPLOITS OF CUROI.

From 'Blamid.'

The princes form a league to attack the stronghold of the King of Mana and carry off his beautiful daughter Blamid. The place is defended by a mighty wheel "set in ages long gone by by Mananan the ruler of the sea," which stirred the waters of the fosse into a torrent no "living wight could pass." By the help of his magic spear Curoi destroys the terrible monsters, and strikes the "magic engine still as a frozen mill-wheel." Mana is captured, and Blamid carried off.

There many a man's dim closing eye was cast  
In wonder at the strange Knight's glittering form,  
His spear-staff sloped, like a tall galley's mast  
Bent slantwise by the buffets of the storm,  
As with grim frowning brows and footsteps fast  
Along the breach with heroes' heart-blood warm,  
'Mid showers of bolts and darts, like Crom the God  
Of Thunder, toward the magic wheel he trod.

Now paused he for a space and looked, when, lo!  
Between him and the fosse erstwhile so near,  
There spread a stricken war-field, where the glow  
Fell lurid upon broken sword and spear;  
And from a reedy marsh a javelin's throw  
Upon his right crept forth a thing of fear,  
A serpent vast, with crested head, and coils  
Would crush ten battle chargers. Like the spoils

Of a great city gleamed his spotted back  
As from the trembling reeds his volumes rolled,  
Wide spread, approaching o'er the tangled wrack  
Of battle, his bright head now flashing gold,  
Now red, now green, now sapphire. On his track  
The hero stood in wrath, and with firm hold  
Raised high the spear that from his right hand sped  
Down crashing through the monster's burnished head.

As he plucked forth his spear and still strode on,  
Out from behind a heap of slain there rose  
A dreadful beast with eyes that gleamed and shone  
In fury, like the eyes of one of those  
Twin Dragons of the strife that ever run  
Beside the feet of Bava when she goes  
From the bright Mount of Monad with the brand  
Of war far flaring in her armèd hand.

So flashed the beast's wild eyes, while o'er the dead  
He rushed to meet his foe; as he drew nigh  
Uprose the glittering shaft and spear-point dread  
And then shot forth, and 'mid the fire-bright eye  
Pierced him through brain and body, on the bed  
Of war transfixing him; then rising high  
The hero loosed his spear, and 'mid the slain  
Left him still writhing, and strode forth again.

And, as he went, there rose at every rood  
Some monster dire his onward course to stay  
To the dread wheel, but through the demon brood  
He fearless broke, until before him lay  
A river whirling by of streaming blood.  
Shouting he plunged therein, and made his way  
Up the far bank, and raising high his spear  
Strode onward still across that field of fear.

Then rose from off the blood-stained fern a shape  
Tall, threatening, with a crown upon his head,  
Bright clad in gold and brass from heel to nape  
Of sturdy neck, and with a mantle red  
Wind-blown, that let the dazzling flashes 'scape  
Of the strong mail, as now with onward tread  
He strode, and raised his giant arm in wrath,  
To the great wheel to stop the hero's path;—

The hero who, now pausing, looked, and there  
Under the crown saw his dead father's face  
Approaching with fell frowning, ghastly stare  
Against him: yet no whit the hero's pace  
Was checked thereat;—on high his spear he bare  
And pierced the Phantom's breast, and all the place  
Was empty now, and by the fosse's marge  
He felt the mortal arrows smite his targe.

Then stood he like a tower and poised his spear;  
And lightning-like the fatal weapon flung,  
And lodged it in the wheel's loud-roaring gear,  
Firm fixed in the huge plank whereon 't was hung;—  
No more the fosse whirled round with tide of fear,  
No more the magic engine thundering rung:  
Still as a frozen mill-wheel now it lay,  
And through the last breach open was the way.



No minstrel's tongue, or taught in heaven or hell,  
Whate'er of pearls of price his harp adorn,  
Howe'er his fingers touch the strings, could tell  
The great deeds done upon that far-famed morn;  
How amid heaps of slain the old King fell,  
How to the wood the Bloom-bright One forlorn  
And her fair maids were brought forth from the hold,  
With all the treasures of bright gems and gold.

## ROSE KAVANAGH.

(1860—1891.)

ROSE KAVANAGH was born at Killadroy, County Tyrone, June 24, 1860. She was educated at Omagh Convent and afterward went to Dublin to study art. While so studying she wrote stories, poems, and articles, which are hidden away for the most part in the pages of obscure Dublin journals. She was greatly beloved, and made friends of all who knew her. With intervals of ill-health she worked in Dublin for some years.

She was for several years the head of the Children's Department in the *Dublin Weekly Freeman*; she loved the work, and no doubt much of her beautiful personality revealed itself to the children from behind her masquerade of "Uncle Remus." Consumption had always threatened her; going home to see her mother one chill Christmas, she took a cold on the journey, from which she died Feb. 26, 1891.

### THE NORTHERN BLACKWATER.

O the broom banks of the river are fair,  
Now the wild brier is blossoming there—  
Now when the green banks so calmly repose,  
Lulled by the river's strange chant as it goes,  
Laughing beneath the gold eyes of the broom,  
Flashing so free where the heather's in bloom,  
Blushing all o'er at the kiss of the sun,  
Tranquil again at the gaze of a nun.  
Is it, my river, a sob or a song  
Beats from that heart as you hurry along?  
Once in the twilight I thought it farewell,  
Just a good-bye to both mountain and dell.

Here the first daisies break free from the sod,  
Stars looking up with their first glance to God!  
Here, ere the first days of April are done,  
Stand the swart cherry trees robed with the sun;  
In the deep woodland the windflowers blow;  
Where young grass is springing, the crocuses glow,  
Down the green glen is the primrose's light,  
Soft shines the hawthorn's raiment of white;  
Round the rough knees of the crabtree a ring  
Of daffodils dance for joy of the spring;  
And then my bright river, so full and so free,  
Sings as it wanders through woodland and lea.

Fed with a thousand invisible rills,  
 Girdled around with the awe of the hills,  
 High in the mountains you spring to the light,  
 Pure as the dawn from the dark ring of night.  
 Well may the fairies keep revelry round,  
 There where you cleave the thin air at a bound,  
 And rush on the crag with your arms outspread—  
 Only a fairy could step where you tread  
 'Mid the deep echoes you pause to arouse,  
 'Mid the grim rocks with the frown on their brows,  
 Type of young Freedom, bold river, to me;  
 Leaping the crags, sweeping down to Lough Neagh.

Many a ruin, both abbey and cot,  
 Sees in your mirror a desolate lot.  
 Many an ear lying shut far away  
 Harkened the tune that your dark ripples play.  
 One—I remember her better than all—  
 She knew every legend of cabin and hall;  
 Wept when the Law and the Famine-time met,  
 Sang how the Red Hand was radiantly set  
 Over the victors who fought at the Ford<sup>1</sup>  
 Over the sweep of O'Neill's Spanish sword—  
 O our own river! where is she to-night?  
 Where are the exiles whose homes are in sight?

Once in the Maytime your carol so sweet  
 Found out my heart in the midst of the street.  
 Ah! how I listened, and you murmured low  
 Hope, wide as earth and as white as the snow;  
 Hope that, alas! like the foam on your breast,  
 Broke and was drifted away from its rest.  
 Peace did not pass from your bonny broom shore,  
 Lost though the hope unto me evermore,  
 Lost, like your song—for I think it a sigh  
 Stirs that deep heart when I listen anigh.  
 Only at dusk does it sound like farewell,  
 Just a good-bye to myself and the dell.

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#### LOUGH BRAY.

A little lonely moorland lake,  
 Its waters brown and cool and deep—  
 The cliff, the hills behind it make  
 A picture for my heart to keep.

<sup>1</sup> *The Ford*, Beal-an-atha-Buidhe. See Dr. Drennan's poem with this title.

For rock and heather, wave and strand,  
Wore tints I never saw them wear;  
The June sunshine was o'er the land,  
Before, 't was never half so fair!

The amber ripples sang all day,  
And singing spilled their crowns of white  
Upon the beach, in thin pale spray  
That streaked the sober sand with light.

The amber ripples sang their song,  
When suddenly from far o'erhead  
A lark's pure voice mixed with the throng  
Of lovely things about us spread.

Some flowers were there, so near the brink  
Their shadows in the wave were thrown;  
While mosses, green and gray and pink,  
Grew thickly round each smooth dark stone.

And over all, the summer sky,  
Shut out the town we left behind;  
'T was joy to stand in silence by,  
One bright chain linking mind to mind.

Oh, little lonely mountain spot!  
Your place within my heart will be  
Apart from all Life's busy lot  
A true, sweet, solemn memory.



## ANNIE KEARY.

(1825—1879.)

ANNIE KEARY was the daughter of an Irish clergyman, who had obtained a living in Bath, in which town she was born about 1825. She published in 1861 'Early Egyptian History'; in 1863 appeared 'Janet's Home'; in 1866 'Clemency Franklyn'; in 1869 'Oldbury'; in 1870 'Nations Around,' which she contributed to the *Sunday Library*; and in 1875 'Castle Daly.' 'A Doubting Heart' has been published in volume form since her death. She was also the authoress of 'A York and a Lancaster Rose,' and, in collaboration with her sister, of a Scandinavian story entitled 'The Heroes of Asgard.'

She died March 3, 1879. She will be remembered chiefly perhaps for her 'Castle Daly,' which is one of the best of Irish stories, and sets forth very clearly and faithfully the contrast of English and Irish character and of English and Irish ideas.

### A SCENE IN THE FAMINE.

From 'Castle Daly.'

When Ellen had climbed the steep head of the ravine, and rounded the jutting-out ledge of rock that partly concealed Malachy's rude shieling, she paused to rest for an instant, and looking across the craggy wall into the hollow beneath was relieved to find that her companion had not attempted to follow her, even with his eyes. He was standing sentinel at the foot of the rock stairs she had clambered, with his face towards the opening of the ravine.

His figure was diminished in size by the distance, but Ellen wished him still further away, when she remembered the sight that would meet her eyes as soon as she pushed open the rough door at the end of the path she had entered on. From some dark corner of the rude shed the gaunt shape of a man would start up at the sound of her footstep, and lift eyes full of a terrible hunger to her face.

It was now nearly a year since these two—the man she had left below and him she was about to visit—had been hunting each other, one with the hope and purpose in his mind of bringing the actors in a great crime to just punishment, the other with a deadly hunger for vengeance in his heart that the pangs of bodily hunger had scarcely had

power to tame. Ellen's heart sank in fear at the thought of their discovering each other's neighborhood, even now; but she thought it better to run this risk than to leave her errand unaccomplished. Malachy's wife and children and old mother shared the shelter of the shieling with him, and had become, since the famine, objects of almost equal dislike to the neighbors, who believed that a curse rested on the family, and who were capable of leaving them to starve unthought of—though they would not on any temptation have delivered up the man to justice.

The cabin door stood open, and there was no smoke issuing from the aperture; but Ellen was not surprised. The weather was warm, and as it was three days since any member of the household had been to Eagle's Edge to beg for food, it was only too probable that there was nothing in the cabin to cook. She pushed the door a little; it seemed to resist the pressure, as if something lay across the threshold, and it was not without considerable effort, and with a dull thud as of some heavy body thrust aside, that it yielded so far as to allow her to squeeze herself inside.

It was almost dark in the inclosure, for though the loosely fitted stones let air and light through, the upper end of the ravine lay in deep shadow just then, and the eye had to grow accustomed to the dim light for anything to be seen distinctly.

"Molly," Ellen said, softly, "it is I come to bring you food at last. Are you all asleep? Molly! Dennis!" She called twice, and then her eyes beginning to see what was around her, grew large with horror, and a fit of cold shuddering seized her. The place was not empty, but it was very still. Just opposite to her was a figure half-seated on the ground with its back to the wall. A child's form lay motionless across its knees, the head rested on a stone in the wall, and there was light enough through a crevice above to show Ellen that the death-pale, hollow face, with dropped jaw and half-closed eyes that looked so strangely without seeing, were those of Malachy's young wife. "Nora," she tried to say, but the word would not come, only a hoarse sob in her throat; then she turned and looked into the dense darkness at the end of the shed where it sloped up towards the mountain side. A heap of dead fern-leaves and moss lay along the floor there, and on it

were stretched two other motionless bodies, of an old woman and a child.

Ellen forced herself to stoop over them, and in desperation dragged away the tattered shawl that half hid the old woman's face, and putting her hand on her shoulder, shook her gently. "Molly, Molly, wake! I have brought you help." The figure fell back into its settled position again as soon as her hand left it, and Ellen started up horror-struck again. Her hand had come in contact with the withered cheek, and its touch stung her with cold. She felt she must struggle out into the open air before she fainted, and then, preparing to move, she perceived what the object was that had impeded the opening of the door. It lay almost over her feet; she had stepped on it in entering; the prostrate body of Dennis Malachy, who seemed to have fallen down beside the threshold as he was attempting to leave the shieling, perhaps to seek help in the last extremity of his wife and children, perhaps to escape from the chamber of death. There was something in his attitude less lifeless than in that of the others. Sick and trembling as she was, Ellen could not step over him again without ascertaining whether there might not be a spark of life left. She turned the face, which was towards the floor, upwards, drew it to the opening, and rested the head on the door-sill where the air could blow upon it; then, hardly knowing whether she most dreaded to see the eyes remain shut, or that they should open on her with some look of unspeakable pain, such as she could never forget afterwards, she rushed out of the cabin and tottered down the rocky path, stumbling and dragging herself up again, but never pausing till she had reached the spot where John Thornley stood, and seized him by the arm.

"Come! come! there are people dying up there. There are dead people up there."

Her voice sounded strange and hoarse to herself, and greatly startled him, as did her pale face and horror-stricken looks.

"You must not go there again. I will go," he said, "I will see what is wanted, and fetch help."

"To stay here alone would be worse, much worse," Ellen answered, recovering her voice and calmness in a degree, now that a living fellow-creature's face was near to be

looked at. "Let me go back; there is a man in the cabin up there who has some life in him still, I think; if I go back to him with you, and we can do anything for him, I shall not always have such a great horror of what I have seen."

"How near is help to be had?" John asked, as they were climbing the path, "for I cannot let you stay here if the man you speak of recovers and lingers a while. Some one else must be fetched to watch him."

"It would not be so hard as another watch we had," Ellen said, the scene of her father's death flashing on her memory as she spoke, and with it a shuddering wonder that she should be going to minister to the last moments of the man to whose thirst for revenge he had fallen a victim, and with John Thornley to aid her. She had been forgetting who it was that was dying during the last moment or two.

John could have knelt down and kissed the stone on which her foot rested at the moment, in gratitude for that *we*; but she was not thinking of him except as a strange coadjutor in the strange task. He would not let her enter the cabin till he had gone in first. When he beckoned her to follow, Dennis Malachy had been lifted from the threshold of the door, and placed on a heap of straw near the wall, with a log of wood under his head. John had opened Ellen's basket, and was attempting to put some drops of brandy between the parched lips. "He is not dead," he said, "but I don't think there is a possibility of saving him; he is so terribly wasted, he must die."

Ellen knelt down on the floor and began to bathe the temples with water. "He breathes still. I wish you would go down into the village and find a priest, and bring him here. The old woman who is lying dead there did that for papa."

"This is Dennis Malachy then, your father's murderer? I did not know him."

"The cause of his death, but not his murderer," said Ellen, quickly, withdrawing her hand instinctively at the word from the brow she was bathing. "He told me solemnly it was not his hand that sent the bullet."

"You have known where he was ever since?"

"No, only since hunger drove him to betray himself to



me. I remembered then that papa forgave. Only he forgave—no one else could; the others hunted Dennis to his death. But he was not always a bad man; I remember him when he was good and gentle, and used to meet us on our walks, and carry us home on his shoulder when we were tired. I don't know whose fault it was that he came to this, but I don't believe that it was all his own."

With the last words she slipped her arm under his head, and raised it a little. The lids that drooped over the half-closed eyes quivered, the breast heaved, and with a sudden spasm of parting strength the dying man sat half-upright, and stared wildly round him. John Thornley involuntarily put up his hand to shade his eyes from the stare fixed on him.

"An orphan's curse might drag to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But, oh, more terrible than that  
Is the curse in a dead man's eye."

The lines came into John's mind, and stayed there, and could not be exorcised for long afterwards. Then the dying man's eyes were turned on Ellen, and the hands that had clutched convulsively were spread out imploringly towards her.

"Miss Eileen, Miss Eileen, save me! don't let me do it or I'll lose me soul. Why did ye bring *him* here, that I might curse him wid me last breath, and lose me soul?"

"You shall not, Dennis," Ellen said, bending over him so as to hide Mr. Thornley's face from his sight. "Look at me, and remember the words I said to you that night, when I told you my father forgave you, and that the Father in heaven forgives us when we forgive our enemies."

"Shure you bade me spare him, and I did your bidding, and I'm glad. It's all over wid us now, Miss Eileen. Praise be to God and His blessed Mother! the starving's over, and the pain wid all of us, and I'm going. Why would we any of us live any longer?—dying's a dale aisier—in peace." The head sank back again, the last words were murmured between lips that quivered, and then became convulsed in a strong spasm. There was a long, shuddering gasp, then Mr. Thornley came round and drew Ellen's arm from under the head.

"It is over," he said. "Come away with me; you must

not stay here a moment longer; there is nothing more for you to do; I will take care that all is done that is right by these." He glanced round at the corpses. "We shall surely be able to persuade some one from the next village to come up and do what is necessary."

"But are you sure there is nothing more we can do? The children," said Ellen; "the little girl lying by the grandmother in the bed—little Nora—I hardly looked at her."

"But I have looked. Those two must have been dead many hours; it is a terrible sight; you must come away." Almost by force he raised her from her kneeling position on the floor, and lifted her over the threshold into the open air. Then she sat down on a stone by the wayside, and burying her face in her hands, gave way to the tears that had been choking her for so long. He stood by watching the bright drops that trickled through her fingers on to the ground, longing for the right and the power to comfort her, and almost hating himself for the excess of feeling that made it impossible to say a word that would not betray too much; and then again for not having courage even in that moment to say all.

She lifted up her head after a long time, and turned to him with one of the appealing, confiding looks, free from all self-consciousness, that always touched him so deeply—so much more deeply than any consciousness would have done, even if it had given him more hope.

"Do you think," she said humbly, "that this was at all my fault?"

"Your fault! how could it be? I was thinking that there was no one on earth but yourself who, under the circumstances, would have acted towards that man as you have acted."

"But I went away last week to stay with cousin Anne, trusting that Father Peter would look after the Malachys, and you see he was not able."

"In times like these, when there is so much misery around, it will not do to waste strength in regretting what was unavoidable. It must have been a miserable death-in-life they lived up here; shunned by every one."

"Cousin Anne offered to take the children, but Nora

and Molly would not give them up. They said they would all hold together till the end, and so they have done."

By this time Ellen had risen from the stone, and they proceeded to descend the hill. When they reached the head of the ravine John Thornley said,

"Which way shall we turn? Shall I take you home and get help from Eagle's Edge, or will you persevere in going to the Hollow?"

"To the Hollow, I think. We are more than half-way there, and about half a mile from this place there is a hamlet where I know a great many people are congregated to-day."

The walk was almost a silent one, for it was impossible to talk on any common topic; and the horror of the scene they had left seemed to grow instead of lessen in John's mind as they walked through the smiling green valley in the glorious autumn afternoon; the air, fragrant with the thymy scent of the thousand minute flowers that bordered the road, musical with placid country sounds—sheep-bleatings and cattle-lowings from the hillsides, and with the plover's shrill cry as the bird skimmed across their path and darted away, rising high in the air and dipping again in search of food on the boggy surface of the valley.

## JOHN KEEGAN.

(1809—1849.)

JOHN KEEGAN was born in Queen's County in 1809. All the education he ever had was that afforded by the hedge-school, which, however, has done more for the cultivation of Irish intellect than is generally supposed. He also educated himself by close observation of the habits and feelings of the people among whom he lived. Very early in life he began to write tales, poems, and sketches illustrative of the life of the people. These he contributed to Irish periodicals, particularly to one called *Dolman's Magazine*.

Keegan produced a number of ballads, many of which were printed in *The Nation*, and among the minor poets of Ireland none has been more successful in depicting the feelings and affections of the people. Keegan died in 1849, before he had completed the work of assembling his scattered poems.

### CAOCH<sup>1</sup> THE PIPER.

One winter's day, long, long ago,  
When I was a little fellow,  
A piper wandered to our door,  
Gray-headed, blind, and yellow:  
And, oh! how glad was my young heart,  
Though earth and sky looked dreary,  
To see the stranger and his dog—  
Poor "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary.

And when he stowed away his "bag,"  
Crossed-barred with green and yellow,  
I thought and said, "In Ireland's ground  
There's not so fine a fellow."  
And Fineen Burke, and Shaun Magee,  
And Eily, Kate, and Mary,  
Rushed in, with panting haste, to "see"  
And "welcome" Caoch O'Leary.

Oh! God be with those happy times!  
Oh! God be with my childhood!  
When I, bareheaded, roamed all day—  
Bird-nesting in the wildwood.

<sup>1</sup> *Caoch*, blind.





BLIND IRISH PIPER



I'll not forget those sunny hours,  
    However years may vary;  
I'll not forget my early friends,  
    Nor honest Caoch O'Leary.

Poor Caoch and "Pinch" slept well that night,  
    And in the morning early  
He called me up to hear him play  
    "The wind that shakes the barley;"  
And then he stroked my flaxen hair,  
    And cried, "God mark my deary!"  
And how I wept when he said, "Farewell,  
    And think of Caoch O'Leary!"

And seasons came and went, and still  
    Old Caoch was not forgotten,  
Although we thought him dead and gone,  
    And in the cold grave rotten;  
And often, when I walked and talked  
    With Eily, Kate, and Mary,  
We thought of childhood's rosy hours,  
    And prayed for Caoch O'Leary.

Well—twenty summers had gone past,  
    And June's red sun was sinking,  
When I, a man, sat by my door,  
    Of twenty sad things thinking.  
A little dog came up the way,  
    His gait was slow and weary,  
And at his tail a lame man limped—  
    'T was "Pinch" and Caoch O'Leary!

Old Caoch, but, oh! how woebegone!  
    His form is bowed and bending,  
His fleshless hands are stiff and wan,  
    Ay—time is even blending  
The colors on his threadbare "bag"—  
    And "Pinch" is twice as hairy  
And "thin-spare" as when first I saw  
    Himself and Caoch O'Leary.

"God's blessing here!" the wanderer cried,  
    "Far, far be hell's black viper;  
Does anybody hereabouts  
    Remember Caoch the Piper?"

With swelling heart I grasped his hand;  
 The old man murmured, "Deary,  
 Are you the silky-headed child  
 That loved poor Caoch O'Leary?"

"Yes, yes," I said—the wanderer wept  
 As if his heart was breaking—  
 "And where, *a vic machree*," he sobbed,  
 "Is all the merry-making  
 I found here twenty years ago?"  
 "My tale," I sighed, "might weary;  
 Enough to say—there's none but me  
 To welcome Caoch O'Leary."

"Vo, vo, vo!" the old man cried,  
 And wrung his hands in sorrow,  
 "Pray let me in, *astore machree*,  
 And I'll go home to-morrow.  
 My 'peace is made;' I'll calmly leave  
 This world so cold and dreary;  
 And you shall keep my pipes and dog,  
 And pray for Caoch O'Leary."

With "Pinch" I watched his bed that night;  
 Next day his wish was granted:  
 He died; and Father James was brought,  
 And the Requiem Mass was chanted.  
 The neighbors came; we dug his grave  
 Near Eily, Kate, and Mary,  
 And there he sleeps his last sweet sleep.  
 God rest you! Caoch O'Leary.

#### THE DYING MOTHER'S LAMENT.

"Oh God, it is a dreadful night,—how fierce the dark winds  
 blow,  
 It howls like mourning *banshee*, its breathings speak of woe;  
 'Twill rouse my slumbering orphans—blow gently, oh wild  
 blast,  
 My wearied hungry darlings are hushed in peace at last.

"And how the cold rain tumbles down in torrents from the  
 skies,  
 Down, down, upon our stiffened limbs, into my children's  
 eyes:—



Oh God of heaven, stop your hand until the dawn of day,  
And out upon the weary world again we'll take our way.

"But, ah! my prayers are worthless—oh! louder roars the  
blast,  
And darker frowns the pitchy clouds, the rain falls still more  
fast;  
Oh God, *if* you be merciful, have mercy *now*, I pray—  
Oh God, forgive my wicked words—I know not what I say.

"To see my ghastly babies—my babes so meek and fair—  
To see them huddled in that ditch, like wild beasts in their  
lair:  
Like wild beasts! No! the vixen cubs that sport on yonder hill  
Lie warm this hour, and, I'll engage, of food they've had their  
fill.

"O blessèd Queen of Mercy, look down from that black sky—  
You've felt a mother's misery, then hear a mother's cry;  
I mourn not my own wretchedness, but let my children rest,  
Oh watch and guard them this wild night, and then I shall be  
blest!"

Thus prayed the wanderer, but in vain!—in vain her mournful  
cry;  
God did not hush that piercing wind, nor brighten that dark  
sky:  
But when the ghastly winter's dawn its sickly radiance shed,  
The mother and her wretched babes lay stiffened, grim, and  
dead!

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### THE IRISH REAPER'S HARVEST HYMN.

All hail! Holy Mary, our hope and our joy!  
Smile down, blessèd Queen! on the poor Irish boy  
Who wanders away from his dear beloved home;  
O Mary! be with me wherever I roam.  
Be with me, O Mary!  
Forsake me not, Mary!  
O Mary! be with me wherever I roam.

From the home of my fathers in anguish I go,  
To toil for the dark-livered, cold-hearted foe,  
Who mocks me, and hates me, and calls me a slave,  
An alien, a savage—all names but a knave.

But, blessèd be Mary!  
 My sweet, holy Mary!  
 The *bodach*, he never dare call me a knave.  
 From my mother's mud sheeling an outcast I fly,  
 With a cloud on my heart and a tear in my eye;  
 Oh! I burn as I think that if *Some One* would say  
 "Revenge on your tyrants!"—but Mary! I pray,  
 From my soul's depth, O Mary!  
 And hear me, sweet Mary!  
 For union and peace to Old Ireland I pray.  
 The land that I fly from is fertile and fair,  
 And more than I ask or I wish for is there,  
 But *I* must not taste the good things that I see—  
 "There 's nothing but rags and green rushes for me."  
 O mild Virgin Mary!  
 O sweet Mother Mary!  
 Who keeps my rough hand from red murder but thee?  
 But, sure, in the end our dear freedom we'll gain,  
 And wipe from the green flag each Sassanach stain.  
 And oh! Holy Mary, your blessing we crave!  
 Give hearts to the timid, and hands to the brave;  
 And then, Mother Mary!  
 Our own blessèd Mary!  
 Light liberty's flame in the hut of the slave!

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#### THE "DARK GIRL" BY THE "HOLY WELL."

I think it was in the midsummer of 1832 that I joined a party of the peasantry of my native village, who were *en route* to a "pilgrimage" at St. John's Well near the town of Kilkenny. The journey (about twenty-five Irish miles) was commenced early in the afternoon, and it was considerably after sunset when we reached our destination. My companions immediately set about the fulfillment of their vows, while I, who was but a mere boy, sat down on the green grass, tired and in ill-humor, after my long and painful tramp over a hundred stony hills and a thousand rugged fields, under the burning sun of a midsummer afternoon. I was utterly unable to perform any act of devotion, nor, I must confess, was I very much disposed to do so, even were I able; so I seated myself quietly amid the groups of beggars, cripples, "dark people," and the other various classes of pilgrims who thronged around the sacred fountain. Among the crowd I had marked two pilgrims, who, from the moment I saw them, arrested my particular attention. One of these was an aged female, decently clad—the other was a very fine young girl, dressed in a gown, shawl, and bonnet of faded black satin. The girl was of

a tall and noble figure—strikingly beautiful, but *stone blind*. I learned that they were natives of the county of Wexford : that the girl had lost her sight in brain fever, in her childhood ; that all human means had been tried for her cure, but in vain ; and that now, as a last resource, they had traveled all the way to pray at the shrine of St. John, and bathe her sightless orbs in the healing waters of his well. It is believed that when Heaven wills the performance of cures, the sky opens above the well, at the hour of midnight, and Christ, the Virgin Mother, and St. John descend in the form of three snow-whites, and descend with the rapidity of lightning into the depths of the fountain. No person but those destined to be cured can *see* this miraculous phenomenon, but everybody can *hear* the musical sound of their wings as they rush into the well and agitate the waters ! I cannot describe how sad I felt myself, too, at the poor girl's anguish, for I had almost arrived at the hope that, though another "miracle" was never wrought at St. John's Well, Heaven would relent on this occasion, and restore that sweet Wexford girl to her long lost sight. She returned, however, as she came—a "dark girl"—and I heard afterward that she took ill and died before she reached home.—*Author's note.*

"Mother! is that the passing bell?

Or, yet, the midnight chime?

Or, rush of Angel's golden wings?

Or is it near *the Time*—

The time when God, *they say*, comes down

This weary world upon,

With Holy Mary at His right

And, at His left, St. John!

"I'm dumb! my heart forgets to throb;

My blood forgets to run;

But vain my sighs—in vain I sob—

God's will must still be done.

I hear but tone of warning bell,

For holy priest or nun;

*On earth*, God's face I'll never see!

Nor Mary! nor St. John!

"Mother! my hopes are gone again;

My heart is black as ever;—

Mother! I say, look forth *once more*,

And see can you discover

God's glory in the crimson clouds—

See does he ride upon

That perfumed breeze—or do you see

The Virgin, or St. John?

"Ah, no! ah, no! Well, God of Peace,

Grant me thy blessing still;

Oh, make me patient with my doom  
And happy at Thy will;  
And guide my footsteps so on earth,  
That, when I'm dead and gone,  
My eyes may catch Thy shining light,  
With Mary! and St. John?

“ Yet, mother, could I see *thy* smile,  
Before we part, below—  
Or watch the silver moon and stars  
Where Slaney's ripples flow;  
Oh! could I see the sweet sun shine  
My native hills upon,  
I'd never love my God the less,  
Nor Mary, nor St. John!

“ But no, ah no! it cannot be!  
Yet, mother! do not mourn—  
Come, kneel again, and pray to God,  
In peace, let us return;  
The Dark Girl's doom must aye be mine—  
But Heaven will light me on,  
Until I find my way to God,  
And Mary, and St. John!”



## ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

ELSA D'ESTERRE-KEELING, novelist, essayist, reviewer, and lecturer, was born in Dublin and educated in Germany. She was a High School mistress from 1884 to 1890 at Oxford and in Kensington.

In 1880 she had already published at Hamburg her English translation of Bordenstedt's 'Mirza Schaffy.' This was followed by a four-act play in verse entitled 'How the Queen of England was Wooed and Won,' and 'The True Story of Catherine Parr,' a one-act play in verse. 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland' brought her more prominently into public notice, and her novels have been most successful. She has contributed much to the literary journals and the leading magazines in England. Her work has a note which is quite original, and she has been almost as successful with her verse as with her prose.

She is translator to the British Legation, Stuttgart, and to the British Consulate-General, Frankfort-on-Maine.

In addition to the books already mentioned, the following may be named as the best known and most popular: 'Three Sisters,' 'Bib and Tucker,' 'The Professor's Wooing,' 'Orchardscroft,' 'Appassionata,' 'Old Maids and Young,' 'A Return to Nature,' 'The Queen's Serf,' and 'Sir Joshua Reynolds.'

## A QUIET IRISH TALK.

### AN UNHAPPY ISLAND IN THE WEST.

From 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland.'

Yes; an unhappy island. But things are looking brighter. I believe all will be right indeed in the long run, or, rather, I should say, mayhap, in the long crawl. There is much that makes things very hard for us, and much that makes things very hard for them. I do not think they always know us when they meet us. A rose, you see, is known the wide world over, and so is a thistle; but there is great danger of a man's mistaking a clover for a shamrock. They have all manner of wrong ideas about us. Take only one. There is absolutely no difference between a bog and a marsh. Both words mean "watery land," and our word—this should be made clear once for all—simply repels them more, because they have a very general notion that water in our land is wetter than in theirs. This is a mistake.

Let me mention yet another thing.

They once had two big party-names—Tory, Whig. Now we gave them that name, Tory; the name Whig they were given by a people living to the north of them. Would they but remember this, it might help to make things clearer. Talking of words, we once had a language of our own. That language has all but died out; only some words of endearment belonging to it still live in all our hearts, on all our lips, words of which these are some—*ma gra, ma store, gra ma chree*,—"my love," "my darling," "love of my heart."

These were not to be lost, said we, though all else went.

They gave us their language, and we molded it to our use. They had some pretty words which we took gladly and say often—that little word "Ah!" for one. Hear how our women use it, how they put laughter and tears into it, how full of surprise they can make it. Who can resist their "Ah, do!" "Ah, don't!" their "Ah, will ye?" "Ah, won't ye?" Who has not smiled at their "Ah, then!" run into one word? They of the island beyond prefer to say "O!" We try in vain to say that "O!" as they do, contracting the corners of the mouth, and protruding the nether lip. It is very, very funny; and they do it wondrous cleverly. We who treat the letter as a round one, cannot at all give the sound to it that they do.

They have in their language a sweet word, "darling." We took it and made it sweeter, turning it into "darlint." Compare these two words but a minute. "Darling" goes down your throat like bread and butter; "darlint" leaves your lips like a kiss.

They call us idle, but indeed we are not. They are workers—we are *drudges*. We gave them that word, "to drudge."

Enough of words. Let them look into some of our sayings. We have all manner of these. Know they what we whisper to our little babies when we want them to walk alone?

"Loney proudy!"

There are no two words they use among them so pretty, so pathetic. I could tell them much more about us, both pretty and pathetic—things they don't know, and that

I dream about. I would do it, speaking gently. There is too little gentleness, 't is said, in my unhappy island. Ah, sirs, knew you but all!

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## AN IRISH THING IN PROSE.

“ WAS SHE COMPLAININ’? ”

From ‘ In Thoughtland and Dreamland. ’

A short tilted nose, a small forehead, and receding chin; the brows contracted over gleaming eyes, the lips parted and showing gleaming teeth.

“ Well, Bridget, what’s the matter now? ” The Saxon mistress is it seems in some alarm.

“ Plaise ma’am, I’m wishin’ to give notice. ”

The voice is deep and sullen. There is a quiver in the strong, large lips.

“ Notice? ”

A sigh from the Saxon.

“ Notice? Why, Bridget? ”

A curious gurgling sound. The lady looks away.

“ I’m afther hearin’, ma’am, that the childer are goin’ to be sint to boardin’ school. ”

“ Yes. ” The fair Saxon head is raised, and blue eyes look into gray eyes. “ They are growing very wild. ”

“ Woild! ”

No words can describe the Irish voice, at once satirical and vehement. “ ‘ Woild ’ doesn’t describe thim at all. The Lord knows what a dale o’ thrubble I’ve had with thim, in an’ out o’ the kitchen oncessantly, makin’ it impossible to kape it dacent, let alone the racket of it, fit to moidor a body! ”

She pauses. Her eyes all agleam with a sense of indignation.

“ Well, Bridget ”—the lady smiles, and folds up her work—“ you will have peace now. ”

“ Peace! ”

In the ordinary state of affairs Bridget would have said “ pace, ” but anger had got altogether the better of her.

She forgot the Irishman's most vaunted possession—"me manners"—and imitated "the misthress."

"Peace!"

She hurled a contemptuous look at this obtusest of Saxons.

"Am I complainin', ma'am? Is it me stay on an' the childer sint to school? No, ma'am. *You* may be able to stan' the house an' they out of it. I couldn't stay a day longer in the place. I—"

O, *infra dignitas*; and what was St. Pat about that he did not help her? Here a great lump rose in Bridget's throat, and she could not get out another word.

Four days later "the childer" were sent to school; and, having given to each a big scolding, a big bag of sweets, and more than one big kiss, Bridget, indignant and in tears, left their mother's house.

The innycent darlints! What would the world come to next? Just be good enough to think of it for a minute. She who had been loved and plagued by those "childer" for three years past to go back to a lonesome kitchen! Why, she couldn't *live* without them, and yet, if you please, she, Bridget, was thought to have been "complainin'."

"Och, the amadhauns!"

A red hand was drawn across red eyes, the furious apostrophe being hurled at the whole Saxon race.

## AN IRISH THING IN RHYME.

### LOVE MAKING IN PADDY LAND.

From 'In Thoughtland and Dreamland.'

#### I. *Under Kitty's Window.*

"Ah, then; who is that there talkin'?"

"Sure it's only me, ye know.

I was thinkin' we'd go walkin'—"

"Wor ye raly *thinkin'* so?"

"Och, ye needn' be so cruel

An' me thrudged this siven mile—"



"Is it cruel, Michael, jewel?  
Sure I 'm dressin' all the while!"

II. *Before Michael's Cottage.*

"There, now, that 's me cottage, Kitty.

"Is it, Mike?"

"Yis; an' isn't it pretty?"

"Hm'!—lonesome like."

"Lonesome!" (Now 's y'r minute!  
Michael, strike!)

"Sure, if *you* wor in it—"

"Arrah, Mike!"

## SAMUEL ROBERT KEIGHTLEY.

(1859 —)

SAMUEL ROBERT KEIGHTLEY, barrister and novelist, was born in Belfast in 1859. He was educated privately and at Queen's College, Belfast. In 1883 he was called to the Irish bar. He has published: 'Poems,' 'A King's Daughter,' 1881; 'The Crimson Sign,' 1895; 'The Cavaliers,' 1896; 'The Last Recruit of Clare's,' 1897; 'The Silver Cross,' 1898; 'Heronford,' 1899; 'The Return of the Prodigal,' 1900.

### A GENTLEMAN OF THE KINGDOM OF IRELAND.

From 'The Silver Cross.'

Of a noble, even a princely birth, Eugene O'Brien, Vicomte de Barrymore in the Kingdom of Ireland, had been unfortunate like myself, but even in a greater degree. In one of the revolutions, common in that unfortunate country, he had lost everything, and from a state of opulence and magnificence had, at one stroke, been reduced to poverty. I have myself frequently heard him describe the extent of his former possessions, which undoubtedly must have been as large as Poitou and Aquitaine, and I know that, at one time, he was the master of five chateaux and at least four hundred servants. Even that had represented only a small portion of what had formerly belonged to his ancestors, of which nothing now remained but the barren title and the splendid memory. But his misfortunes had neither affected his spirits nor impressed his character. It is true he was not averse to talk of the past, though in no spirit of boastfulness. His wit was charming; his gayety beyond words; his liberality—when he had the means, which was seldom—boundless to prodigality. I have frequently marveled at his resource, and sometimes profited by it, and certainly it was impossible to be dull in his company. Of his courage I had abundant proofs, and though one might occasionally doubt his wisdom, it never occurred to me to question his honor and veracity—at least to no great degree. M. le Vicomte was a man in ten thousand, and had certainly proved himself my very excellent friend.

At this period in my good fortune I had already made up my mind that he should have an opportunity of profiting by the circumstances, and though I did not think it advisable to lay all the facts before him, I had determined to enlist him in my new undertaking. Within certain limits, I knew that I could rely on him implicitly, and though prone to carry a jest to the extremity of prudence, he could be serious enough when it came to action. For the rest there was no one else whom I could trust; nor was there any one of all my acquaintances so capable of appreciating the delicate humor of the situation I was about to create.

I had already breakfasted when M. le Vicomte came into my room, humming a little air in a curious manner that he had, which was at once irritating and impressive. Though a man of handsome presence he had never learned to dress, but was always in extremes. When fortune smiled he delighted in lavish display and a magnificence peculiarly his own; when his purse ran low he ceased to consider his person at all and seemed to take a delight in the extravagant negligence of his attire. But it was then that he was most fully master of himself. His temper was imperturbable; his invention was inexhaustible; his schemes daring to a degree, and though for the most part impracticable, only the means were needed to achieve a great and brilliant success.

It required only one glance at my friend now to assure myself that luck was against him and that the fifty crowns I had repaid him at the beginning of the week had not been fortunately invested. He no longer wore on his finger the fine ring which he had possessed for some months, but had resumed the ancient heirloom of which he had never been able to dispose, and which I had now come invariably to associate with days of blackness. His old rapier had replaced the splendid weapon he had lately won from M. de la Ramée, and the cloak he carried over his arm was one which I myself had long since discarded as unserviceable.

"Ah! Alphonse, *mon cher*," he cried, flinging his hat upon the table and pouring himself out a glass of wine, "upon my honor as a nobleman you will never grow rich. We must rise early to catch sight of the skirts of the golden Goddess as she sets her twinkling feet a moment on

the earth. Behold! I drink to her tender eyes, her rosy lips, her sweet, inconstant smile."

"Again the Goddess has not been propitious," I said with gravity.

"The Goddess is only a woman and has other lovers than myself. I woo her boldly and await my turn with constant heart. It is coming; I have already a noble scheme."

"Oh! Another?"

"Another—fifty, but this is certain, and I only need a friend's assistance to become as rich as Pluto."<sup>1</sup>

"I am delighted to hear it. In what way can I be of service?"

"M. de Fontanges, I had looked for more warmth. It is only a little matter—"

"As for instance?"

"Why, a matter of fifty crowns—a trifle."

"But you had fifty crowns from me early in the week and now—"

"I want fifty more. Unfortunately fifty crowns do not last forever and I cannot open the campaign without the noble, golden, fighting men. Now fifty crowns—"

"You have, then, lost everything?"

"It was magnificent, but it was ruin. I, Eugene O'Brien, Vicomte de Barrymore, am as naked and bare as the day I was born. But I never enjoyed myself more in my life."

"It is a consolation at least to hear that you were happy. How did it happen?"

"Well, you see, I thought I would look in at Fratelli's to drink one flask before I returned home like a good Christian, and there I found the Sieur de Frontac—"

"You know he cheats like the devil," I interposed with some heat.

"Exactly, I know he does not play fairly, but I wished to expose him for the benefit of some young fellows he was anxious to pluck, and who were anxious to become his victims. I therefore challenged him, feeling confident he could not overreach me."

"And you paid for your confidence."

<sup>1</sup> M. le Vicomte sometimes indulged in classical allusions, like many of his countrymen.



"Wait until you hear. De Fontanges, that man is the Evil One. I could not discover how it was done. He had only to speak to the cards and, presto, they walked smiling into his hand. First went my crowns, my shy, coy, shining beauties, rolling with a sigh from my pocket into his; then my rings, my cloak, my sword, and after all ten crowns more that I borrowed. I do not yet know how it was done, though I never withdrew my eyes."

"You had at least the satisfaction of knowing that you sacrificed yourself for your company."

"Not the least in the world. They became infatuated by my example and de Frontac left them all in exactly the same condition as myself. It was truly magnificent."

"For de Frontac certainly. And now your scheme?"

"Ah! yes, my scheme. You see, I intend to challenge him again."

His gravity was colossal; he never smiled; he was so much in earnest that I could not avoid laughing very uproariously at this novel method of investing fifty crowns, and I only stopped when I saw that he took my hilarity very seriously.

"M. de Fontanges is easily moved to merriment by his friend's misfortunes," he said stiffly, pouring out the last glass of wine in the bottle.

"Pardon me, my dear Vicomte," I said, "I regret the fifty crowns as much as you do, but the scheme—"

"Is excellent. I intend that you should be present and I am certain he is master of no trick that you cannot inevitably discover."

"I accept the compliment in the spirit in which you offer it. But there is one objection. I cannot afford to play at cards with gentlemen like M. de Frontac. Now the fifty crowns are gone and I am afraid you cannot recover them in the way you suggest. But I also have a scheme."

His momentary gloom disappeared in an instant and he immediately recovered his natural serenity.

"Ah!" he cried, "at least that is good news. I hope it is large enough for a magnificent *coup*."

"It may be large enough for anything," I said vaguely, "but we shall see, and in the meantime I am in need of your assistance. Now, there is a lady—"

"Ah!" he said with an apparent loss of hopefulness,

"I might have known that. There is a lady in all your schemes and I do not like that! I adore woman; I do not make use of her."

"But here there is a lawyer also."

"That is better. There I have no conscience: there is one of them now—the Saints reward him—sitting in my house at Barrymore in the glorious Kingdom of Ireland."

"The lady of whom I speak is beautiful, rich, and generous."

"I am glad to hear it. They are all angels."

"But she is unfortunate and is at present in distress."

"Fontanges, my dear friend, I am in your scheme up to the neck."

"There is at present pending a lawsuit in which more than half her fortune is involved; this lawsuit she will certainly lose if the gentleman of whom I speak is not removed."

"I begin to regret the new sword de Frontac won from me, but this old friend has proved trusty in its time. The sooner we start to work the better."

"But you do not yet quite understand. This lawyer was at one time a friend of the lady, and remembering her former friendship, she will not permit him to be injured."

"She may live to regret that. A lawyer is more vindictive than the devil."

"We are in perfect agreement, but it is necessary that we should observe her wishes. I have arranged everything," I continued airily, feeling myself master of the situation, "and it is only necessary for us to carry out the details at our convenience. I am to meet M.—I have forgotten the rogue's name—at the Silver Cross this evening, and I think, together we can put him out of the way of doing mischief for a fortnight."

"It is not a scheme," cried the Vicomte enthusiastically: "it is a crusade. Count on me, my dear Fontanges, to the last spurt of ink, for there is no blood in an attorney."

"Madam—you will pardon my not mentioning names—" I went on, "imagines that the gentleman is dangerous and may show some resistance, but it is only natural that a woman should exaggerate the risk in such a case."

"It is like a woman's tender heart," said the Vicomte piously: "I honor her gentle thoughts. A beautiful wo-

man is the noblest work of the good God, M. de Fontanges!"

"Assuredly. But we are talking of the lawyer."

"Ah! that is a very different matter."

"There is no one knows better than yourself that when we make a campaign we incur expenses. Some men need a new horse, some a new sword, some a new cloak. I think you will find twenty louis in this little purse."

He pushed back the chair on which he sat with great indignation, and rising to his feet looked at me under his gathered brows.

"By the shining firmament, M. de Fontanges," he cried, "I do not think my ears have heard aright. I understood from you that a lady needed help such as you and I could give her—two honorable gentlemen, who have not met their deserts at the hands of Providence. The lady is in distress, pursued by a villain who threatens her with ruin; she invokes our aid and we make haste to proffer her our assistance. And now it is suggested that I, Eugene O'Brien, Vicomte de Barrymore, should take payment like a hireling. Oh! no, M. de Fontanges, I will live and die like a gentleman."

"You entirely misunderstand me," I said, smiling at his heat and the quixotic impulse that moved him; "there is no question of payment. It is merely a provision for the unexpected."

"Then I do not come under that head. I cast no imputation on the honor of my friend, but he views these matters in a different light from me. I am poor, but I have the pride of the devil."

"I will not press the point farther," I said, "but you really require a new cloak. Will you permit me to offer you a loan?"

"I have never yet had a friend from whom I was ashamed to borrow till I was ashamed of his friendship," answered the Vicomte gravely. "If you offer me the money in that way I accept it cheerfully, and will repay you when my luck changes. You are an excellent friend, M. de Fontanges, and I appreciate your friendship. Now let us have a fresh flask of this superlative Burgundy, for it is not every day I meet such fortune."

This was always his way, carrying things with a high

hand, but in the long run arriving safely at the essential fact. However, I felt that the money was very well invested and that I had secured the co-operation of a faithful friend who would willingly aid me in my plans. As you will have seen, I had not thought it necessary to tell him everything, but only so much as would enlist his sympathy; and indeed, the little story had grown up so naturally that I almost came myself to look upon it as the truth. But though I was quite easy in my mind, I could not help entertaining the suspicion that everything was not so simple as it seemed, and I felt that there might be surprises in store for M. le Vicomte and myself which might possibly lead to unpleasant complications. But we were both now in a way bound to fulfill our obligations, and whatever our faults may have been, and perhaps we were not altogether free from them, neither of us was the man to refuse to play the game for which a friend had furnished us with the stakes.



## HUGH KELLY.

(1739—1777.)

HUGH KELLY was born in 1739, either in Killarney or in Dublin. His father, who was a tavern keeper in Dublin, apprenticed his son to a stay-maker. While serving his time he cultivated the acquaintance of the actors who frequented his father's establishment, and shortly after the completion of his service he was induced to leave Dublin for London. Arrived there, he wisely continued to work at his trade, but, this beginning to fail him, he engaged himself as a copying clerk to an attorney. While working at the lawyer's desk he wrote occasional articles and paragraphs for the newspapers, and after a while obtained engagements on *The Ladies' Museum* and *The Court Magazine*, besides writing several pamphlets for the publisher Pottinger. About this time, being only two-and-twenty, he married, "merely for love," and found that he had done wisely. Spurred on by his new responsibilities, he continued to extend his labors, and, while he read and studied busily to improve himself, he wrote a series of essays for *Owen's Weekly Chronicle*, afterward reprinted as 'The Babbler.' He also produced about this time 'Louisa Mildmay, or the History of a Magdalen,' a novel which had a very considerable success.

In 1767 he published his theatrical poem 'Thespis.' The power it displayed attracted the attention of Garrick, and led to the production, a year later, of Kelly's first comedy, 'False Delicacy,' at Drury Lane. This play had more than the usual success. It was translated into several languages and produced him a profit of about £700 (\$3,500).

In 1769 he became a member of the Honorable Society of the Middle Temple, but was at first refused admittance to the bar. In 1770 he brought out his comedy 'A Word to the Wise'; but, as some persons believed (wrongly) that he was writing in Government pay, a cabal was formed and the play attacked each night until withdrawn. However, out of evil came good, for on publishing the play Kelly received, besides the profits of the general sale, over £800 (about \$4,000) in subscriptions.

In 1771, when his next play, 'Clementina,' a tragedy, was produced, his name was withheld to avoid the opposition likely to arise. In 1774 he still thought it wise to withhold his name from his new comedy, 'A School for Wives.' Soon after this he produced an afterpiece, entitled 'The Romance of an Hour,' which attained a fair measure of success. In 1776 appeared his comedy of 'The Man of Reason,' which was in most respects a failure. This so affected Kelly that, having received his call to the bar, he resolved to write no more for the stage. In this there is no doubt he made a mistake. His writings for the stage were producing him about a thousand pounds (\$5,000) a year, while as a barrister he would most likely have to wait long and work hard for half the sum. Besides, having reached a certain scale of expenditure, it was hard for him to reduce

it, and the result was that though fairly successful as a beginner he fell into debt, and his peace of mind left him never to return. The mental worry soon began to undermine his health, and he died on Feb. 3, 1777.

He was well known to Goldsmith and other literary Irishmen in London, and is frequently mentioned in the memoirs of his time.

### CRITICS OF THE STAGE.

From 'Thespis.'

Bold is the talk in this discerning age,  
 When every witling prates about the stage,  
 And some pert title arrogantly brings  
 To trace up nature through her noblest springs;  
 Bold in such times his talk must be allowed,  
 Who seeks to form a judgment for the crowd;  
 Presumes the public sentiment to guide,  
 And speaks at once to prejudice and pride.  
 Of all the studies in these happier days,  
 By which we soar ambitiously to praise,  
 Of all the fine performances of art,  
 Which charm the eye or captivate the heart,  
 None like the stage our admiration draws,  
 Or gains such high and merited applause;  
 Yet has this art unhappily no rules;  
 To check the vain impertinence of fools,  
 To point out rude deformity from grace,  
 And strike a line 'twixt acting and grimace.

High as the town with reverence we may name,  
 And stamp its general sentiments to fame;  
 Loud perhaps we echo to its voice,  
 And pay a boundless homage to its choice;  
 Still, if we look minutely we shall find  
 Each single judge so impotent or blind,  
 That even the actor whom we most admire  
 For ease or humor, dignity or fire,  
 Shall often blush to meet the ill-earned bays,  
 And pine beneath an infamy of praise.

## LORD KELVIN (SIR WILLIAM THOMPSON).

(1824 —)

BARON KELVIN (created Baron in 1892), Sir William Thompson, the famous mathematician, engineer, and inventor, was born in Belfast, June 26, 1824. He is the son of James Thompson, LL.D., professor of mathematics, Glasgow University. He married, first, Margaret, daughter of Walter Crum of Thornliebank, in 1852 (who died in 1870), and second, Frances, daughter of Charles R. Blandy of Madeira, in 1874. He was educated at Glasgow University and St. Peter's College, Cambridge. He was second Wrangler and first Smith's Prizeman in 1845, a fellow of St. Peter's College from 1846 to 1852, and was re-elected in 1872. His most remarkable achievements have been in connection with submarine telegraphy. It is to him, more perhaps than to any other scientist of our time, that we owe the system of cables that now join together all the countries of the world.

He acted as electrician for the Atlantic cables in 1857 and 1858, and in 1865 and 1866. He invented the mirror galvanometer and siphon recorder in connection with submarine telegraphy, and acted as electrical engineer for the French Atlantic cable in 1869; the Brazilian and River Plate, 1873; the West Indian cables, 1875; and the Mackay-Bennett Atlantic cable in 1879. He invented several navigation appliances, and many electrical measuring instruments, from 1876 to 1897. His discoveries as to the nature of heat display a power of scientific investigation and generalization which places him among the highest scientific intellects of our time.

He was President of the British Association in 1871, at Edinburgh; and President of the Royal Society, from 1890 to 1895. He was also professor of natural philosophy at Glasgow University from 1846 to 1899; President of the Royal Society, Edinburgh (fourth time); member of the Prussian Order Pour le Mérite; Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor of France; Commander of the Order of King Leopold of Belgium; member of the Order of the First Class of the Sacred Treasure of Japan; Foreign Associate of the French Academy; Foreign Member of the Berlin Academy of Science, etc.

His publications are 'Original Papers on Mathematical and Physical Subjects,' contributed (1840-1896) to the *Cambridge* and *Dublin Mathematical Journal*, and the *Philosophical Magazine*; 'The Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh,' reprinted in three series, viz: 'Electrostatics and Magnetism,' 1 vol.; 'Mathematical and Physical Papers,' 3 vols.; 'Popular Lectures and Addresses,' 3 vols.; 'A Treatise on Natural Philosophy' in conjunction with Professor P. G. Tait; 'Tables for Facilitating the Use of Sumner's Methods at Sea.'

## THE ORIGIN OF LIFE.

From 'Address to the British Association.'

The essence of science, as is well illustrated by astronomy and cosmical physics, consists in inferring antecedent conditions, and anticipating future evolutions from phenomena which have actually come under observation. In biology the difficulties of successfully acting up to this ideal are prodigious. The earnest naturalists of the present day are, however, not appalled or paralyzed by them, and are struggling boldly and laboriously to pass out of the mere "natural history stage" of their study, and bring zoölogy within the range of natural philosophy. A very ancient speculation, still clung to by many naturalists (so much so that I have a choice of modern terms to quote in expressing it), supposes that under meteorological conditions very different from the present, dead matter may have run together or crystalized or fermented into "germs of life," or "organic cells," or "protoplasm."

But science brings a vast mass of inductive evidence against this hypothesis of spontaneous generation, as you have heard from my predecessor in the presidential chair. Careful enough scrutiny has, in every case up to the present day, discovered life as antecedent to life. Dead matter cannot become living without coming under the influence of matter previously alive. This seems to me as sure a teaching of science as the law of gravitation. I utterly repudiate, as opposed to all philosophical uniformitarianism, the assumption of "different meteorological conditions"—that is to say, somewhat different vicissitudes of temperature, pressure, moisture, gaseous atmosphere—to produce or to permit that to take place by force or motion of dead matter alone, which is a direct contravention of what seems to us biological law.

I am prepared for the answer, "Our code of biological law is an expression of our ignorance as well as of our knowledge." And I say yes: search for spontaneous generation out of inorganic materials; let any one not satisfied with the purely negative testimony, of which we have now so much against it, throw himself into the inquiry. Such investigations as those of Pasteur, Pouchet, and Bas-



tian are among the most interesting and momentous in the whole range of natural history, and their results, whether positive or negative, must richly reward the most careful and laborious experimenting. I confess to being deeply impressed by the evidence put before us by Professor Huxley, and I am ready to adopt, as an article of scientific faith, true through all space and through all time, that life proceeds from life, and from nothing but life.

How, then, did life originate on the earth? Tracing the physical history of the earth backwards, on strict dynamical principles, we are brought to a red-hot melted globe on which no life could exist. Hence when the earth was first fit for life there was no living thing on it. There were rocks solid and disintegrated, water, air all round, warmed and illuminated by a brilliant sun, ready to become a garden. Did grass and trees and flowers spring into existence, in all the fullness of ripe beauty, by a fiat of Creative Power? or did vegetation, growing up from seed sown, spread **and** multiply over the whole earth? Science is bound, by the everlasting law of honor, to face fearlessly every problem which can fairly be presented to it. If a probable solution, consistent with the ordinary course of nature, can be found, we must not invoke an abnormal act of Creative Power.

When a lava stream flows down the sides of Vesuvius or Etna it quickly cools and becomes solid; and after a few weeks or years it teems with vegetable and animal life, which for it originated by the transport of seed and ova and by the migration of individual living creatures. When a volcanic island springs up from the sea, and after a few years is found clothed with vegetation, we do not hesitate to assume that seed has been wafted to it through the air, or floated to it on rafts. Is it not possible, and if possible, is it not probable, that the beginning of vegetable life on the earth is to be similarly explained?

Every year thousands, probably millions, of fragments of solid matter fall upon the earth—whence came these fragments? What is the previous history of any one of them? Was it created in the beginning of time an amorphous mass? This idea is so unacceptable that, tacitly or explicitly, all men discard it. It is often assumed that all, and it is certain that some, meteoric stones are frag-

ments which had been broken off from greater masses and launched free into space. It is as sure that collisions must occur between great masses moving through space as it is that ships, steered without intelligence directed to prevent collision, could not cross and recross the Atlantic for thousands of years with immunity from collisions. When two great masses come into collision in space it is certain that a large part of each is melted; but it seems also quite certain that in many cases a large quantity of *débris* must be shot forth in all directions, much of which may have experienced no greater violence than individual pieces of rock experience in a land-slip or in blasting by gunpowder.

Should the time when this earth comes into collision with another body, comparable in dimensions to itself, be when it is still clothed as at present with vegetation, many great and small fragments carrying seed and living plants and animals would undoubtedly be scattered through space. Hence, and because we all confidently believe that there are at present, and have been from time immemorial, many worlds of life besides our own, we must regard it as probable in the highest degree that there are countless seed-bearing meteoric stones moving about through space. If at the present instant no life existed upon this earth, one such stone falling upon it might, by what we blindly call *natural* causes, lead to its becoming covered with vegetation. I am fully conscious of the many scientific objections which may be urged against this hypothesis; but I believe them to be all answerable. I have already taxed your patience too severely to allow me to think of discussing any of them on the present occasion. The hypothesis that life originated on this earth through moss-grown fragments from the ruins of another world may seem wild and visionary; all I maintain is that it is not unscientific.

From the earth stocked with such vegetation as it could receive meteorically, to the earth teeming with all the endless variety of plants and animals which now inhabit it, the step is prodigious; yet, according to the doctrine of continuity, most ably laid before the Association by a predecessor in this chair (Mr. Grove), all creatures now living on earth have proceeded by orderly evolution from some such origin. Darwin concludes his great work on 'The Origin of Species' with the following words: "It is

interesting to contemplate an entangled bank clothed with many plants of many kinds, with birds singing on the bushes, with various insects flitting about, and with worms crawling through the damp earth, and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms, so different from each other, and dependent on each other in so complex a manner, have all been produced by laws acting around us." . . . "There is grandeur in this view of life with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been and are being evolved." With the feeling expressed in these two sentences I most cordially sympathize. I have omitted two sentences which come between them, describing briefly the hypothesis of "the origin of species by natural selection," because I have always felt that this hypothesis does not contain the true theory of evolution, if evolution there has been, in biology.

Sir John Herschel, in expressing a favorable judgment on the hypothesis of zoölogical evolution (with, however, some reservation in respect to the origin of man), objected to the doctrine of natural selection, that it was too like the Laputan method of making books, and that it did not sufficiently take into account a continually guiding and controlling intelligence. This seems to me a most valuable and instructive criticism. I feel profoundly convinced that the argument of design has been greatly too much lost sight of in recent zoölogical speculations. Reaction against the frivolities of teleology, such as are to be found, not rarely, in the notes of the learned commentators on Paley's 'Natural Theology,' has, I believe, had a temporary effect in turning attention from the solid and irrefragable argument so well put forward in that excellent old book. But overpoweringly strong proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all round us; and if ever perplexities, whether metaphysical or scientific, turn us away from them for a time, they come back upon us with irresistible force, showing to us through nature the influence of a free-will, and teaching us that all living beings depend on one ever-acting Creator and Ruler.

## WILLIAM KENEALY.

(1828—1876.)

WILLIAM KENEALY, a poet of *The Nation*, who wrote over the pseudonym of "William of Munster" in the middle of the nineteenth century, was born at Cloyne, Cork, July 1, 1828. His well-known song, 'The Moon Behind the Hill,' appeared in the paper mentioned Dec. 20, 1856. He also wrote over the same pseudonym in Duffy's *Fireside Magazine*, 1851-52. "He was," says Mr. O'Donoghue in his 'Poets of Ireland,' "the author of the lengthy introduction to Hayes' 'Ballads of Ireland,' in which collection are a couple of his poems." He became editor first of *The Lamp* (Leeds), then of *The Tipperary Leader*, and lastly of *The Kilkenny Journal*. He served as Mayor of Kilkenny, which accounts for his having been always considered a Kilkenny man. He died in that town Sept. 5, 1876.

### THE MOON BEHIND THE HILL.

#### THE KILKENNY EXILE'S CHRISTMAS SONG.

I watched last night the rising moon  
Upon a foreign strand,  
Till memories came, like flowers of June,  
Of home and fatherland;  
I dreamt I was a child once more  
Beside the rippling rill,  
Where first I saw in days of yore  
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back the visions grand  
That purpled boyhood's dreams;  
Its youthful loves, its happy land,  
As bright as morning's beams.  
It brought me back my own sweet Nore,  
The castle and the mill,  
Until my eyes could see no more  
The moon behind the hill.

It brought me back a mother's love,  
Until, in accents wild,  
I prayed her from her home above  
To guard her lonely child;  
It brought me *one* across the wave,  
To live in memory still—  
It brought me back my Kathleen's grave,  
The moon behind the hill.



## PATRICK KENNEDY.

(1801—1873.)

PATRICK KENNEDY, another of the earlier collectors of Irish folk lore, was born in County Wexford in 1801. In 1823 he removed to Dublin to act as assistant in a training-school in Kildare Place. In the course of a few years he started a lending-library and bookstore in Anglesea Street, where he spent the remainder of his life, and where he was always ready to gossip with any passer-by interested in Irish folk lore. He found time while attending to business to write much and read more. He contributed several articles to *The University Magazine*, some of which—'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts,' 'Tales of the Duffrey,' and 'The Bank of the Boro'—were afterward published separately. He was also the author of 'The Bardic Stories of Ireland,' 'The Book of Modern Irish Anecdotes, Wit, and Wisdom,' and 'The Fireside Stories of Ireland.'

His sketches of Irish rural life, as observed by himself when a boy in his native county, are characteristic, well drawn, and singularly pure. He was known to lessen his prospects of a profitable business by declining to deal in books which he considered objectionable in tendency. He was a stanch devotee of Father Mathew, and for many years the committees of the Hibernian Temperance Association and kindred bodies held their meetings at his house. In the literary circles of Dublin he was well known and widely respected. He died March 28, 1873.

Mr. Douglas Hyde, speaking of his collection of folk lore, says that "many of the stories appear to be the detritus of genuine Gaelic folk stories filtered through an English idiom—and much impaired and stunted in the process. He appears, however, not to have adulterated them very much."

### THE LAZY BEAUTY AND HER AUNTS.

From 'The Fireside Stories of Ireland.'

There was once a poor widow woman, who had a daughter that was as handsome as the day, and as lazy as a pig, saving your presence. The poor mother was the most industrious person in the townland, and was a particularly good hand at the spinning-wheel. It was the wish of her heart that her daughter should be as handy as herself; but she'd get up late, eat her breakfast before she'd finish her prayers, and then go about dawdling, and anything she handled seemed to be burning her fingers. She drawled her words as if it was a great trouble to her to speak, or

as if her tongue was as lazy as her body. Many a heart-schild her poor mother got with her, and still she was only improving like dead fowl in August.

Well, one morning that things were as bad as they could be, and the poor woman was giving tongue at the rate of a mill-clapper, who should be riding by but the king's son. "Oh dear, oh dear, good woman!" said he, "you must have a very bad child to make you scold so terribly. Sure it can't be this handsome girl that vexed you!" "Oh, please your Majesty, not at all," says the old dissembler. "I was only checking her for working herself too much. Would your majesty believe it? She spins three pounds of flax in a day, weaves it into linen the next, and makes it all into shirts the day after." "My gracious," says the prince, "she's the very lady that will just fill my mother's eye, and herself's the greatest spinner in the kingdom. Will you put on your daughter's bonnet and cloak, if you please, ma'am and set her behind me? Why, my mother will be so delighted with her, that perhaps she'll make her her daughter-in-law in a week, that is, if the young woman herself is agreeable."

Well, between the confusion, and the joy, and the fear of being found out, the women didn't know what to do; and before they could make up their minds, young Anty (Anastasia) was set behind the prince, and away he and his attendants went, and a good heavy purse was left behind with the mother. She *pullillued* a long time after all was gone, in dread of something bad happening to the poor girl.

The prince couldn't judge of the girl's breeding or wit from the few answers he pulled out of her. The queen was struck in a heap when she saw a young country girl sitting behind her son, but when she saw her handsome face, and heard all she could do, she didn't think she could make too much of her. The prince took an opportunity of whispering her that if she didn't object to be his wife, she must strive to please his mother. Well, the evening went by and the prince and Anty were getting fonder and fonder of one another, but the thought of the spinning used to send the cold to her heart every moment. When bedtime came, the old queen went along with her to a beautiful bedroom, and when she was bidding her good-night she pointed to a heap of fine flax, and said, "You may begin as

soon as you like to-morrow morning, and I 'll expect to see these three pounds in nice thread the morning after." Little did the poor girl sleep that night. She kept crying and lamenting that she didn't mind her mother's advice better. When she was left alone next morning, she began with a heavy heart; and though she had a nice mahogany wheel and the finest flax you ever saw, the thread was breaking every moment. One while it was as fine as a cob-web, and the next as coarse as a little boy's whipcord. At last she pushed her chair back, let her hands fall in her lap, and burst out a-crying.

A small, old woman with surprising big feet appeared before her at the same moment, and said, "What ails you, you handsome colleen?" "An' haven't I all that flax to spin before to-morrow morning, and I 'll never be able to have even five yards of fine thread of it put together." "An' would you think bad to ask poor *Colliagh Cushmōr*<sup>1</sup> to your wedding with the young prince? If you promise me that, all your three pounds will be made into the finest of thread while you 're taking your sleep to-night." "Indeed, you must be there and welcome, and I 'll honor you all the days of your life." "Very well; stay in your room till tea-time, and tell the queen she may come in for her thread as early as she likes to-morrow morning." It was all as she said; and the thread was finer and evenner than the gut you see with fly-fishers. "My brave girl you were!" says the queen. "I 'll get my own mahogany loom brought in to you, but you needn't do anything more to-day. Work and rest, work and rest, is my motto. To-morrow you 'll weave all this thread, and who knows what may happen?"

The poor girl was more frightened this time than the last, and she was so afraid to lose the prince. She didn't even know how to put the warp in the gears, nor how to use the shuttle, and she was sitting in the greatest grief, when a little woman, who was mighty well-shouldered about the hips, all at once appeared to her, told her her name was *Colliagh Cromanmōr*, and made the same bargain with her as *Colliagh Cushmōr*. Great was the queen's pleasure when she found early in the morning a web as fine and white as the finest paper you ever saw. "The darling

<sup>1</sup> *Colliagh Cushmōr*, Old Woman Big-foot.

you were!" says she. "Take your ease with the ladies and gentlemen to-day, and if you have all this made into nice shirts to-morrow you may present one of them to my son, and be married to him out of hand."

Oh, wouldn't you pity poor Anty the next day, she was now so near the prince, and, maybe, would be soon so far from him. But she waited as patiently as she could with scissors, needle, and thread in hand, till a minute after noon. Then she was rejoiced to see the third old woman appear. She had a big red nose, and informed Anty that people called her *Shron Mor Rua* on that account. She was up to her as good as the others, for a dozen fine shirts were lying on the table when the queen paid her an early visit.

Now there was nothing talked of but the wedding, and I needn't tell you it was grand. The poor mother was there along with the rest, and at the dinner the old queen could talk of nothing but the lovely shirts, and how happy herself and the bride would be after the honeymoon, spinning, and weaving, and sewing shirts and shifts without end. The bridegroom didn't like the discourse, and the bride liked it less, and he was going to say something, when the footman came up to the head of the table and said to the bride, "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliagh Cushmōr, bade me ask might she come in." The bride blushed and wished she was seven miles under the floor, but well became the prince. "Tell Mrs. Cushmōr," said he, "that any relation of my bride's will be always heartily welcome wherever she and I are." In came the woman with the big foot, and got a seat near the prince. The old queen didn't like it much, and after a few words she asked rather spitefully, "Dear ma'am, what 's the reason your foot is so big?" "*Musha*, faith, your majesty, I was standing almost all my life at the spinning-wheel, and that 's the reason." "I declare to you, my darling," said the prince, "I'll never allow you to spend one hour at the same spinning-wheel." The same footman said again, "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliagh Cromamōr, wishes to come in, if the genteels and yourself have no objection." Very *sharoose*<sup>1</sup> was the Princess Anty, but the prince sent her welcome, and she took her seat, and drank healths apiece to the company. "May I ask,

<sup>1</sup> *Sharoose*, displeased.



ma'am," says the old queen, "why you're so wide half-way between the head and the feet?" "That, your majesty, is owing to sitting all my life at the loom." "By my scepter," says the prince, "my wife shall never sit there an hour." The footman again came up. "Your ladyship's aunt, Colliagh Shron Mor Rua, is asking leave to come in to the banquet." More blushing on the bride's face, but the bridegroom spoke out cordially, "Tell Mrs. Shron Mor Rua she's doing us an honor." In came the old woman, and great respect she got near the top of the table, but the people down low put up their tumblers and glasses to their noses to hide the grin. "Ma'am," says the old queen, "will you tell us, if you please, why your nose is so big and red?" "Throth, your majesty, my head was bent down over the stitching all my life, and all the blood in my body ran into my nose." "My darling," said the Prince to Anty, "if ever I see a needle in your hand, I'll run a hundred miles from you."

"And in troth, girls and boys, though it's a diverting story, I don't think the moral is good; and if any of you *thuckeens*<sup>1</sup> go about imitating Anty in her laziness, you'll find it won't thrive with you as it did with her. She was beautiful beyond compare, which none of you are, and she had three powerful fairies to help her besides. There's no fairies now, and no prince or lord to ride by, and catch you idling or working; and maybe, after all, the prince and herself were not so very happy when the cares of the world or old age came on them."

Thus was the tale ended by poor old *Shebale*,<sup>2</sup> Father Murphy's housekeeper, in Coolbawn, Barony of Bantry, about half a century since.

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## THE HAUGHTY PRINCESS.

From 'Fireside Stories of Ireland.'

There was once a very worthy king, whose daughter was the greatest beauty that could be seen far or near, but she was as proud as Lucifer, and no king or prince would she

<sup>1</sup> *Thuckeens*, small girls.    <sup>2</sup> *Shebale*, Sybil.

agree to marry. Her father was tired out at last, and invited every king and prince, and duke, and earl that he knew or didn't know to come to his court to give her one trial more. They all came, and next day after breakfast they stood in a row in the lawn, and the princess walked along in the front of them to make her choice. One was fat, and says she, "I won't have you, Beer-barrel!" One was tall and thin, and to him she said, "I won't have you, Ramrod!" To a white-faced man she said, "I won't have you, Pale Death!" and to a red-cheeked man she said, "I won't have you, Cockscomb!" She stopped a little before the last of all, for he was a fine man in face and form. She wanted to find some defect in him, but he had nothing remarkable but a ring of brown curling hair under his chin. She admired him a little, and then carried it off with, "I won't have you, Whiskers!"

So all went away, and the king was so vexed he said to her, "Now to punish your *impedence*, I'll give you to the first beggarman or singing *sthronshuch*<sup>1</sup> that calls;" and, as sure as the hearth-money, a fellow all over rags, and hair that came to his shoulders, and a bushy red beard all over his face, came next morning, and began to sing before the parlor window.

When the song was over, the hall-door was opened, the singer asked in, the priest brought, and the princess married to Beardy. She roared and she bawled, but her father didn't mind her. "There," says he to the bridegroom, "is five guineas for you. Take your wife out of my sight, and never let me lay eyes on you or her again."

Off he led her, and dismal enough she was. The only thing that gave her relief was the tones of her husband's voice and his genteel manners. "Whose wood is this?" said she, as they were going through one. "It belongs to the king you called Whiskers yesterday." He gave her the same answer about meadows and corn-fields, and at last a fine city. "Ah, what a fool I was!" said she to herself. "He was a fine man, and I might have him for a husband." At last they were coming up to a poor cabin. "Why are you bringing me here?" says the poor lady. "This was my house," said he, "and now it's yours." She began to cry, but she was tired and hungry, and went in with him.

<sup>1</sup> *Sthronshuch*, lazy thing.

Ovoch ! there was neither a table laid out, nor a fire burning, and she was obliged to help her husband to light it, and boil their dinner, and clean up the place after; and next day he made her put on a stuff gown and a cotton handkerchief. When she had her house redded up, and no business to keep her employed, he brought home *sallies*,<sup>1</sup> peeled them, and showed her how to make baskets. But the hard twigs bruised her delicate fingers, and she began to cry. Well, then he asked her to mend their clothes, but the needle drew blood from her fingers, and she cried again. He couldn't bear to see her tears, so he bought a creel of earthenware, and sent her to the market to sell them. This was the hardest trial of all, but she looked so handsome and sorrowful, and had such a nice air about her, that all her pans, and jugs, and plates, and dishes were gone before noon, and the only mark of her old pride she showed was a slap she gave a buckeen across the face when he *axed* her to go in an' take share of a quart.

Well, her husband was so glad, he sent her with another creel the next day; but faith ! her luck was after deserting her. A drunken huntsman came up riding, and his beast got in among her ware, and made *brishe*<sup>2</sup> of every mother's son of 'em. She went home cryin', and her husband wasn't at all pleased. "I see," said he, "you're not fit for business. Come along, I'll get you a kitchen-maid's place in the palace. I know the cook."

So the poor thing was obliged to stifle her pride once more. She was kept very busy, and the footman and the butler would be very impudent about looking for a kiss, but she let a screech out of her the first attempt was made, and the cook gave the fellow such a lambasting with the besom that he made no second offer. She went home to her husband every night, and she carried broken victuals wrapped in papers in her side pockets.

A week after she got service there was great bustle in the kitchen. The king was going to be married, but no one knew who the bride was to be. Well, in the evening the cook filled the princess' pockets with cold meat and puddings, and, says she, "Before you go, let us have a look at the great doings in the big parlor." So they came near the door to get a peep, and who should come out but the

<sup>1</sup> *Sallies*, willows.    <sup>2</sup> *Brishe*, broken pieces.

king himself, as handsome as you please, and no other but King Whiskers himself. "Your handsome helper must pay for her peeping," said he to the cook, "and dance a jig with me." Whether she would or no, he held her hand and brought her into the parlor. The fiddlers struck up, and away went *him* with *her*. But they hadn't danced two steps when the meat and the *puddens* flew out of her pockets. Every one roared out, and she flew to the door, crying piteously. But she was soon caught by the king, and taken into the back parlor. "Don't you know me, my darling?" said he. "I'm both King Whiskers, your husband the ballad-singer, and the drunken huntsman. Your father knew me well enough when he gave you to me, and all was to drive your pride out of you." Well, she didn't know how she was with fright, and shame, and joy. Love was uppermost anyhow, for she laid her head on her husband's breast and cried like a child. The maids-of-honor soon had her away and dressed her as fine as hands and pins could do it; and there were her mother and father, too; and while the company were wondering what end of the handsome girl and the king, he and his queen, *who* they didn't know in her fine clothes, and the other king and queen, came in, and such rejoicings and fine doings as there was, none of us will ever see, any way.

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### THE KILDARE POOKA.

From 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.'

Mr. H—— R——, when he was alive, used to live a good deal in Dublin, and he was once a great while out of the country on account of the "ninety-eight" business. But the servants kept on in the big house at Rath—— all the same as if the family was at home. Well, they used to be frightened out of their lives after going to their beds with the banging of the kitchen door, and the clattering of fire-irons, and the pots and plates and dishes. One evening they sat up ever so long, keeping one another in heart with telling stories about ghosts and fetches, and that when—what would you have of it?—the little scullery boy that





POUL—A—PHOOKA



used to be sleeping over the horses, and could not get room at the fire, crept into the hot hearth, and when he got tired listening to the stories, sorra fear him, but he fell dead asleep.

Well and good, after they were all gone and the kitchen fire raked up, he was woke with the noise of the kitchen door opening, and the trampling of an ass on the kitchen floor. He peeped out, and what should he see but a big ass, sure enough, sitting and yawning before the fire. After a little he looked about him, and began scratching his ears as if he was quite tired, and says he, "I may as well begin first as last." The poor boy's teeth began to chatter in his head, for says he, "Now he's goin' to ate me;" but the fellow with the long ears and tail on him had something else to do. He stirred the fire, and then he brought in a pail of water from the pump, and filled a big pot that he put on the fire before he went out. He then put in his hand—foot, I mean—into the hot hearth, and pulled out the little boy. He let a roar out of him with the fright, but the pooka only looked at him, and thrust out his lower lip to show how little he valued him, and then he pitched him into his pew again.

Well, he then lay down before the fire till he heard the boil coming on the water, and maybe there wasn't a plate, or a dish, or a spoon on the dresser that he didn't fetch and put into the pot, and wash and dry the whole bilin' of 'em as well as e'er a kitchen-maid from that to Dublin town. He then put all of them up on their places on the shelves; and if he didn't give a good sweepin' to the kitchen, leave it till again. Then he comes and sits forment the boy, let down one of his ears, and cocked up the other, and gave a grin. The poor fellow strove to roar out, but not a dheeg 'ud come out of his throat. The last thing the pooka done was to rake up the fire, and walk out, giving such a slap o' the door, that the boy thought the house couldn't help tumbling down.

Well, to be sure if there wasn't a hullabullo next mornin' when the poor fellow told his story! They could talk of nothing else the whole day. One said one thing, another said another, but a fat, lazy scullery girl said the wittiest thing of all. "Musha!" says she, "if the pooka does be

cleaning up everything that way when we are asleep, what should we be slaving ourselves for doing his work?" "*Shu gu dheine*,"<sup>1</sup> says another; "them's the wisest words you ever said, Kauth; it's meeself won't contradict you."

So said, so done. Not a bit of a plate or dish saw a drop of water that evening, and not a besom was laid on the floor, and every one went to bed soon after sundown. Next morning everything was as fine as fine in the kitchen, and the lord mayor might eat his dinner off the flags. It was great ease to the lazy servants, you may depend, and everything went on well till a foolhardy gag of a boy said he would stay up one night and have a chat with the pooka.

He was a little daunted when the door was thrown open and the ass marched up to the fire.

"An' then, sir," says he, at last, picking up courage, "if it isn't taking a liberty, might I ax who you are, and why you are so kind as to do half of the day's work for the girls every night?" "No liberty at all," says the pooka, says he: "I'll tell you, and welcome. I was a servant in the time of Squire R.'s father, and was the laziest rogue that ever was clothed and fed, and done nothing for it. When my time came for the other world, this is the punishment was laid on me—to come here and do all this labor every night, and then go out in the cold. It isn't so bad in the fine weather; but if you only knew what it is to stand with your head between your legs, facing the storm, from midnight to sunrise, on a bleak winter night." "And could we do anything for your comfort, my poor fellow?" says the boy. "Musha, I don't know," says the pooka; "but I think a good quilted frieze coat would help to keep the life in me them long nights." "Why then, in troth, we'd be the ungratefulest of people if we didn't feel for you."

To make a long story short, the next night but two the boy was there again; and if he didn't delight the poor pooka, holding up a fine warm coat before him, it's no mather! Betune the pooka and the man, his legs was got into the four arms of it, and it was buttoned down the breast and the belly, and he was so pleased he walked up to the glass to see how he looked. "Well," says he, "it's a long lane that has no turning. I am much obliged to

<sup>1</sup> *Shu gu dheine* (*seadh go deimehin*), yes, indeed.



you and your fellow-servants. You have made me happy at last. Good-night to you."

So he was walking out, but the other cried, "Och! sure you're going too soon. What about the washing and sweeping?" "Ah, you may tell the girls that they must now get their turn. My punishment was to last till I was thought worthy of a reward for the way I done my duty. You'll see me no more." And no more they did, and right sorry they were for having been in such a hurry to reward the ungrateful pooka.

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### THE WITCHES' EXCURSION.

From 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.'

Shemus Rua<sup>1</sup> was awakened from his sleep one night by noises in his kitchen. Stealing to the door, he saw half-a-dozen old women sitting round the fire, jesting and laughing, his old housekeeper, Madge, quite frisky and gay, helping her sister crones to cheering glasses of punch. He began to admire the impudence and imprudence of Madge, displayed in the invitation and the riot, but recollected on the instant her officiousness in urging him to take a comfortable posset, which she had brought to his bedside just before he fell asleep. Had he drunk it, he would have been just now deaf to the witches' glee. He heard and saw them drink his health in such a mocking style as nearly to tempt him to charge them, besom in hand, but he restrained himself.

The jug being emptied, one of them cried out, "Is it time to be gone?" and at the same moment, putting on a red cap, she added—

"By yarrow and rue,  
And my red cap too,  
Hie over to England."

Making use of a twig which she held in her hand as a steed, she gracefully soared up the chimney, and was rapidly followed by the rest. But when it came to the housekeeper, Shemus interposed. "By your leave, ma'am," said he, snatching twig and cap. "Ah, you desateful ould

<sup>1</sup> *Shemus Rua* (*Séumus Ruadh*), Red James.

crocodile! If I find you here on my return, there 'll be wigs on the green—

“ ‘ By yarrow and rue,  
And my red cap too,  
Hie over to England.’ ”

The words were not out of his mouth when he was soaring above the ridge pole, and swiftly plowing the air. He was careful to speak no word (being somewhat conversant with witch lore), as the result would be a tumble, and the immediate return of the expedition.

In a very short time they had crossed the Wicklow hills, the Irish Sea, and the Welsh mountains, and were charging, at whirlwind speed, the hall door of a castle. Shemus, only for the company in which he found himself, would have cried out for pardon, expecting to be *mummy* against the hard oak door in a moment; but, all bewildered, he found himself passing through the keyhole, along a passage, down a flight of steps, and through a cellar-door keyhole before he could form any clear idea of his situation.

Waking to the full consciousness of his position, he found himself sitting on a stillion, plenty of lights glimmering round, and he and his companions, with full tumblers of frothing wine in hand, hob-nobbing and drinking healths as jovially and recklessly as if the liquor was honestly come by, and they were sitting in Shemus' own kitchen. The red birredh<sup>1</sup> had assimilated Shemus' nature for the time being to that of his unholy companions. The heady liquors soon got into their brains, and a period of unconsciousness succeeded the ecstasy, the headache, the turning round of the barrels, and the “scattered sight” of poor Shemus. He woke up under the impression of being roughly seized, and shaken, and dragged upstairs, and subjected to a disagreeable examination by the lord of the castle, in his state parlor. There was much derision among the whole company, gentle and simple, on hearing Shemus' explanation, and, as the thing occurred in the dark ages, the unlucky Leinster man was sentenced to be hung as soon as the gallows could be prepared for the occasion.

The poor Hibernian was in the cart proceeding on his last journey, with a label on his back and another on his

<sup>1</sup> *Birredh* (*birreud*), a cap.

breast, announcing him as the remorseless villain who for the last month had been draining the casks in my lord's vault every night. He was surprised to hear himself addressed by his name, and in his native tongue, by an old woman in the crowd. "Ach, Shemus, alanna! is it going to die you are in a strange place without your *cappeen d'yarrag*?"<sup>1</sup> These words infused hope and courage into the poor victim's heart. He turned to the lord and humbly asked leave to die in his red cap, which he supposed had dropped from his head in the vault. A servant was sent for the head-piece, and Shemus felt lively hope warming his heart while placing it on his head. On the platform he was graciously allowed to address the spectators, which he proceeded to do in the usual formula composed for the benefit of flying stationers—"Good people all, a warning take by me;" but when he had finished the line, "My parents reared me tenderly," he unexpectedly added—"By yarrow and rue," etc., and the disappointed spectators saw him shoot up obliquely through the air in the style of a sky-rocket that had missed its aim. It is said that the lord took the circumstance much to heart, and never afterwards hung a man for twenty-four hours after his offense.

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## THE ENCHANTMENT OF GEAROIDH IARLA.

From 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.'

In old times in Ireland there was a great man of the Fitzgeralds. The name on him was Gerald, but the Irish, that always had a great liking for the family, called him *Gearoidh Iarla* (Earl Gerald). He had a great castle or rath at *Mullymast* (Mullaghmast); and whenever the English Government were striving to put some wrong on the country, he was always the man that stood up for it. Along with being a great leader in a fight, and very skillful at all weapons, he was deep in the *black art*, and could change himself into whatever shape he pleased. His lady knew that he had this power, and often asked him to let her into some of his secrets, but he never would gratify her.

<sup>1</sup> *Cappeen d'yarrag* (*caip'in dearg*), red cap.

She wanted particularly to see him in some strange shape, but he put her off and off on one pretense or other. But she wouldn't be a woman if she hadn't perseverance; and so at last he let her know that if she took the least fright while he'd be out of his natural form, he would never recover it till many generations of men would be under the mold. "Oh! she wouldn't be a fit wife for Gearoidh Iarla if she could be easily frightened. Let him but gratify her in this whim, and he'd see what a hero she was!" So one beautiful summer evening, as they were sitting in their grand drawing-room, he turned his face away from her and muttered some words, and while you'd wink he was clever and clean out of sight, and a lovely *goldfinch* was flying about the room.

The lady, as courageous as she thought herself, was a little startled, but she held her own pretty well, especially when he came and perched on her shoulder, and shook his wings, and put his little beak to her lips, and whistled the delightfulest tune you ever heard. Well, he flew in circles round the room, and played *hide and go seek* with his lady, and flew out into the garden, and flew back again, and lay down in her lap as if he was asleep, and jumped up again.

Well, when the thing had lasted long enough to satisfy both, he took one flight more into the open air; but by my word he was soon on his return. He flew right into his lady's bosom, and the next moment a fierce hawk was after him. The wife gave one loud scream, though there was no need, for the wild bird came in like an arrow, and struck against a table with such force that the life was dashed out of him. She turned her eyes from his quivering body to where she saw the goldfinch an instant before, but neither goldfinch nor Earl Gerald did she ever lay eyes on again.

Once every seven years the Earl rides round the Curragh of Kildare on a steed, whose silver shoes were half an inch thick the time he disappeared; and when these shoes are worn as thin as a cat's ear, he will be restored to the society of living men, fight a great battle with the English, and reign king of Ireland for two-score years.<sup>1</sup>

Himself and his warriors are now sleeping in a long cavern under the Rath of Mullaghmast. There is a table

<sup>1</sup> The last time *Gearoidh Iarla* appeared the horseshoes were as thin as a sixpence.



running along through the middle of the cave. The Earl is sitting at the head, and his troopers down along in complete armor both sides of the table, and their heads resting on it. Their horses, saddled and bridled, are standing behind their masters in their stalls at each side; and when the day comes, the miller's son that's to be born with six fingers on each hand will blow his trumpet, and the horses will stamp and whinny, and the knights awake and mount their steeds, and go forth to battle.

Some night that happens once in every seven years, while the Earl is riding round the Curragh, the entrance may be seen by any one chancing to pass by. About a hundred years ago, a horse-dealer that was late abroad and a little drunk, saw the lighted cavern, and went in. The lights, and the stillness, and the sight of the men in armor, cowed him a good deal, and he became sober. His hands began to tremble, and he let a bridle fall on the pavement. The sound of the bit echoed through the long cave, and one of the warriors that was next him lifted his head a little, and said, in a deep hoarse voice, "Is it time yet?" He had the wit to say, "Not yet, but soon will," and the heavy helmet sunk down on the table. The horse-dealer made the best of his way out, and I never heard of any other one having got the same opportunity.

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## THE LONG SPOON.

From 'Legendary Fictions of the Irish Celts.'

The devil and the hearth-money collector for Bantry set out one summer morning to decide a bet they made the night before over a jug of punch. They wanted to see which would have the best load at sunset, and neither was to pick up anything that wasn't offered with the good-will of the giver.

They passed by a house, and they heard the poor ban-a-t'ye<sup>1</sup> cry out to her lazy daughter, "Oh, musha,—take you for a lazy sthronsuch of a girl! do you intend to get up to-day?" "Oh, oh," says the taxman, "there's a job for you, Nick." "Ovock," says the other, "it wasn't

<sup>1</sup> *Ban-a-t'ye*, woman of the house.

from her heart she said it; we must pass on." The next cabin they were passing, the woman was on the bawn-ditch<sup>1</sup> crying out to her husband that was mending one of his brogues inside: "Oh, tattheration to you, Nick! you never rung them pigs, and there they are in the potato drills rootin' away; the —— run to Lusk with them." "Another windfall for you," says the man of the ink-horn, but the old thief only shook his horns and wagged his tail.

So they went on, and ever so many prizes were offered to the black fellow without him taking one. Here it was a gorsoon playing *marvels* when he should be using his clappers in the corn-field; and then it was a lazy drone of a servant asleep with his face to the sod when he ought to be weeding. No one thought of offering the hearth-money man even a drink of buttermilk, and at last the sun was within half a foot of the edge of Cooliaigh.

They were just then passing Monamolin, and a poor woman that was straining her supper in a skeepie outside her cabin-door, seeing the two standing at the bawn gate, bawled out, "Oh, here's the hearth-money man —— run away wid him." "Got a bite at last," says Nick. "Oh, no, no! it wasn't from her heart," says the collector. "Indeed, an' it was from the very foundation-stones it came. No help for misfortunes; in with you," says he, opening the mouth of his big black bag; and whether the devil was ever after seen taking the same walk or not, nobody ever laid eyes on his fellow-traveler again.

<sup>1</sup> *Bawn ditch*, Ir. *bádhun*—i.e. inclosure, or wall round a house. From *ba*, cows, and *dún*, a fortress. Properly, cattle-fortress.

## JAMES KENNEY.

(1780—1849.)

JAMES KENNEY, the dramatist, was born in Ireland in 1780. His father was manager and part proprietor of Boodle's Club, St. James Street, London, for many years, and Kenney was intended for a mercantile career, but on becoming known as a dramatist he left the banking-house of Herries, Farquhar & Co. He married the widow of Thomas Holcroft, author of 'The Road to Ruin.'

His first farce, entitled 'Raising the Wind,' is still a favorite for its character of Jeremy Diddler, who never fails to amuse. It was followed by 'Love, Law, and Physic,' which was also successful. Then came in rapid succession 'The Boy,' a melodrama; 'Matrimony,' a comedy; 'The World'; the well-known 'Illustrious Stranger'; 'Sweethearts and Wives'; and his second melodrama, 'Ella Rosenberg,' which is still frequently played.

Kenney also wrote several poems, one of which, entitled 'Society,' in two parts, created quite a stir in the fashionable world of the period. Of his miscellaneous poems, 'The Merchant and the Philosopher' is a really wise piece of reasoning clothed in pure and simple words.

In old age Kenney fell into poverty, and July 25, 1849, a benefit was given for him at Drury Lane Theater. But the testimonial came too late, for on the morning of that very day he died, after a short illness. During his lifetime he had suffered from a nervous affection which gave him a somewhat eccentric appearance.

### MR. DIDDLEL'S WAYS.

From 'Raising the Wind.'

[The public room of an inn frequented by Jeremy Diddler. Old waiter warns Sam, the new waiter from Yorkshire, against the wiles of Mr. Diddler.]

[*A laugh without.*]

*Sam.* What's all that about?

*Waiter.* (*Looking out.*) Oh, it's Mr. Diddler trying to joke himself into credit at the bar. But it won't do, they know him too well.—By the by, Sam, mind you never trust that fellow.

*Sam.* What, him with that spy-glass?

*Waiter.* Yes, that impudent short-sighted fellow.

*Sam.* Why, what for not?

*Waiter.* Why, because he'll never pay you.—The fellow lives by sponging—gets into people's houses by his songs and his bon-mots.

*Sam.* Bon-mots, what be they?

*Waiter.* Why, saying smart witty things. At some of the squires' tables he's as constant a guest as the parson or the apothecary.

*Sam.* Come, that's an odd line to go into, however.

*Waiter.* Then he borrows money of everybody he meets.

*Sam.* Nay, but will anybody lend it him?

*Waiter.* Why, he asks for so little at a time that people are ashamed to refuse him; and then he generally asks for an odd sum to give it the appearance of immediate necessity.

*Sam.* Damma, he must be a droll chap, however.

*Waiter.* Here he comes! mind you take care of him.

*Sam.* Never you fear that, mun. I wasn't born two hundred miles north of Lunnun to be done by Mr. Diddler.

*Enter DIDDLER.*

*Diddler.* Tol lol de riddle lol:—Eh! (*Looking through a glass at Sam.*) The new waiter, a very clod, by my hopes! an untutored clod.—My clamorous bowels, be of good cheer.—Young man, how d'ye do? Step this way, will you?—A novice, I perceive.—And how d'ye like your new line of life?

*Sam.* Why, very well, thank ye. How do you like your old one?

*Diddler.* (*Aside.*) Disastrous accents! a Yorkshire-man! (*To him.*) What is your name, my fine fellow?

*Sam.* Sam.—You needn't tell me yours, I know you, my—fine fellow.

*Diddler.* (*Aside.*) Oh Fame! Fame! you incorrigible gossip!—but *nil desperandum*—at him again. (*To him.*) A prepossessing physiognomy, open and ruddy, importing health and liberally. Excuse my glass, I'm short-sighted. You have the advantage of me in that respect.

*Sam.* Yes, I can see as far as most folks.

*Diddler.* (*Turning away.*) Well, I'll thank ye to—O Sam, you haven't got such a thing as tenpence about you, have you?

*Sam.* Yes. (*They look at each other—Diddler expecting to receive it.*) And I mean to keep it about me, you see.



*Diddler.* Oh—ay—certainly. I only asked for information.

*Sam.* Hark! there's the stage-coach com'd in. I must go and wait upon the passengers—You'd better ax some of them—mayhap, they mun gie you a little better information.

*Diddler.* Stop! Hark-ye, Sam! you can get me some breakfast, first. I'm devilish sharp set, Sam; you see I come a long walk from over the hills and—

*Sam.* Ay, and you see I come fra—Yorkshire.

*Diddler.* You do; your unsophisticated tongue declares it. Superior to vulgar prejudices, I honor you for it, for I'm sure you'll bring me my breakfast as soon as any other countryman.

*Sam.* Ay; well; what will you have?

*Diddler.* Anything!—tea, coffee, an egg, and so forth.

*Sam.* Well, now, one of us, you understand, in this transaction, mun have credit for a little while. That is, either I mun trust you for t' money, or you mun trust me for t' breakfast.—Now, as you're above vulgar preju-prejudizes, and seem to be vastly taken wi' me, and, as I am not so conceited as to be above 'em, and a'n't at all taken wi' you, you'd better give me the money, you see, and trust me for t' breakfast—he! he! he!

*Diddler.* What d' ye mean by that, Sam?

*Sam.* Or, mayhap, you'll say me a bon-mot.

*Diddler.* Sir, you're getting impertinent.

*Sam.* Oh, what—you don't like the terms.—Why, then, as you sometimes sing for your dinner, now you may whistle for your breakfast, you see; he! he! he! [*Exit.*]

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## WHY ARE YOU WANDERING HERE?

Why are you wandering here, I pray?  
An old man asked a maid one day.  
Looking for poppies, so bright and red,  
Father, said she, I'm hither led.  
Fie! fie! she heard him cry,  
Poppies, 't is known to all who rove,  
Grow in the field, and not in the grove—  
Grow in the field and not in the grove.

Tell me again, the old man said,  
Why are you loitering here, fair maid?  
The nightingale's song, so sweet and clear,  
Father, said she, I come to hear.  
Fie! fie! she heard him cry,  
Nightingales all, so people say,  
Warble by night, and not by day—  
Warble by night and not by day.

The sage looked grave, the maiden shy,  
When Lubin jumped o'er the stile hard by;  
The sage looked graver, the maid more glum,  
Lubin he twiddled his finger and thumb.  
Fie! fie! the old man's cry;  
Poppies like these, I own, are rare,  
And of such nightingales' songs beware—  
And of such nightingales' songs beware.





COULSON KERNAHAN



## COULSON KERNAHAN.

(1858 —)

COULSON KERNAHAN is the son of an Irish father, Dr. James Kernahan, scientist, biblical scholar, and commentator. He was born on the 1st of August, 1858. He is well known as novelist, critic, essayist, etc.; and has been and is literary adviser to more than one firm of publishers. His stories have had an extraordinary vogue. In 1891 he collaborated with the late Frederick Locker-Lampson in editing the new edition of 'Lyra Elegantiarum.' He has published 'A Dead Man's Diary,' 'A Book of Strange Sins,' 'Sorrow and Song,' 'God and the Ant,' 'The Child, the Wise Man, and the Devil,' etc.

### THE GARDEN OF GOD.<sup>1</sup>

From 'A Book of Strange Sins.'

It was broad noonday in the garden, and so hot that one could see the air palpitating and quivering above the gravel paths in undulant haze of heat. Even the butterfly gasped for breath, and grumbled because the swaying of the grasses set stirring a warm puff, which was like the opening of an oven. The sun seemed so near, and was trying so hard to be hot, that the daisies said they could see him spinning and panting as he stood above them; but that, I think, was only their fancy, although it is true that he was shining so exactly overhead that there was not a streak of shadow where one could creep for shelter from the sweltering heat. All the flowers were parched and drooping, and except for the passing *buzz* where a bee went drowsily by, or buried himself with a contented *burr* in the heart of a pansy, not a sound stirred the sultry silence.

All at once there was a sudden scurry among the birds. A cat which had been basking and purring in the sunshine, opening and shutting an eye, every now and then, to make believe that she was not sleepy, had dropped off into a doze, and now she awakened yawning. This was the signal for a general stir.

"Phew! but it is hot, to be sure!" exclaimed the butter-

<sup>1</sup> Copyright by L. C. Page & Co., Boston, Mass. By permission.

fly, as he darted up for a stretch from the poppy-head on which he had been sitting, and went waltzing, angle-wise, down the graveled path of the garden, lacing the long, green lines of the boxwood with loops of crimson and gold.

"I hope my weight won't inconvenience you," he said with airy politeness to the lily, dropping himself lazily, and without waiting for an answer, upon her delicate head, which drooped so feebly beneath this new burden that several scented petals fluttered fainting to the ground. "I am grieved to see you looking so sadly," he continued, after he had settled himself to his liking; "but what on earth, my good soul, makes you lean forward in that uncomfortable attitude? There is a charmingly shady spot under the shelter of the wall behind you. Why don't you lean in that direction? As it is, you are going out of your way to make yourself uncomfortable, besides which I should very much prefer to be out of the heat."

"I should be glad to move into the shade," said the lily gently, "but my sweetheart, the rose, has fallen asleep by the border, and I am leaning over her to keep the sun from her buds."

"How very charming you are!" lisped the butterfly languidly, and in a tone of polite contempt which seemed to imply, "and what a fool!"

"But your ideas are a little crude, don't you know?" he went on, "though, of course, interesting. It is easy to see you are not a person of the world. When you have traveled about, and learnt as much as I have, you will come to look at such things in a different way."

"Yes, you have traveled, and lived in the world, and seen a great deal," said the lily; "but I have *loved*; and it is by loving, as well as by living, that one learns."

"Don't presume to lecture me!" was the impatient answer. "Fancy a flower finding fault with a butterfly! Don't you know that I am your superior in the scale of being! But tell me, does this love of which you speak bring happiness?"

"The greatest of all happiness," whispered the lily, almost to herself, and with infinite tenderness—her white bells seeming to light up and overflow, like human eyes, as she spoke. "To love truly, and to be loved, is indeed to be favored of heaven. All the good things which this

world contains are not worthy to be offered in exchange for the love of one faithful heart."

"Then I must learn to love," said the butterfly decisively, "for happiness has always been my aim. Tell me how to begin."

"You'll have to begin by unlearning," put in a big double-dahlia, that was standing by like a sentinel, and looking as stiff and stuck-up as if he had just been appointed flower-policeman to the garden.

"Don't you be afraid that any one's going to fall in love with you," was the spiteful rejoinder of the butterfly, edging himself round and round on a lily-bell as he spoke. "Your place, my good creature, is in the vegetable garden, along with the cauliflowers and the artichokes. There is something distinguished about a white chrysanthemum, and the single-dahlias are shapely, although they do stare so; but the double-dahlias!"—and the butterfly affected a pretty shudder of horror which made the double-dahlia stiffen on his stem with rage.

"How dare you speak slightly of my family!" he said indignantly. "And as for those big chrysanthemums! why, they're just like tumbled heaps of worsted, or that shaggy-eyed skye-terrier dog that we see sometimes in the garden—untidy, shapeless, lumpy things I call them!"

The butterfly, who had been alternately opening and shutting his wings, as if he thought the sight of such splendor was too dazzling to be borne continuously, but really because he knew that the somber tinting which they displayed when closed heightened, by contrast, their gorgeous coloring when open, was nothing if not well-bred, so he simply pretended to stifle a yawn in the dahlia's face, and to make believe that he had not heard what was said.

"After all," he said, turning his back pointedly upon the dahlia, and shutting up his wings with a final snap—just as a fine lady closes a fan—"after all, my dear lily, I don't know whether it's worth my while to learn to love; for, by this time next year, you and I will be dead, and it will be all the same then to us as if we had never loved, or even lived at all."

"I know nothing about death," replied the lily, "but no one who loves can doubt immortality, and if the rose

and I are not already immortal, I believe that our love will make us so."

"What is this immortality?" said the butterfly. "I have heard the word used a great deal in my wanderings, but I never quite knew the meaning of it."

"It is the finding again after death of those we have loved and lost; and the loving and living with them for ever, I think," answered his companion.

"I don't believe you know anything about it," said the butterfly decisively. "All the men and women I've met—and they ought to know—used ever so much longer words."

"Perhaps you are right," replied the lily quietly, bending forward to shield a stray rose-bud from the burning sun, "but to be for ever with those I love would be immortality enough for me. And I heard the maiden who walks in the garden speaking yesterday, and I remember that she said it was more godlike to love one little child purely and unselfishly than to have a heart filled with a thousand vast vague aspirations after things we cannot understand."

. . . . .

How strangely still it was in the garden! Summer had gone, and October was nearly over, but the day had been so bright and warm that every one said the winter must be a very long way off. But since sunset, the air had been getting more and more chilly, and the stars were glittering like cold steel, and the moon looked so bright and large, that the flowers, which had awakened with an icy pain at their heart, could scarcely believe that it was night and not day, for every tiny grass-blade and buttercup stood out with startling distinctness on the grass. A strange, sharp scent was in the air, and a singular stillness was abroad.

There was no "going" in the trees, nor bough-swing among the branches, but all stood rigid and motionless as if intently listening.

"Perhaps they are listening for the first footfall of the winter—the winter which is coming to kill us," said the lily sadly, bending down, as she spoke, to twine herself protectingly around the rose.

"Perhaps we are dead already," said the rose, with a shudder, "and are but ghost-flowers in a ghostly garden."



How cold and wan my rosy petals look in this pallid light! And is this gray place—blanched and silent and still as death—our sweet-scented and sunny garden, that glowed with warm color and was astir with life? ”

Just then, and before the lily could answer, they heard a sudden cry of pain.

It was the butterfly which had fallen, half dead with cold, from a sycamore bough, and now lay shelterless and shivering on the frozen path. “Creep up upon my leaves, dear butterfly,” said the lily tenderly, as she bent towards him, “and I will try and find a warm place for you near my heart.”

“Oh, I ’m so frightened! I ’m so frightened!” he sobbed. “The world is dying; even now the trees seem still and dead. Soon the stars will fall out of the sky into the garden. Shall we be left in darkness when the moon is dead? Already her face is deadly pale, although she shines so brightly. And what has come to the trees? On every bough there sparkle a thousand lights. Are they stars which have dropped from the sky?”

“They are not stars at all,” said the lily, bending over him and hushing him to her heart as a mother hushes a frightened child, “but diamonds for the Frost King’s crown. I think we shall die to-night. Are you asleep, dear rose? The end is coming. Let us meet it waking, and in each other’s arms.”

“It is coming, dear heart, and coming soon,” said the rose with a cry. “Already I can scarce speak for pain. The night grows ever colder and more cold. And how strangely bright the moon is! What was that streak of silver across the sky? A star which has fallen from its place?”

“I think ’t was the shining angel God sends to fetch us,” answered the lily. “Dear love, the end will soon be here. Already the pain has reached my heart; already I begin to die.”

“And I, too,” said the rose. “I sink—I faint—the sharp pain stings and bites! Hold me fast, darling! I scarce can see you now.”

“Nor I you, sweetheart!”

“Hold me closer—closer. Everything seems to fall away.”

“Everything but love, dearest, and where love is, all is. At least we shall die together.”

Icier and more icy grew the air; brighter and whiter shone the moonlight on the garden, until the sunflower's shadow lay like ebony upon silver along the grass; colder and more steely glittered the stars, and closer crept the pain to the heart of the dying flowers. All the long night through the silent trees stood rigid and motionless, but now they listened no longer, for winter was come indeed, and on every branch the frost-crystals glinted and sparkled.

And when morning dawned, the butterfly lay dead for ever, but the lily and the rose were the fairest flowers a-bloom in the Garden of God.

## CHARLES JOSEPH KICKHAM.

(1830—1882.)

CHARLES JOSEPH KICKHAM was born at Mullinahone, County Tipperary, in 1830. At the age of thirteen he lost his hearing through an accident, and in later years lost his eyesight while in prison. In about his eighteenth year he began to contribute poems and tales to Irish journals and magazines; and when *The Irish People*, the organ of the Fenian movement, was started, he became one of its chief leader-writers. Involved thus in the Fenian movement, he was arrested with others and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. His comment on the conclusion of the trial was terse: "I have endeavored," he said, "to serve Ireland, and now I am prepared to suffer for Ireland." He was released after four years, but remained a guiding spirit of the Fenian movement.

He published two complete stories, 'Sally Cavanagh, or the Untenanted Graves,' and 'Knocknagow, or the Homes of Tipperary.' Those stories have been read wherever there is an Irish home, and have made sad or joyous thousands of Irish hearts. His books, indeed, deserve alike their popularity with the peasant and the approval of the critic. His pictures of life—especially of peasant life—are true to nature, full of keen observation, humor, and faithful detail, with which however they are somewhat overladen for present-day tastes.

Kickham's ballads are equally popular, and are just what ballads for the people should be—simple in language, direct in purpose, and in an easy and common measure.

Mr. John O'Leary in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry' says of him: "Kickham was above all things 'kindly Irish of the Irish, neither Saxon nor Italian'—a patriot first and a poet after. Still, a true poet he was, whether in verse or in prose, with a note both simple and strong, if not deep or varied; a keen lover and observer of Nature, in deep and tender sympathy with the men and women about him, and with a knowledge of the manners, customs, feelings, and moods of the Irish peasant greater, I think, than was possessed by any other man I ever met."

He died in 1882, and a fine statue has been erected to him in Tipperary.

### "JOURNEYS END IN LOVERS MEETING."

From 'Knocknagow.'

"An' could you tell me where she is?" he asked.

"She's gone to America," was the reply.

"To America!" he repeated, in so despairing a tone that the young woman raised her eyes to his face, and said:

"You are Mat Donovan?"

"Well, that is my name," he replied absently.

"She was thinking of writing to you," returned the young woman.

"Was Bessy thinkin' of writin' to me?"

"Yes; but she changed her mind. She was thinking, too, of writing to Mrs. Dr. O'Connor, somewhere in the County Clare, I think, but she didn't know the address."

"I thought I told her we had Docthor O'Connor in Kilthubber since Father Carroll got the parish," rejoined Mat. "But how long is she gone?"

"She only left for Liverpool on Monday. The name of the ship she was to go by was the 'Ohio.' I was with her getting her passage ticket at the agent's."

"Where was that?" he asked eagerly.

"Eden-quay," she replied, "but I forget the number."

The agent told him that unless some delay occurred, he would have no chance of catching the "Ohio" in Liverpool, as she was to have sailed that same day. But there *was* a chance, and next morning, in the gray dawn, Mat Donovan was hurrying along the docks of Liverpool, staring at the forest of masts, and looking round for some one who could tell him whether the "Ohio" had yet sailed for America.

"The 'Ohio'?" replied a sailor who was returning to his vessel, evidently after being up all night. "Yes, she sailed for New York at four o'clock last evening."

Bessy Morris was gone!

"But sure 'tis long ago she was gone from me," he thought, as he rested his elbows on a pile of timber, and gazed at a vessel in the offing. "When is it that she wasn't gone from me? An' for all that, I feel as if she was never out uv my sight till now, that she is gone for ever." He stood there like a man in a dream, he did not know how long, till the noise around him, as the lading and unlading of the vessels commenced, roused him, and turning from the busy scene he strolled listlessly into an unfrequented street, and wandered on, on, merely wishing to pass away the time, and to be alone, till one o'clock, when the steamer was to leave for Dublin.

"Lend me a hand, if you plaze," said a man, with a heavy trunk on his shoulder, in an accent which placed it beyond all doubt that the speaker was a Munsterman. The



trunk was laid upon the pavement, and the man dived into an arched doorway, pulling off his hat and making the sign of the cross. Mat looked up at the building, and saw that it was a Catholic church. He entered, and kneeling in front of the altar, offered up a short prayer. As he rose from his knees, his attention was attracted by a young girl coming out of one of the confessionals. She knelt, or rather flung herself, down upon the stone floor, and with hands clasped almost convulsively, raised her streaming eyes to the picture of the Crucifixion, over the altar. Her pale face told a tale of suffering, and misery, and sore temptation, which there was no mistaking.

"My God!" thought Mat Donovan, "maybe that's the way Bessy will be, afther landin' in a sthrange counthry, wudout a friend, an' maybe sick an' penniless. Oh, if I could on'y do somethin' for her; if I could know that she was well an' happy, I'd be satisfied." Acting on the impulse of the moment, he walked towards the priest, who, after looking up and down the church, and seeing no other penitent requiring his ministry, was on his way to the sacristy. On seeing Mat approaching, he went back to the confessional.

"'T is to ax your advice I want, sir," said Mat. "Bein' an Irishman an' a sthranger in this place, I'd like to get your advice about somethin' that's throublin' my mind very much." And he told his story from beginning to end; and how "she was always in his mind," and how he never thought of any one else as he used to think of her—though he never expected she'd be anything to him more than a friend—they being neighbors and neighbors' children. And now what ought he do? He wouldn't mind crossing over to America for her sake no more than he'd mind crossing the street. And did his reverence think he ought to go?

"I don't like to give an opinion in such a case," replied the priest. "You should not forget your mother and your sister, and it may be the young woman would not respond to your feelings, and might not require your assistance. But on the other hand she may, and probably will have to encounter severe trials, alone and friendless among strangers, and you might be the means of saving her."

"That's id," Mat interrupted, fairly sobbing aloud, as

he glanced at the poor girl on her knees. "'T would break my heart."

"In the name of God, then," continued the priest, "do as your heart prompts you. You seem to be a sensible man, not likely to act rashly or from a light motive. And at the worst it will be a consolation to you to think that you did your best for her. And it might be a source of much pain to you, if any misfortune happened to the young woman, to think that you might have saved her and neglected to do so."

"Thank you, sir," replied Mat. "Your advice is good."

He left the church a happier man than he had been for many a day before. On passing a small print-shop within a few doors of the church the well-known portrait of Daniel O'Connell, "the man of the people," caught his eye, and Mat stopped short, feeling as if he had met an old friend. And while looking into the "Liberator's" face with a smile almost as full of humor and pathos as his own, the writing materials displayed for sale in the window reminded him of the necessity of communicating his intention of going to America to his mother.

"Miss Grace is the best," said he, after pondering over the matter for some time. "I'll tell her as well as I can, an' lave id to herse'f to tell my mother, and there's no danger but she'll manage id all right." So he wrote to Grace that he would start by the first ship leaving Liverpool for the United States—which the man in the print-shop informed him was the "Erin" for Boston—in pursuit of Bessy Morris.

Mat Donovan counted the hours as the good ship sped upon her way across the great ocean. Never before did he think the days and the nights so long—not even when he lay a prisoner in the jail of Clonmel. The vessel was crowded with Irish emigrants, and many an "o'er-true tale" of suffering and wrong did he listen to during the voyage. But as they neared the free shores of America every face brightened, and the outcasts felt as if they had seen the end of their trials and sorrows. Alas! too many of them had the worst of their trials and sorrows yet before them. But it was only now Mat Donovan began to see how difficult, how almost hopeless, was the enterprise he had embarked in. He had no clue whatever by which he could

hope to trace Bessy Morris. And his heart died within him at the thought that he might spend a lifetime wandering through the cities of the great Republic, sailing up and down its mighty rivers, or traveling over its wild and lonely prairies, without finding her.

"Where am I to go or what am I to do?" he said to himself as he stood alone in one of the principal streets of Boston. Suddenly he remembered Tommy Lahy, and it was like a ray of hope to think that he had at least a friend at hand to consult with. He had no difficulty in finding the extensive concern in which Tommy was now junior partner. But when in answer to his inquiries he was told Mr. Lahy had sailed for Europe only two weeks before, Mat felt more disheartened than ever.

"Can I see his uncle?" he asked, recovering from his disappointment.

"Yes, come this way," replied the clerk.

The merchant received him civilly, and when Mat told him he was from Knocknagow, and asked, as Mr. Lahy was gone to Europe, could he see his father and mother, they being old friends and neighbors, the merchant replied of course he could, and very glad, he was sure, they would be to see him. "As for Mrs. Lahy—who, I suppose you know, is my sister—we can't make her feel at home in this country at all," he continued. "But she is more contented since Tom has got a house in the country, where she can keep a cow and fowl, and grow potatoes and cabbages. It is only about a mile outside the city, and you will have no trouble in finding it."

Following the directions given him by the merchant, Mat soon found himself at the door of a handsome house in the suburbs. He knocked, and the door was opened by a smart-looking young woman, who looked inquiringly into his face. . . .

They all looked at him in surprise; and, after some hesitation, he told them the object of his voyage, adding that he feared he'd have his journey for nothing.

Judy Connell mentioned some twenty or thirty different places to which, for one reason or another, Bessy Morris would be likely to go. But, after reflecting for a minute or two, Phil Lahy said:

"Lave it all to me, Mat, an' I'll manage it. Don't think

of a wild-geese chase all over the States. It would be madness. Stop here for a few days with us and rest yourself. An' I'll get a few lines in the papers that'll be sure to come under her notice wherever she is. I needn't give her name in full if you like. But a few lines under the head of 'Information Wanted' will be sure to make all right. So make your mind aisy, an' let us have a walk while supper is gettin' ready, an' we'll drop in to the editor, who is a particular friend of mine."

"That's a good advice, Mat," Honor observed, eagerly. "You'd be only losin' your time an' your money for nothin' if you went huntin' about the counthry. An' 't will do us all good to have a long talk about ould times. So make up your mind and stay for a week or two wud us, an' you may depend on Phil that he'll find Bessy even if he was to go to the bishop himse'f."

It was so agreed; and Judy Connell and her mistress—if we may use the word—set about the supper, and so astonished Mat Donovan by the display he found spread out before him on his return from the city, that he was afterwards heard to declare that he "didn't know what he was aitin'."

About ten days after, Mat Donovan found himself in the sitting-room of a private house on the shore of one of the great lakes "out West." He had inquired for Bessy Morris, and was shown into this room.

"This is a grand house," said he to himself. "I never see such a lot of big lookin'-glasses. I wondher is id in service she is? I thought she'd be more likely to go on as she was in Dublin. But sure she might be employed that way here too, I suppose."

The door opened, and Bessy Morris stood before him! She looked surprised, quite startled, indeed, on seeing him. Then her eyes sparkled, and the blood mounted up to her forehead; and, with the old winning smile, she advanced and gave him her hand.

"My goodness, Mat!" said she, "what a surprise it is to see you so soon. When did you come to America?"

"I on'y landed in Boston the week before last," he replied.

"Well, will wonders never cease?" returned Bessy.

A pretty little girl here came into the room, and Bessy



desired her go and shake hands with an old friend of hers from Ireland. And as she glanced up into his face, Mat said to himself that she was the "dead image" of the little girl to whom he used to toss the cherries over the hedge, once upon a time.

"I will be back to dinner at the usual hour," said a gentleman, who advanced a step or two into the room. "I'm in a hurry, as I ought to be at the store before now."

"This is Mat Donovan," said Bessy.

"I'm glad to see you," returned the gentleman, shaking hands with him. "You have done well to come out west. Irish emigrants make a mistake by remaining in the towns and cities, when they ought to try at once and fix themselves in permanent homes in the country. Of course you will keep him for dinner, Bessy. We'll have a long talk, and I'll be glad to give you all the assistance I can. Good-bye for the present."

He hurried away, and Mat looked inquiringly at Bessy.

"Don't you know he is my father?" she asked. "He was unsuccessful for a long time after coming to America. Then he was told that I had died when a mere child, and he put off writing to his father from year to year, till he thought the old man must be dead too; and having married again, he never wrote to Ireland till, reading the account of the loss of the vessel in which my aunt's son was a sailor, he learned her address from a letter found upon my cousin's body when it was washed ashore. And this prompted him to write to my aunt. The letter only arrived the day before her death; and in my impatience to meet my long-lost father, I lost no time in coming to him. He is very well off, quite rich indeed, and I have every reason to be satisfied with his reception of me. The little girl is his youngest child."

"God knows, I'm glad uv id!" exclaimed Mat Donovan drawing a long breath. "I was afeared you might be wudout a friend, an' maybe in bad health; for you didn't look sthrong at all that day I called to see you."

"I suffered a good deal while my aunt was sick," replied Bessy. "No one knows all I have gone through since poor grandfather's death. But, thank God, it is over. And so far as my father is concerned, my most sanguine hopes have been more then realized. I am the mistress of his

house, and he says he must make up in the future for his neglect in the past. I am very glad to think that he can be of service to you, Mat, if you settle down in this part of the country."

"I'm not goin' to stay," returned Mat. "'T wouldn't do to lave my poor mother. An', as Phil Lahy says, no man ought to lave Ireland but the man that can't help it."

She looked at him in unfeigned astonishment; and Mat became quite confused, and regretted that he had said so much.

"You did not come to America with the intention of remaining?" she asked.

"No, I never had any notion of stayin' in America," he answered absently. "God be wud you," he added rising, and holding out his hand.

She placed both her hands in his, and continuing to look earnestly into his face, said:

"But you will come back and see my father again?"

"Well, maybe I would," he replied with a sorrowful smile, as he clasped her hands tenderly between his. "An' whenever you think uv ould times, an' the ould neighbors, I hope you'll remember that Mat Donovan uv Knocknagow was your friend, ever an' always, Bessy. Ay," he added, gulping down his emotion, "a friend that'd shed the last drop uv his blood for you."

He rushed out of the house, leaving Bessy standing in the middle of the room, as if she were spell-bound.

"Call him back, Fanny," she said hurriedly to her little sister. "Tell him I want to speak one word to him."

The child overtook Mat Donovan before he had gone many yards from the house, and brought him back.

"Mat," said Bessy Morris, speaking calmly and thoughtfully, "was it you got the advertisement in the paper? I thought it might be a girl I knew in Dublin, who came out last summer."

"Well, id was," he answered.

"And you came to America for nothing else but to find me?"

"I thought you might want a friend," he stammered.

"And you are going back again?" she continued, coming close to him, and laying her hand on his arm, just as she

laid the same hand on the sleeve of the blue body-coat in Ned Brophy's barn.

"What else would I do?" he answered, sadly.

"And have you nothing else to say to me?" she asked, dropping her eyes.

"O Bessy, don't talk to me that way," returned Mat, reproachfully. "Where would be the use of sayin' more?"

She moved closer to him, and leant her head against his broad chest, which heaved almost convulsively as she did so.

"Mat," she murmured, "I will go with you."

"Go wud me!" he repeated, with a start.

"And be your wife," she added, in a whisper that thrilled through his whole frame, making him feel faint and dizzy.

"Do you know what you're sayin'?" he asked, recovering himself.

"I do, well," Bessy replied.

"Look around you," he continued. "An' then think uv the poor thatched cabin on the hill uv Knocknagow."

"I *have* thought of it," she replied. "I have often thought of that poor cabin, as you call it, and felt that if ever it was my lot to know happiness in this world, it is in that poor cabin I would find it."

Both his arms were around her now, and he held her to his breast.

"God bless Miss Grace," said he; "'t was she advised me to tell you all."

"What did she say?" Bessy asked.

"She said that you couldn't be indifferent to such love as mine," Mat answered, with his old smile.

"And she was right," returned Bessy.

"But are you sure, Bessy, this is no sudden notion that you might be sorry for?" he asked anxiously.

"As sure as that I am alive," she answered.

"Oh, you must let me go out to have a walk in the open air," Mat exclaimed. "My heart is too full; I'm smotherin'." He hurried out to wander by the shore of the lake, and think over his great happiness, and thank God for it.

"And so, Bessy," exclaimed her little sister, who had been a wondering spectator of the foregoing scene, "you're going to marry a greenhorn. Though Colonel Shiel ad-

mires you so much, and wants you to go to the hop with him."

"Yes, I am going to marry a greenhorn," returned Bessy, catching the child up in her arms and kissing her. "And who knows but you will come to see me to dear old Ireland yet; and find me in a pretty thatched cottage, with a fine old cherry-tree in the garden, and lots of beehives; and such a dear, kind old mother to take care of them."

"Yes, that will be nice. I shall go to Ireland to see you," returned the child, placing a hand on each of Bessy's cheeks and looking into her eyes. "I shall like the thatched cottage and the beehives very much."

"And you will like the greenhorn, too, I am sure."

"Yes, I think so. But it was so foolish for such a big fellow to be crying like a child."

"Was he crying, Fanny?"

"Indeed yes. When I overtook him at the end of the block he was crying. I'm sure he felt real bad. And now you are crying, too," added the child.

"It is because I am so happy, Fanny," Bessy replied. "I am so happy that I will go now and kneel down and pray to God to make me worthy of the love of that big, foolish greenhorn."

"I guess you Irish must be always praying."

"It is good to pray, Fanny."

"Yes, of course, once in a while. But have you got two cents? Thank you. I'll go right away to the candy-store; and if I meet the greenhorn I'll give him some, and tell him to be a good boy and stop crying, and sister Bessy will marry him."

"Well, there he is under the trees," returned Bessy, laughing. "And remind him that twelve o'clock is our dinner hour."

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## THE THRUSH AND THE BLACKBIRD.

From 'Sally Cavanagh.'

A stranger meeting Sally Cavanagh as she tripped along the mountain road would consider her a contented and happy young matron, and might be inclined to set her down



as a proud one; for Sally Cavanagh held her head rather high, and occasionally elevated it still higher with a toss which had something decidedly haughty about it. She turned up a short boreen for the purpose of calling upon the gruff blacksmith's wife, who had been very useful to her for some time before. The smith's habits were so irregular that his wife was often obliged to visit the pawn office in the next town, and poor Sally Cavanagh availed herself of Nancy Ryan's experience in pledging almost everything pledgeable she possessed. The new cloak, of which even a rich farmer's wife might feel proud, was the last thing left. It was a present from Connor, and was only worn on rare occasions, and to part with it was a sore trial.

Loud screams and cries for help made Sally Cavanagh start. She stopped for a moment, and then ran forward and rushed breathless into the smith's house. The first sight that met her eyes was our friend Shawn Gow choking his wife. A heavy three-legged stool came down with such force upon the part of Shawn Gow's person which happened to be most elevated as he bent over the prostrate woman, that, uttering an exclamation between a grunt and a growl, he bounded into the air, and striking his shins against a chair, tumbled head over heels into the corner.

When Shawn found that he was more frightened than hurt, and saw Sally with the three-legged stool in her hand, a sense of the ludicrous overcame him, and turning his face to the wall, he relieved his feelings by giving way to a fit of laughter. It was of the silent, inward sort, however, and neither his wife nor Sally Cavanagh had any notion of the pleasant mood he was in. The bright idea of pretending to be "kilt" occurred to the overthrown son of Vulcan, and with a fearful groan he stretched out his huge limbs and remained motionless on the broad of his back. Sally's sympathy for the ill-used woman prevented her from giving a thought to her husband. Great was her astonishment then when Nancy flew at her like a wild cat. "You kilt my husband," she screamed. Sally retreated backwards, defending herself as best she could with the stool. "For God's sake, Nancy, be quiet. Wouldn't he have destroyed you on'y for me?" But Nancy followed up

the attack like a fury. "There's nothing the matter with him," Sally cried out, on finding herself literally driven to the wall. "What harm could a little touch of a stool on the back do the big brute?"

Nancy's feelings appeared to rush suddenly into another channel, for she turned round quickly, and kneeling down by her husband, lifted up his head. "Och! Shawn, *avourneen machree*," she exclaimed, "won't you spake to me?" Shawn condescended to open his eyes. "Sally," she continued, "he's comin' to—glory be to God! Hurry over and hould up his head while I'm runnin' for somethin' to rewive him. Or stay, bring me the boulder."

The bolster was brought, and Nancy placed it under the patient's head; then snatching her shawl from the peg where it hung, she disappeared. She was back again in five minutes, without the shawl, but with a half pint of whisky in a bottle.

"Take a taste av this, Shawn, an' 't will warm your heart."

Shawn Gow sat up and took the bottle in his hand.

"Nancy," says he, "I believe afther all you're fond o' me."

"Wisha, Shawn, achora, what else'd I be but fond av you?"

"I thought, Nancy, you couldn't care for a divil that thrated you so bad."

"Och, Shawn, Shawn, don't talk that way to me. Sure I thought my heart was broke when I see you sthretched there 'idout a stir in you."

"An' you left your shawl in pledge agin to get this for me?"

"To be sure I did; an' a good right I had; an' sorry I'd be to see you in want of a dhrop of nourishment."

"I was a baste, Nancy. But if I was, this is what made a baste av me."

And Shawn Gow fixed his eyes upon the bottle with a look in which hatred and fascination were strangely blended. He turned quickly to his wife.

"Will you give in it was a blackbird?" he asked.

"A blackbird," she repeated, irresolutely.

"Yes, a blackbird. Will you give in it was a blackbird?"

Shawn Gow was evidently relapsing into his savage mood.

"Well," said his wife, after some hesitation, "'t was a blackbird. Will that please you?"

"An' you'll never say 't was a thrish agin?"

"Never. An' sure on'y for the speckles on the breast, I'd never say 't was a thrish; but sure you ought to know better than me—an'an—'t was a blackbird," she exclaimed, with a desperate effort.

Shawn Gow swung the bottle round his head and flung it with all his strength against the hob. The whole fireplace was for a moment one blaze of light.

"The Divil was in it," says the smith, smiling grimly; "an' there he's off in a flash of fire. I'm done wid him, any way."

"Well, I wish you a happy Christmas, Nancy," said Sally.

"I wish you the same, Sally, an' a great many av 'em. I suppose you're goin' to first Mass? Shawn and me'll wait for second."

Sally took her leave of this remarkable couple, and proceeded on her way to the village. She met Tim Croak and his wife, Betty, who were also going to Mass. After the usual interchange of greetings, Betty surveyed Sally from head to foot with a look of delighted wonder.

"Look at her, Tim," she exclaimed, "an' isn't she as young an' as hearty as ever? Bad 'cess to me but you're the same Sally that danced wid the master at my weddin', next Thursday fortnight'll be eleven years."

"Begob, you're a great woman," says Tim.

Sally Cavanagh changed the subject by describing the scene she had witnessed at the blacksmith's.

"But, Tim," said she, after finishing the story, "how did the dispute about the blackbird come first? I heard something about it, but I forget it."

"I'll tell you that, then," said Tim. "Begob, ay," he exclaimed abruptly, after thinking for a moment; "'t was this day seven years for all the world—the year o' the hard frost. Shawn Gow set a crib in his haggart the evenin' afore, and when he went out in the mornin' he had a hen blackbird. He put the *goulogue*<sup>1</sup> on her nick, and

<sup>1</sup> *Goulogue*, a forked stick.

tuck her in his hand; an' wud one *smulluck*<sup>1</sup> av his finger knocked the life out av her; he walked in an' threw the blackbird on the table.

" 'Oh, Shawn,' siz Nancy, 'you 're afther ketchin' a fine thrish.' Nancy tuck the bird in her hand an' began rubbin' the feathers on her breast. 'A fine thrish,' siz Nancy.

" ' 'T isn't a thrish, but a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

" 'Wisha, in throth, Shawn,' siz Nancy, ' 't is a thrish; do you want to take the sight o' my eyes from me? '

" 'I tell you 't is a blackbird,' siz he.

" 'Indeed, then, it isn't, but a thrish,' siz she.

" Anyway one word borrowed another, an' the end av it was, Shawn flailed at her an' gev her the father av a batin'.

" The Christmas Day afther, Nancy opened the door an' looked out.

" God be wud this day twelve months,' siz she; 'do you remimber the fine thrish you caught in the crib? '

" ' 'T was a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

" 'Wisht, now Shawn, 't was a thrish,' siz Nancy.

" 'I tell you again 't was a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

" 'Och,' siz Nancy, beginnen to laugh, 'that was the quare blackbird.'

" Wud that, one word borrowed another, an' Shawn stood up an' gev her the father av a batin'.

" The third Christmas Day kem, an' they wor in the best o' good humor afther the tay, an' Shawn puttin' on his ridin'-coat to go to Mass.

" 'Well, Shawn,' siz Nancy, 'I'm thinkin' av what an unhappy Christmas mornin' we had this day twelve months, all on account of the thrish you caught in the crib, bad 'cess to her.'

" ' 'T was a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

" 'Wisha, good luck to you, an' don't be talkin' foolish,' siz Nancy; 'an' you 're betther not get into a passion agin, account av an ould thrish. My heavy curse on the same thrish,' siz Nancy.

" 'I tell you 't was a blackbird,' siz Shawn.

" 'An' I tell you 't was a thrish,' siz Nancy.

" Wud that, Shawn took a *bunnaun*<sup>2</sup> he had seasonin' in the chimley, and whaled at Nancy, an' gev her the father

<sup>1</sup> *Smulluck*, fillip.      <sup>2</sup> *Bunnaun*, cudgel.



av a batin'. An' every Christmas morning from that day to this 't was the same story, for as sure as the sun Nancy 'd draw down the thrish. But do you tell me, Sally, she's affther givin' in it was a blackbird?"

"She is," replied Sally.

"Begob," said Tim Croak, after a minute's serious reflection, "it ought to be put in the papers. I never h'ard afore av a wrong notion bein' got out av a woman's head. But Shawn Gow is no joke to dale wud, and it took him seven years to do id."

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### RORY OF THE HILL.

"That rake up near the rafters,  
Why leave it there so long?  
The handle, of the best ash,  
Is smooth and straight and strong;  
And, mother, will you tell me,  
Why did my father frown  
When to make the hay, in summer-time  
I climbed to take it down?"  
She looked into her husband's eyes,  
While her own with light did fill,  
"You'll shortly know the reason, boy!"  
Said Rory of the Hill.

The midnight moon is lightning up  
The slopes of Sliav-na-man,—  
Whose foot affrights the startled hares  
So long before the dawn?  
He stopped just where the Anner's stream  
Winds up the woods anear,  
Then whistled low and looked around  
To see the coast was clear.  
The sheeling door flew open—  
In he stepped with right good-will—  
"God save all here and bless your work,"  
Said Rory of the Hill.

Right hearty was the welcome  
That greeted him, I ween,  
For years gone by he fully proved  
How well he loved the Green;

And there was one amongst them  
Who grasped him by the hand—  
One who through all that weary time  
Roamed on a foreign strand;  
He brought them news from gallant friends  
That made their heart-strings thrill—  
“*My sowl!* I never doubted them!”  
Said Rory of the Hill.

They sat around the humble board  
Till dawning of the day,  
And yet not song nor shout I heard—  
No revellers were they:  
Some brows flushed red with gladness,  
While some were grimly pale;  
But pale or red, from out those eyes  
Flashed souls that never quail!  
“And sing us now about the vow,  
They swore for to fulfill—”  
“You’ll read it yet in history,”  
Said Rory of the Hill.

Next day the ashen handle  
He took down from where it hung,  
The toothed rake, full scornfully,  
Into the fire he flung;  
And in its stead a shining blade  
Is gleaming once again—  
(Oh! for a hundred thousand of  
Such weapons and such men!)  
Right soldierly he wielded it,  
And—going through his drill—  
“Attention”—“charge”—“front, point”—“advance”  
Cried Rory of the Hill.

She looked at him with woman’s pride,  
With pride and woman’s fears;  
She flew to him, she clung to him,  
And dried away her tears;  
He feels her pulse beat truly,  
While her arms around him twine—  
“Now God be praised for your stout heart,  
Brave little wife of mine.”  
He swung his first-born in the air,  
While joy his heart did fill—  
“You’ll be a FREEMAN yet, my boy,”  
Said Rory of the Hill.

Oh! knowledge is a wondrous power,  
And stronger than the wind;  
And thrones shall fall, and despots bow,  
Before the might of mind;  
The poet and the orator  
The heart of man can sway,  
And would to the kind heavens  
That Wolfe Tone were here to-day!  
Yet trust me, friends, dear Ireland's strength—  
Her truest strength—is still  
The rough-and-ready roving boys,  
Like Rory of the Hill.

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## PATRICK SHEEHAN.

My name is Patrick Sheehan,  
My years are thirty-four;  
Tipperary is my native place,  
Not far from Galtymore:  
I came of honest parents,  
But now they're lying low;  
And many a pleasant day I spent  
In the Glen of Aherlow.

My father died; I closed his eyes  
*Outside* our cabin door;  
The landlord and the sheriff too  
Were there the day before!  
And then my loving mother,  
And sisters three also,  
Were forced to go with broken hearts  
From the Glen of Aherlow.

For three long months, in search of work,  
I wandered far and near;  
I went then to the poor-house,  
For to see my mother dear;  
The news I heard nigh broke my heart;  
But still, in all my woe,  
I bless the friends who made their graves  
In the Glen of Aherlow.

Bereft of home and kith and kin,  
With plenty all around,  
I starved within my cabin,  
And slept upon the ground;

But cruel as my lot was,  
I ne'er did hardship know  
'Till I joined the English army,  
Far away from Aherlow.

"Rouse up there," says the corporal,  
"You lazy Hirish hound;  
Why don't you hear, you sleepy dog,  
The call 'to arms' sound?"  
Alas, I had been dreaming  
Of days long, long ago;  
I woke before Sebastopol,  
And not in Aherlow.

I groped to find my musket—  
How dark I thought the night!  
O blessèd God, it was not dark,  
It was broad daylight!  
And when I found that I was *blind*,  
My tears began to flow;  
I longed for even a pauper's grave  
In the Glen of Aherlow.

O blessèd Virgin Mary,  
Mine is a mournful tale;  
A poor blind prisoner here I am,  
In Dublin's dreary jail;  
Struck blind within the trenches,  
Where I never feared the foe;  
And now I'll never see again  
My own sweet Aherlow!



## RICHARD ASHE KING.

RICHARD ASHE KING, son of the late Dr. King, headmaster of Ennis College, was educated at his father's school and at Trinity College, Dublin. He entered the Church, and became vicar of Low Moor, Bradford. About 1878 he retired from active work in the Church, and turned his attention to literary matters. His first novel, 'Love, the Debt,' was published in *The Cornhill Magazine* under the editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen. That was a story of English life; but his next, 'The Wearing of the Green,' which appeared serially in *Belgravia* before being published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, sufficiently showed his national leanings. These were followed by 'A Drawn Game,' 'A Coquette's Conquest,' 'A Geraldine,' and many others. His 'Life of Swift' is a wonderfully fresh and picturesque piece of biography. Mr. King is also much appreciated as a lecturer on various subjects.

## POLITICS AT DINNER.

From 'The Wearing of the Green.'

In general the nobility, citizens, and country people of Portugal are rude blockheads, incapable of good manners, and ignorant. And this in spite of their pretension to be the wisest; like the English, who admire no other people so much as their own. The Portuguese, except the nobility, are much more loyal to each other and to their king than are the English; they are not so cruel and brutal as the latter; they are more moderate in eating and drinking, but more ugly in face.—*Travels of Nicolas de Popielovo* (1484).

The way in which his host put himself out to entertain him excited in Mr. Summers another feeling beside that of gratitude—a mixed feeling, which we cannot express precisely in one word. The hospitality was not English; no English host would put himself out as much for his dearest friend as Miles Wyndham had for a casual stranger. Yet the English were the most hospitable people in the world. Therefore, there must have been something beside a mere impulse of hospitality to account for Miles Wyndham's generous reception of him. This something Mr. Summers was at no loss to discover, though he might have been at a loss to define it. It was certainly not that his host thought him a good match for his daughter, since the father plainly regarded his daughter as the merest child. Putting aside this motive altogether, and that of hospitality in part, there remained the eagerness to win the good

opinion of one of a higher civilization and race which Englishmen met with in every quarter of the world, in France even, even in Germany; and, *à fortiori*, in Ireland. Now, deference of this kind often defeats itself—provokes the contempt it was designed to disarm. And, perhaps, it had in some measure this effect upon Mr. Summers.

Not even his love for Norah could blind him to the fact that his host's ideas and ideals, mode of life and thought, were not English. His very eagerness to please and oblige were un-English. At least, no English *gentleman* could be so civil. No doubt there were Englishmen whose respect for themselves was not high enough to prevent their showing an excess of respect for others; but they were not gentlemen. Now, Miles Wyndham was beyond all question a gentleman; but—not an *English* gentleman. This Mr. Summers had to admit in spite of—or rather because of—his host's devotion of himself to his service. In fact, as we have already said, this very bribe, offered to avert Mr. Summers's adverse decision, really provoked it.

But if Mr. Summers was compelled to feel something akin to contempt for his host's excess of civility, it was a very kindly contempt. Miles Wyndham was a good fellow, if ever there was one, and Norah's father to boot; and, therefore, Mr. Summers might well condone a cordiality which, though un-English and undignified, was very engaging.

Now his guest might have stayed a year in his house before it could have occurred to Miles that his hospitality was construed in this manner. He really was not laying himself out to win the approval of the representative of a supreme race and civilization; for he would have shown the same hospitality to a belated and benighted Frenchman or German, or even Irishman. He couldn't help being hospitable; nor, if he showed in his hospitality an undignified and un-English disregard of himself, could he help that either. But his hospitality—though it fell far below the ideal standard with which Mr. Summers compared it—was at least disinterested. It was not aimed to propitiate English approval.

But if Miles didn't understand Mr. Summers's point of view, Father Mac did. He had been educated abroad, had lived for a few years in England, and had had also

gether a very wide and varied experience of men and manners. Of his experience he had made the most. Shrewd by nature, and by fortune forced to be a mere looker-on at the game of life, he saw things with the proverbial clearness of mere on-lookers. Notwithstanding, however, these advantages of nature, experience, and position, Father Mac, from national prejudice, perhaps, though he understood, did not altogether accept, Mr. Summers's ideas. He did not think that in the Darwinian race, from the starting-post of the brutes to the goal of the angels, the English were the first and the Irish the last, of all civilized races. He had known both races in the rough—the English agricultural laborer and the Irish—and on the whole he considered that the English peasant, notwithstanding centuries of fair and fostering treatment, was more akin to the brute than the Irish peasant after centuries of such ferocious ill-usage as no other nation had ever suffered from a civilized conqueror.

The English agricultural laborer in Father Mac's experience was almost without a spark of intelligence, religion, morality, or imagination; dull, sullen, selfish, sensual; accurately represented by the Caliban which *Punch*, with a curious infelicity, considers the most appropriate personification of the Irish peasantry. For the Irish peasantry, in Father Mac's experience, was the very reverse of brutal either in intelligence, morality, imagination, or appetite; was, in truth, less like what Caliban was than what Ariel would become after some centuries of subjection to Caliban. Irish savagery, horrible as it was—and no one held it in deeper horror than Father Mac—seemed to him less like the savagery of a wild beast broke loose, than the savagery induced in a generous dog by "dark keeping," by log and chain, and by cruel and continued ill-usage.

On the other hand, Father Mac admitted that though the raw material of the Irish race might be finer than that of the English, the latter, with the advantage of centuries of manufacture, had been brought to resemble a silk purse as nearly as the staple would allow. . . .

We wish merely to convey an idea of Father Mac's eccentricity to our readers. Eccentric characters grow so rare that novelists have now to look for them in such out-

of-the-way corners as this in which we find the worthy priest. Besides, a truth which has become a truism needs to be questioned absurdly now and then for us to realize it. A good many people were helped to realize that the earth was round, when some one years since backed by a bet of £500 (\$2,500) his opinion that it was flat.

Moreover, this statement of Father Mac's preposterous opinions is pertinent to Miles's dinner-party, where, of course, the Irish question came up. Why, then, not let him express them himself at Miles's table? Because he wouldn't express them there. It is recorded of Addison that, when he found a man so prejudiced as to be impenetrable by argument, he turned round and confirmed his prejudice by affecting to be converted thereto. Father Mac wouldn't go quite to this disingenuous extent with a hopelessly prejudiced disputant; but he would draw him out with a dry irony, and, if possible, after the Socratic method, allow him to expose himself.

Mr. Summers was so haunted by the scene in the ruined castle that he could speak during dinner only of Irish outrages, forgetting altogether that the topic was not appetizing to Norah. To Maurice, in his present mood, it was like a red rag flourished in the face of a bull. No one, as we have said, loathed these outrages more intensely than he; but, of course, when Mr. Summers denounced them as diabolical, Maurice must needs defend them.

"I don't know that they're more diabolical than English trade union outrages, Sheffield outrages, for instance; rather less diabolical, I should say, as there is more provocation."

"More provocation! To murder an utter stranger because he takes an unoccupied farm!"

"What was the provocation to the Broadhead murders? That a starving stranger took work which no one else would take."

"Two blacks don't make a white, my boy," interposed Miles, uneasy more at the manner than the matter of Maurice's retort.

"When the two blacks are a pot and a kettle, the less said about the blacks at all, the better," growled Maurice.

"I believe the Sheffield version of the proverb is, 'La



pelle se moque du fourgon,"<sup>1</sup> as there they both made pokers and teach the English use of them—for domestic discipline," said Father Mac, who, also very uneasy at the aggressive tone of Maurice, sought to draw the English fire upon his imperturbable self.

"Of course there are ruffians in every country; but in every country except Ireland they are considered ruffians, not heroes," said Mr. Summers, his mind being too full of the dastardly attack upon Norah to be turned easily aside from this subject.

"Trade union assassins are considered heroes by their trades in every country; and in Ireland you have left us only one trade—the land. An evicted tenant has nothing else to turn to; and if an Irish trade union is more savage than an English, it is because it's more desperate; that's all. It isn't a question with them of a shilling a week more or less, but of life and death; and the struggle, beside, is embittered by differences of race and religion and by a slave-driving oppression of which English trades unions know nothing."

The sudden moderation in Maurice's manner was due to his quick perception of the uneasiness of his host and of its cause. He was eager enough for a quarrel with Mr. Summers for other than political reasons; but his sense of what was due to his host, Norah, and Father Mac was stronger even than the strength of his personal and patriotic prejudices against his successful English rival.

"It's the race difference you speak of that's at the root of the whole matter," said Mr. Summers with the positiveness of absolute conviction. "The Irish have always been as lawless and turbulent as the English have been law-abiding."

"The English abide by the laws they have made for themselves, and so do the Irish. The outrages you denounce are sentences of Irish courts carried out and connived at by people who, at the risk of their lives, obey the laws they have made for themselves. The sentences are terrible, but as the secret societies can't imprison or impose fines, they can award nothing short of death. What you call Irish lawlessness is really loyalty to Irish law."

<sup>1</sup> *La . . . fourgon*, the shovel jeers at the poker, *i.e.* the pot calls the kettle black.

Mr. Summers for a moment was dumb with amazement at the perversity of this view. At last he said:

"Highwaymen are law-abiding in that sense, and this kind of honor is compulsory among thieves, because they couldn't hold together for a day without it. I think it's Sir Thomas Browne who says that hell itself couldn't hold together without mutual loyalty of this kind. But it seems to me to be turning things altogether topsy-turvy to compare this one-sided robbers' loyalty with the English respect for law, even when it makes against them."

"Would the English have been loyal to the Penal Laws, if they had been imposed upon them after a French conquest?"

"The Penal Laws are things of the past. English Catholics and Dissenters suffered once from Penal Laws; but no English Catholic or Dissenter to-day would think of resisting just laws, because unjust laws had been imposed upon his communion in the past."

"Of course not. You mistake my drift. I took the Penal Laws merely as an example of legislation imposed by one people upon another. If such laws were imposed upon English people would they be law-abiding? What I mean is, the English people are not so stupid as to worship mere law, *as law*, like a fetish. What they worship is self-imposed laws, of whose general justice centuries of experience have assured them. If the Irish had such laws and such experience they would be at least as law-abiding as the English. On the other hand, if England had been for centuries governed as Ireland has been, the English of to-day would be at least as lawless as you consider us."

"But you are under the same precise laws that we are ourselves!" exclaimed Mr. Summers, almost confounded by such perversity. It was not only that he knew laws good enough for Englishmen must be good enough, if not too good, for any one else; but also that he felt the surest way to assimilate any people to the English people was to clap them under the mold of the English system, of which they would at once take the shape, as the Chinese foot is made to fit the shoe. Nor was he absolutely singular in supposing that you have but to clothe an Ethiopian as a European to change the color of his skin. Not so long since there was a meeting at the Mansion House convoked

to consider the best means of making the 200,000,000 Indian subjects of the Queen loyal; at which it was decided unanimously that the translation of "God save the Queen" into all the Indian tongues would secure that object.

It was an analogous prescription to that of *Le Médecin malgré Lui* for the dumbness of his patient. Give her hempseed; for, as parrots eat hempseed and parrots talk, it stands to reason that if she eats hempseed she will talk also. Those who sing "God save the Queen" are loyal; therefore to make people loyal, you have but to teach them "God save the Queen."

But to return to Mr. Summers and Maurice. When Mr. Summers exclaimed in amazement, "But you are under the same precise laws that we are ourselves!" Maurice of course answered, "Coercion laws!"

"They are exceptional for an exceptional state of things, and, you must pardon me for saying, for an exceptional race. No race capable of committing such atrocities as, for instance, the massacre of the Joyce family, is fit for freedom."

"Then the English are the least fit for freedom of any people in the world," exclaimed Maurice hotly. "Whenever they can commit outrages with the same impunity that the Irish can, in Australia, for instance, or New Zealand, or on the high seas, no savages are so savage. Here's a newspaper I got yesterday in Limerick—the ablest and the fairest, I think, of all the English papers—*The Pall Mall Gazette*. And here, among its Occasional Notes, is an item of Australian News," handing Mr. Summers the paper, who, with an apology to Miles and Norah, read this paragraph to himself:

"A young police officer was out with his colored 'boys' a few years ago in one of the northern districts of the colony inhabited by the Myall tribe of 'blacks.' Some flour had been stolen, and, to vindicate the honor of the British flag, it behooved the policemen to make reprisals. The rest of the story is best given in the words of the Sydney journalist: 'They came upon a camp of Myalls; surprised, surrounded them, and forced them to be hospitable. They ate their kangaroo, drank their water, and made them corroborree.'

“ ‘After all was ended, that the blacks might not get away in the night and steal more sheep, the officer said to his “boys,” “Just you pull out your revolvers and shoot them.” The “boys” did not like it at first, but the officer was peremptory, and was obeyed. When the Myalls were killed there were three old women wailing, who did not seem worth keeping. “Kill them too,” said the officer, and they were killed. Three young gins (wives) were not killed; one of them was handcuffed about the ankles and tied to a sapling. The “boys” rode on in the morning, leaving the officer and the young gin thus secured. Presently a stranger came along (and it is he who tells the story) and the two ate and drank together. When it became time to move it was remembered that the young gin was tied up. “We must loose her first,” said the chief, and felt for the keys. He had no keys; the “boys” had taken them away. What was to be done? “I cannot lose my handcuffs,” he said; and, before there was time for remonstrance, he had drawn a pistol and shot the gin through the brain, and then hacked off her feet at the ankles, and so saved his irons.’ ”

“It’s very old news,” said Mr. Summers contemptuously, handing back the paper.

“Yes, it’s an old story; it’s the history of Ireland. The history of Ireland is but a sickening succession of such stories. And the history of Ireland is the history also of every weaker race on whose lands you have settled. There are no such atrocities as English atrocities, where they can be committed on a weaker race without the fear of punishment or reprisal.”

Mr. Summers quietly turned to address his neighbor, Father Mac, not in the least because he had no answer to such an onslaught, but because he considered a contemptuous silence the fittest rebuke to so ill-bred an outburst of folly and fury. And, indeed, Maurice’s temper began again to get the better of him on being told that the Irish were so exceptionally barbarous a race as to be unfit for freedom. Mr. Summers, in saying what was simply so true as to be a truism, had no offensive intention, and was, therefore, wholly unprepared for Maurice’s senseless and even insane charge of barbarity against the nation that led the world in every humane movement.



Therefore he turned in some disgust to address Father Mac, of whom he made inquiries, which were unintentionally and unconsciously condescending, about his parish, people, etc. He couldn't help a tone and manner of condescension even when he addressed a Frenchman, German, or American, still less when he addressed an Irishman, a Catholic, a priest. Father Mac's manner in response was the precise and polite complement of this condescension. With the most perfect gravity he replied to all these kind questions in the manner of a schoolboy undergoing a *vivâ voce* examination, who looks anxiously up at each answer for the master's approval. Plainly he passed with credit, for Mr. Summers said at length, "I shouldn't have known you to be an Irishman."

"Really?" replied the good father, with upraised eyebrows and a light in his eyes that looked to Mr. Summers like an expression of surprise and gratification.

"No, I shouldn't, indeed."

"Yes, I'm Irish," regretfully. "But if I'm not the rose, I've been near the rose, for I lived in England for some years. Perhaps I might have lived it down if I had stayed. But after all, you know, Mr. Summers, being an Irishman doesn't matter so much in Ireland for the same reason that Hamlet's madness wouldn't have mattered in England."

"Oh, I don't think it matters much what country a man belongs to," in a tone that suggested the addition "once he isn't English."

"After all it's your misfortune, not your fault, dear," said Father Mac, "so don't worry about it," addressing Norah as she rose to leave the room.

## WALTER BLAKE KIRWAN.

(1754—1805.)

WALTER BLAKE KIRWAN was born in the County Galway in the year 1754. He was destined for the priesthood and sent to the College of St. Omer until he was seventeen, when he went to the West Indies. But the climate proved pernicious to his delicate constitution, and he returned to Europe after a few years. He then entered the University of Louvain, and was appointed professor of natural and moral philosophy.

Having already received priest's orders, he was appointed chaplain to the Neapolitan embassy in London in 1778. On leaving the embassy he went over to visit his friends in Ireland, and while there, after living two years in retirement, became a member of the Church of England.

His first appearance in a Protestant pulpit was in June, 1787, at St. Peter's Church, Aungier Street, Dublin. Great numbers went to hear him, but, instead of "pulling down the altar at which he had sacrificed," as many expected he would do, he chose a subject utterly unconnected with controversy.

Kirwan is said to have been second only to Grattan among Irish speakers. He had a wide unoccupied field before him, and the manner in which he took possession of it was, it seems, highly effective. Adopting the arguments of the fervid enthusiastic school of Massillon, which he had studied deeply, and setting these before his audience in his own vivid language and gesture, he swayed the minds of his congregations with a power which has never been excelled. His popularity as a preacher became very high ; but few of his sermons remain. As a preacher of charity sermons, he was unrivaled, while the collections made after them were unequaled by anything before known. Those who had not money enough left rings and watches in pledge, and valuable diamonds were frequently found among the gold and silver. It is reported that in response to his charity sermons alone upward of sixty thousand pounds were bestowed.

In 1788 he received from the Archbishop of Dublin the prebend of Howth and the parish of St. Nicholas Without, together producing about £400 (\$2,000) a year. In 1800 Lord Cornwallis conferred on him the deanery of Killala, when he resigned the prebend he held. This last honor he did not long enjoy, for, exhausted by his labors, he died in 1805.

## THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

From a sermon on Proverbs xxxi. 30 : "A woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

If the sex, in their intercourse, are of the highest importance to the moral and religious state of society, they

are still more so in their domestic relations. What a public blessing, what an instrument of the most exalted good, is a virtuous Christian mother! It would require a far other pen than mine to trace the merits of such a character. How many, perhaps, who now hear me, feel that they owe to it all the virtue and piety that adorns them; or may recollect at this moment some saint in heaven that brought them into light, to labor for their happiness, temporal and eternal. No one can be ignorant of the irresistible influence which such a mother possesses in forming the hearts of her children, at a season when nature takes in lesson and example at every pore. Confined by duty and inclination within the walls of her own house, every hour of her life becomes an hour of instruction, every feature of her conduct a transplanted virtue.

Methinks I behold her encircled by her beloved charge, like a being more than human, to whom every mind is bent, and every eye directed; the eager simplicity of infancy inhaling from her lips the sacred truths of religion, in adapted phrase and familiar story—the whole rule of their moral and religious duties simplified for easier infusion. The countenance of this fond and anxious parent all beaming with delight and love, and her eye raised occasionally to heaven in fervent supplication for a blessing on her work. Oh what a glorious part does such a woman act on the great theatre of humanity; and how much is the mortal to be pitied who is not struck with the image of such excellence!

When I look to its consequences, direct and remote, I see the plant she has raised and cultivated spreading through the community with the richest increase of fruit; I see her diffusing happiness and virtue through a great portion of the human race; I can fancy generations yet unborn rising to prove and to hail her worth; and I adore that God who can destine a single human creature to be the stem of such extended and incalculable benefit to the world.

## THE BLESSING OF AFFLICTION.

From a sermon preached from the text, "Man is born unto trouble, as the sparks fly upward" (Job v. 7).

Wherever, therefore, I see affliction supported with heavenly patience, I see the blessed reproduction of our divine Master's example. Nor do I hesitate to say that, after God, there is nothing so sacred on earth as a just man rising superior to affliction. Though Job, in the season of his prosperity, was celebrated through his nation for justice and probity; though he was eminently, as we read, the father of the orphan and the indigent, it was not this that so much proved the greatness of his character, as the divinity of his patience in that horrible extremity where deception was impossible. It is not when the ocean is calm and the heavens serene that we pronounce on the ability of the pilot.

Behold the majestic oak, whose towering and pompous head is tormented by the storm; though the earth be strewn around with the wreck of its branches, the mighty trunk remains firm and unshaken amidst the fury of the elements. Such is the grand and immovable position of the Christian amidst the blasts of tribulation. Some degree of fortitude has in such cases been inspired by philosophy, but more than fortitude, more than submission—yes, peace and joy can belong only to the disciple of Jesus Christ.

This it was that confounded the Cæsars, abashed their bloody instruments, and gave to Christianity the empire of the world. Paul astonishing the proudest sages of Athens and of Rome by his sublime and sacred eloquence; Paul adored at Ephesus as a god; Paul healing the diseased and enlightening nations, did not think himself as worthy of his divine Master by all his labors and prodigies as by the chains he wore. Yet, my brethren, how few of us receive affliction as we ought! What sallies of impatience when it is anything like extreme! What efforts to extract the salutary dart from our bosoms! Where is the Christian sublime enough even to invoke it as the only real test of virtue, which too nearly resembles those precious plants that require to be pressed and bruised in order to extract their



perfume? Alas! my brethren, we do not even generously and gratefully recollect how peculiarly Heaven has favored us under the ills we know: that we possess various resources denied to thousands of our fellow-creatures; that in many extremities our abundance supplies multiplied aids and attentions; that in all, and perhaps the severest of all, when the tomb has devoured the person dearest to our hearts, our tears have a wider refuge in the sympathy of friends. In a word, that if we place, in a balance, on the one hand our afflictions, and on the other our consolations, we should find yet more to nurse our corruption than to promote our salvation.

Great God! did we rightly consider the condition of those beings who are born to the extreme of all calamity, who in the bed of disease, or amidst the horrors of intolerable poverty, scarce know one gleam of comfort; to whom the slenderest relief or casual accent of pity is sudden happiness and joy! It is then we should learn what to think of our own afflictions, which borrow their bitterness only from habits of too much felicity; it is then that our want of submission would be changed into ardent thanksgiving; and that, less occupied by the few trials that fall to our lot than by the affecting conviction of those we have been spared, we should rather tremble at the indulgence of Heaven than complain of its severity.

## JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.

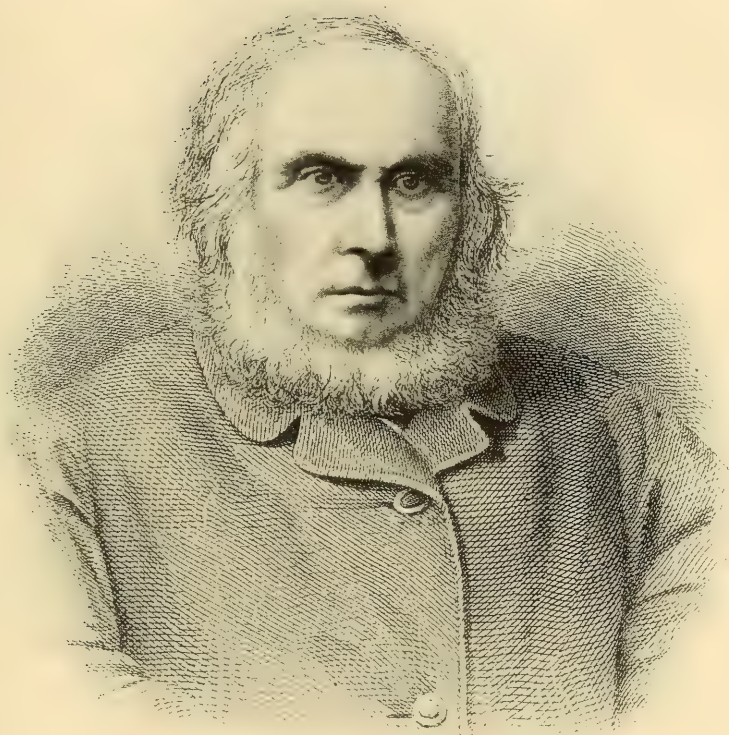
(1784—1862.)

JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES was born in Anne Street, Cork, May 12, 1784. He was a second cousin of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, and his father, James Knowles, a schoolmaster, was author of the 'New Expositor,' and edited 'Walker's Pronouncing Dictionary.' The family went to London in 1793, where Sheridan went to school. While there he wrote some successful plays which were acted by his schoolfellows, and at fourteen he published an opera entitled 'The Chevalier de Grillon'; 'The Welsh Harper,' a ballad; 'The Spanish Story,' a tragedy; and 'Hersila,' a drama. This precocious genius soon gained recognition from men of talent, and Coleridge, Lamb, and Hazlitt became his intimate friends. The latter he styled his "mental father," and the knowledge he gained of literary matters from this clever critic well justified the name.

In 1808 he visited Ireland, where he became an actor, playing in various cities with moderate success. About this time he published a volume of poems entitled 'Fugitive Pieces.' He also wrote a play called 'Leo, or the Gypsy,' in which Edmund Kean played the principal part with great success. And now he bade good-bye for a while to the stage, went to Belfast, where his father had a school, and became his assistant as a teacher of grammar and elocution.

He brought out a play at the Belfast Theater in 1815, under the title of 'Brian Boroihme'—a name well calculated to warm every Irish heart. It met with an enthusiastic reception. Encouraged by this, he soon after produced 'Caius Gracchus,' which also proved successful. Acting under encouraging suggestion from Edmund Kean, he set to work on a third drama, and the result was his great tragedy 'Virgilius.' This was first produced in Glasgow, where it ran for fifteen nights, and in 1820 it was performed at Covent Garden. The same subject has been dealt with by Lord Macaulay in his 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' and the reader will be interested in comparing the two versions of the sad story of Virgilius.

At thirty-six Knowles found all his most ambitious dreams realized. He worked on, however, and did not relax in the slightest his care in composition. His 'William Tell,' which appeared at Drury Lane in 1825, was a sample of this. In 1823 'Caius Gracchus,' first presented to the public in Belfast, appeared at the same theater. In both these dramas Macready took the principal parts. In 1828 appeared 'The Beggar's Daughter of Bethnal Green,' followed by 'Alfred the Great,' played at Drury Lane in 1831, and 'The Hunchback,' played at Covent Garden in 1832. In 1833 at the latter theater was produced 'The Wife, a Tale of Mantua,' and at the former 'The Daughter,' in 1836. In 'The Hunchback' and 'The Wife' Sheridan Knowles himself took the principal parts. About this



JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES





time he made a tour through the United Kingdom, visiting the principal theaters and everywhere adding to his laurels.

In 1836 he visited this country, where, acting in his own plays, he everywhere met with the most flattering welcome, especially from the Irish, who were proud of a countryman whose genius acted as a spell upon entranced thousands. The great excitement and fatigue consequent upon this journey told heavily upon his health, and on his return home he was forced to give up the stage.

His dramatic works, besides those already mentioned, were : 'The Love Chase,' 1837 ; 'Woman's Wit,' 1838 ; 'The Maid of Mariendorpt,' 1838 ; 'Love,' 1839 ; 'John of Procida,' 1840 ; 'Old Maids,' 1841 ; 'The Rose of Aragon,' 1842, and 'The Secretary,' 1843. In the last year a collected edition of his dramatic works was published, which appeared in revised form in two volumes in 1856. Mr. Knowles in his retirement produced two novels, 'Fortescue' and 'George Lovell,' which were published in 1847. From 1847 to 1849 Mr. Knowles did good work as a lecturer on the drama and oratory ; and his long literary services were rewarded by a pension of £200 (\$1,000) a year from the civil list. In the later part of his life he resided in Scotland, and ultimately became a Baptist preacher, in which calling he continued till his death. That event took place in Torquay (where he had gone for his health), on Dec. 1, 1862.

## THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA.

From 'Virginius.'

Appius is a Roman Decemvir, Claudius his friend. They plot to get Virginia in their power while her father Virginius and her betrothed husband Icilius are absent. Their plot almost succeeds, when her uncle Numitorius demands that she shall be given into his safe-keeping till her father, whom he has sent for, arrives. A time is fixed for this, and should her father fail to appear Virginia is to be given into the hands of the tyrant. They arrive and go to the Forum, in the hope of unmasking the plot.

*The Forum.*

APPIUS, CLAUDIUS, MARCUS, *and Lictors.*

APPIUS. Well, Claudius, are the forces  
At hand?

CLAUDIUS. They are, and timely, too! The people  
Are in unwonted ferment.

APPIUS. Marcus says  
That news has come of old Dentatus' death;  
Which, as I hear, and wonder not to hear it,  
The mutinous citizens lay to our account!

CLAUDIUS. That 's bad enough; yet—

APPIUS. Ha! what 's worse?

CLAUDIUS. 'T is best

At once to speak what you must learn at last,  
Yet last of all would learn.

APPIUS. Virginius!

CLAUDIUS. Yes!

He has arrived in Rome.

MARCUS. They are coming, Appius!

CLAUDIUS. Fly, Marcus, hurry down the forces!

(*Marcus goes out.*)

Appius,

Be not overwhelmed!

APPIUS. There 's something awes me at  
The thought of looking on her father!

CLAUDIUS. Look

Upon her, my Appius! Fix your gaze upon  
The treasures of her beauty, nor avert it  
Till they are thine. Haste! Your tribunal! Haste!

APPIUS *ascends the Tribunal.*—*Enter* NUMITORIUS, VIRGINIUS  
*leading his Daughter, SERVIA her nurse, and* CITIZENS.—  
*A dead silence prevails.*

VIRGINIUS. Does no one speak? I am defendant here.  
Is silence my opponent? Fit opponent  
To plead a cause too foul for speech! What brow,  
In blank defiance both of gods and men,  
Is bold enough to back the knave, whose tongue  
Advanced the forgèd claim that stirs this suit  
To compass the dishonor of my child—  
For that 's the game!—and now the trial 's come,  
Through shame or fear, has lost the power to wage  
And ope the villain pleadings!

APPIUS. You had better,  
Virginus, wear another kind of carriage:  
This is not of the fashion that will serve you.

VIRGINIUS. The fashion, Appius! Appius, Claudius, tell  
me  
The fashion it becomes a man to speak in,  
Whose property in his own child—the offspring  
Of his own body, near to him as is  
His hand, his arm—yea, nearer—closer far,  
Knit to his heart—I say, who has his property  
In such a thing, the very self of himself,  
Disputed—and I 'll speak so, Appius, Claudius;  
I 'll speak so.—Pray you tutor me!

APPIUS. Stand forth,  
Claudius! If you lay claim to any interest  
In the question now before us, speak; if not,  
Bring on some other cause.

CLAUDIUS. Most noble Appius—

VIRGINIUS. And are you the man  
That claims my daughter for his slave?—Look at me,  
And I will give her to thee.

CLAUDIUS. She is mine then:  
Do I not look at you?

VIRGINIUS. Your eye does, truly,  
But not your soul.—I see it through your eye  
Shifting and shrinking—turning every way  
To shun me. You surprise me, that your eye,  
So long the bully of its master, knows not  
To put a proper face upon a lie,  
But gives the port of impudence to falsehood,  
When it would pass it off for truth. Your soul  
Dares as soon show its face to me.—Go on,  
I had forgot; the fashion of my speech  
May not please Appius, Claudius.

CLAUDIUS. I demand  
Protection of the Decemvir!

APPIUS. You shall have it.

VIRGINIUS. Doubtless!

APPIUS. Keep back the people, lictors! What's  
Your plea? You say the girl's your slave—Produce  
Your proofs.

CLAUDIUS. My proof is here, which, if they can  
Let them confront. The mother of the girl—

*(Virginus, stepping forward to speak, is withheld by  
Numitorius.)*

NUMITORIUS. Hold, brother! Hear them out, or suffer me  
To speak.

VIRGINIUS. Man, I must speak, or else go mad!  
And if I do go mad, what then will hold me  
From speaking? Were't not better, brother, think you,  
To speak and not go mad, than to go mad  
And then to speak? She was thy sister, too!  
Well, well, speak thou. I'll try, and if I can  
Be silent. (Retires.)

NUMITORIUS. Will she swear she is her child?

VIRGINIUS. *(Starting forward.)* To be sure she will—  
a most wise question that!  
Is she not his slave! Will his tongue lie for him—  
Or his hand steal—or the finger of his hand

Beckon, or point, or shut, or open for him?  
 To ask him if she'll swear!—Will she walk or run,  
 Sing, dance, or wag her head; do anything  
 That is most easy done? She'll as soon swear!  
 What mockery it is to have one's life  
 In jeopardy by such a barefaced trick!  
 Is it to be endured? I do protest  
 Against her oath!

APPIUS. No law in Rome, Virginius,  
 Seconds you. If she swears the girl's her child,  
 The evidence is good, unless confronted  
 By better evidence. Look you to that,  
 Virginius. I shall take the woman's oath.

VIRGINIA. Icilius!

ICILIUS. Fear not, love; a thousand oaths  
 Will answer her.

APPIUS. (*To the slave.*) You swear the girl's your child,  
 And that you sold her to Virginius' wife,  
 Who passed her for her own? Is that your oath?

SLAVE. It is my oath.

APPIUS. Your answer now, Virginius?

VIRGINIUS. Here it is! (*Bring Virginia forward.*)  
 Is this the daughter of a slave? I know  
 'T is not with men, as shrubs and trees, that by  
 The shoot you know the rank and order of  
 The stem. Yet who from such a stem would look  
 For such a shoot? My witnesses are these—  
 The relatives and friends of Numitoria,  
 Who saw her, ere Virginia's birth, sustain  
 The burden which a mother bears, nor feels  
 The weight, with longing for the sight of it!  
 Here are the ears that listened to her sighs  
 In nature's hour of labor, which subsides  
 In the embrace of joy!—the hands that, when  
 The day first looked upon the infant's face,  
 And never looked so pleased, helped her up to it,  
 And thanked the gods for her, and prayed them send  
 Blessing on blessing on her.—Here, the eyes  
 That saw her lying at the generous  
 And sympathetic fount, that at her cry  
 Sent forth a stream of liquid living pearl  
 To cherish her enameled veins. The lie  
 Is most abortive then, that takes the flower—  
 The very flower our bed connubial grew—  
 To prove its barrenness! Speak for me, friends;  
 Have I not spoke the truth?



WOMEN AND CITIZENS. You have, Virginius.

APPIUS. Silence!—keep silence there! No more of that! You're ever ready for a tumult, citizens.

*(Troops appear behind.)*

Lictors, make way to let these troops advance.

We've had a taste of your forbearance, masters,  
And wish not for another!

VIRGINIUS. Troops in the Forum!

APPIUS. Virginius, have you spoken?

VIRGINIUS. If you have heard me,  
I have: if not, I'll speak again.

APPIUS. You need not,  
Virginius; I have evidence to give,  
Which, should you speak a hundred times again,  
Would make your pleadings vain!

VIRGINIUS. Your hand, Virginia!  
Stand close to me.

APPIUS. My conscience will not let me  
Be silent. 'Tis notorious to you all,  
That Claudius' father, at his death, declared me  
The guardian of his son. This cheat has long  
Been known to me. I know the girl is not  
Virginius' daughter.

VIRGINIUS. Join your friends, Icilius,  
And leave Virginia to my care. *(Aside.)*

APPIUS. The justice  
I should have done my client, unrequired,  
Now cited by him, how shall I refuse?

VIRGINIUS. Don't tremble, girl! don't tremble.  
*(Aside.)*

APPIUS. Nay, Virginius,  
I feel for you; but, though you were my father,  
The majesty of justice should be sacred—  
Claudius must take Virginia home with him.

VIRGINIUS. And if he must, I should advise him, Appius,  
To take her home in time, before his guardian  
Complete the violation, which his eyes  
Already have begun.

Friends! Fellow-citizens!  
Look not on Claudius—look on your Decemvir!  
He is the master claims Virginia!  
The tongues that told him she was not my child  
Are these—the costly charms he cannot purchase,  
Except by making her the slave of Claudius,  
His client! his purveyor! that caters for  
His pleasures—markets for him—picks, and scents,

And tastes, that he may banquet—serves him up  
 His sensual feast, and is not now ashamed,  
 In the open, common street, before your eyes—  
 Frighting your daughters' and your matrons' cheeks  
 With blushes they ne'er thought to meet—to help him  
 To the honor of a Roman maid!—my child!  
 Who now clings to me, as you see, as if  
 This second Tarquin had already coiled  
 His arms around her. Look upon her, Romans!  
 Befriend her! Succor her! See her not polluted  
 Before her father's eyes!—He is but one!  
 Tear her from Appius and his lictors, while  
 She is unstained. Your hands! your hands! your hands!

CITIZENS. They're yours, Virginius.

APPIUS. Keep the people back!

Support my lictors, soldiers! Seize the girl,  
 And drive the people back.

ICILIUS. Down with slaves!

*(The people make a show of resistance but upon the  
 advancing of the soldiers, retreat, and leave Icilius,  
 Virginius, and his daughter, etc., in the hands of Ap-  
 pius and his party.)*

Deserted!—Cowards! Traitors! Let me free  
 But for a moment! I relied on you!  
 Had I relied upon myself alone,  
 I had kept them all at bay! I kneel to you—  
 Let me but loose a moment, if 't is only  
 To rush upon your swords!

VIRGINIUS. Icilius, peace!

You see how 't is! we are deserted, left  
 Alone by our friends, surrounded by our enemies,  
 Nerveless and helpless.

APPIUS. Take Icilius hence; away with him!

ICILIUS. Tyrant!—Virginia!

APPIUS. *(Icilius is forced off.)* Separate Virginius and  
 the girl!—Delay not, slaves.

VIRGINIUS. Let them forbear awhile, I pray you, Appius:  
 It is not very easy. Though her arms  
 Are tender, yet the hold is strong, by which  
 She grasps me, Appius. Forcing them will hurt them.  
 They'll soon unclasp themselves. Wait but a little:  
 You know you're sure of her!

APPIUS. I have not time  
 To idle with thee; give her to my lictors.

VIRGINIUS. Appius, I pray you wait! If she is not  
 My child, she hath been like a child to me

For fifteen years. If I am not her father,  
 I have been like a father to her, Appius,  
 For ev'n so long a time. They that have lived  
 For such a space together, in so near  
 And dear society, may be allowed  
 A little time for parting! Let me take  
 The maid aside, I pray you, to confer  
 A moment with her nurse; perhaps she'll give me  
 Some token, will unloose a tie, so twined  
 And knotted round my heart, that if you break it  
 So suddenly, my heart breaks with it!

APPIUS. Well, look to them, lictors!

VIRGINIA. Do you go from me!

Do you leave me! Father! father!

VIRGINIUS. No, my child;

No, my Virginia—come along with me.

VIRGINIA. Will you leave me? Will you not take me with  
 you?

Will you take me home again? O, bless you, bless you!

My father, my dear father! Art thou not

My father?

*(Virginius, perfectly at a loss what to do, looks anxiously around the Forum; at length his eye falls on a butcher's stall with a knife upon it.)*

VIRGINIUS. This way, my Virginia! This way!

VIRGINIA. Go we home?

VIRGINIUS. Don't fear! Don't fear, I am not going to  
 leave thee, my Virginia!

I'll not leave thee.

APPIUS. Keep back the people, soldiers! Let them not  
 Approach Virginius! Keep the people back!

*(Virginius secures the knife.)*

Well, have you done?

VIRGINIUS. Short time for converse, Appius;

But I have.

APPIUS. I hope you are satisfied.

VIRGINIUS. I am—

I am—that she is my daughter!

APPIUS. Take her, lictors!

*(Virginia shrieks, and falls half dead upon her father's shoulder.)*

VIRGINIUS. Another moment, pray you. Bear with me  
 A little—'T is my last embrace. 'T won't try  
 Your patience beyond bearing, if you're a man!  
 Lengthen it as I may I cannot make it  
 Long! My dear child! My dear Virginia!

*(Kissing her.)*

There is one only way to save thine honor—

'T is this—

*(Stabs her, and draws out the knife. Icilius breaks  
from the soldiers that held him, and catches her.)*

Lo, Appius! with this innocent blood

I do devote thee to the infernal gods!

Make way there!

APPIUS. Stop him! Seize him!

VIRGINIUS. If they dare

To tempt the desperate weapon that is maddened

With drinking my daughter's blood, why let them: Thus

It rushes in amongst them. Way there! Way!

*(Goes out through the soldiers.)*



## JAMES FINTAN LALOR.

(1810—1849.)

JAMES FINTAN LALOR was born at Tinakil, near Dublin, about the year 1810. He was educated at home under private tutors and at Carlow College. He was hunchbacked, diminutive, purblind, half deaf, obstinate and proud, shy and suspicious, but a most vigorous and original political writer. He was a true patriot, a hater of tyranny in every form, and a most fearless advocate of republicanism. He was a contributor to the press until after Mitchel's arrest, when he threw himself recklessly into the breach, writing and speaking in a style singularly logical, eloquent, terse, and savage. After the suppression of *The United Irishman* Lalor went to Dublin to edit *The Irish Felon*. He was incarcerated for his bold opinions, and, his health becoming shattered by the treatment he received, he died, Dec. 27, 1849. He was buried at Glasnevin. The writings of James Fintan Lalor were collected and published after his death, with an introduction embodying personal recollections and a brief memoir by John O'Leary.

### THE FAITH OF A FELON.

From 'The Irish Felon,' July 8, 1848.

Here, then, is the confession and faith of a *Felon*.

Years ago I perceived that the English conquest consisted of two parts combined into one whole,—the conquest of our liberties, the conquest of our lands.

I saw clearly that the re-conquest of our liberties would be incomplete and worthless without the re-conquest of our lands,—would not, necessarily, involve or produce that of our lands, and could not, on its own means, be possibly achieved; while the re-conquest of our lands would involve the other—would at least, be complete in itself, and adequate to its own purposes; and could *possibly*, if not easily, be achieved.

The lands were owned by the conquering race, or by traitors to the conquered race. They were *occupied* by the native people, or by settlers who had mingled and merged.

I selected, as the *mode* of re-conquest,—to refuse payment of rent, and resist process of ejectment.

In that mode I determined to effect the re-conquest, and staked on it all my hopes, here and hereafter—my hopes of an effective life and an eternal epitaph.

1855

It almost seemed to me as if the Young Ireland party, the quarrel, the secession, the Confederation, had all been specially preordained and produced in order to aid me. My faith in the men who formed the Council of that body was then unbounded. My faith in them still is as firm as ever, though somewhat more measured. In the paper I published last week, and in a private correspondence that ensued with some of its members, I proposed that they should merge the Repeal question in a mightier project—that of wresting this island from English rule altogether, in the only mode in which it could possibly be achieved. I endeavored to show them they were only keeping up a feeble and ineffectual fire from a foolish distance, upon the *English Government*, which stands out of reach and beyond our power; and urged them to wheel their batteries round and bend them on the *English Garrison* of landlords, who stand there within our hands, scattered, isolated, and helpless, girdled round by the might of a people. Except two or three of them, all refused at the time, and have persisted in refusing until now. They want an alliance with the landowners. They chose to consider them as Irishmen, and imagined they could induce them to hoist the green flag. They wished to preserve an Aristocracy. They desired, not a democratic, but merely a national revolution. Who imputes blame to them for this? Whoever does so will not have me to join him. I have no feeling but one of respect for the motives that caused reluctance and delay. That delay, however, I consider as a matter of deep regret. Had the Confederation, in the May or June of '47, thrown heart and mind and means and might into the movement I pointed out, they would have made it successful, and settled for once and for ever all quarrels and questions between us and England.

The opinions I then stated, and which I yet stand firm to, are these:—

I. That, in order to save their own lives, the occupying tenants of the soil of Ireland ought, next autumn, to refuse all rent and arrears of rent then due, beyond and except the value of the overplus of harvest produce remaining in their hands after having deducted and reserved a due and full provision for their own subsistence during the next ensuing twelve months.

II. That they ought to refuse and resist being made beggars, landless and houseless, under the English law of ejectment.

III. That they ought further, *on principle*, to refuse all rent to the present usurping proprietors, until the people, the true proprietors (or lords paramount, in legal parlance) have, in a national congress, or convention, decided *what* rents they are to pay, and *to whom* they are to pay them.

IV. And that the people, on grounds of *policy* and *economy*, ought to decide (as a general rule, admitting of reservations) that those rents shall be paid *to themselves*, the people, for public purposes, and for behoof and benefit of them, the entire general people.

These are the principles, as clearly and fully stated as limit of time will allow, which I advise Ireland to adopt at once, and at once to arm for. Should the people accept and adhere to them, the English government will then have to choose whether to surrender the Irish landlords, or to support them with the armed power of the empire.

If it refuse to incur the odium and expense, and to peril the safety of England in a social war of extermination, then the landlords are nobodies, the people are lords of the land, a mighty social revolution is accomplished, and the foundations of a national revolution surely laid. If it should, on the other hand, determine to come to the rescue and relief of its garrison—elect to force their rents and enforce their rights by infantry, cavalry, and cannon, and attempt to lift and carry the whole harvest of Ireland—a somewhat *heavy* undertaking, which might become a *hot* one, too—then I, at least, for one, am prepared to bow with humble resignation to the dispensations of Providence. Welcome be the will of God. We must only try to keep our harvest, to offer a peaceful, passive resistance, to barricade the island, to break up the roads, to break down the bridges—and, should need be, and favorable occasions offer, surely we may venture to try the steel. Other approved modes of moral resistance might gradually be added to these, according as we should become trained to the system: and all combined, I imagine, and well worked, might possibly task the strength and break the heart of the empire.

Into *artistic* details, however, I need not, and do not choose, to enter for the present.

It has been said to me that such a war, on the principles I propose, would be looked on with detestation by Europe. I assert the contrary: I say such a war could propagate itself throughout Europe. Mark the words of this prophecy;—the principle I propound goes to the foundations of Europe, and sooner or later, will cause Europe to outrise. Mankind will yet be masters of the earth. The right of the people to make the laws—this produced the first great modern earthquake, whose latest shocks, even now, are heaving in the heart of the world. The right of the people to own the land—this will produce the next. Train your hands, and your sons' hands, gentlemen of earth, for you and they will yet have to use them. I want to put Ireland foremost, in the van of the world, at the head of the nations—to set her aloft in the blaze of the sun, and to make her for ages the lodestar of history, Will she take the path I point out—the path to be free, of the sun, and to make her for ages the lodestar of history, and famed, and feared and followed—the path that goes sunward? Or, onward to the end of time, will wretched Ireland ever come limping and lagging hindmost? Events must answer that. It is a question I almost fear to look full in the face. The soul of this island seems to sink where that of another country would soar. The people sank and surrendered to the famine instead of growing savage, as any other people would have done.

I am reminded that there are few persons now who trouble themselves about the “conquest,” and there may be many—I know there are some—who assent to the two first of the four principles I have stated, and are willing to accept them as the grounds of an armed movement; but who object to the last two of them. I am advised to summon the land tenants of Ireland up in battle-array for an armed struggle in defense of rights of life and subsistence, without asserting any greater or more comprehensive right. I distinctly refuse to do so. I refuse to narrow the case and claim of this island into any such petty dimensions, or to found it on the rogue's or the beggar's plea, the plea of necessity. Not as a starving bandit or desperate beggar who demands, to save life, what does not belong to him,



do I wish Ireland to stand up, but as a decrowned Queen, who claims back her own with an armed hand! I attest and urge the plea of utter and desperate necessity to fortify her claim, but not to found it. I rest it on no temporary and passing conditions, but on principles that are permanent, and imperishable, and universal;—available to all times and to all countries, as well as to our own,—I pierce through the upper stratum of occasional and shifting circumstance to bottom and base on the rock below. I put the question in its eternal form—the form in which how often soever suppressed for a season, it can never be finally subdued, but will remain and return, outliving and outlasting the corruption and cowardice of generations. I view it as ages will view it—not through the mists of a famine, but by the living lights of the firmament. You may possibly be induced to reject it in the form I propose, and accept it in the other. If so, you will accept the question, and employ it as a weapon against England, in a shape and under conditions which deprive it of half its strength. You will take and work it fettered and handcuffed—not otherwise.

I trouble myself as little as any one does about the “conquest” as taken abstractedly—as an affair that took place long ages ago. But that “conquest” is still in existence, with all its rights, claims, laws, relations, and results. The landlord holds his land by right and title of conquest, and uses his power as only a conqueror may. The tenant holds under the law of conquest—*væ victis*.

What forms the right of property in land? I have never read in the direction of that question. I have all my life been destitute of books. But from the first chapter of Blackstone’s second book, the only page I ever read on the subject, I know that jurists are unanimously agreed in considering “first occupancy” to be the only true original foundation of the right of property and possession of land.

Now, I am prepared to prove that “occupancy” wants every character and quality that could give it more efficacy as a foundation of right. I am prepared to prove this, when “occupancy” has first been *defined*. If no definition can be given, I am relieved from the necessity of showing any claim founded on occupancy to be weak and worthless.

To any plain understanding the right of private property is very simple. It is the right of man to possess, enjoy and transfer the substance and use of whatever *he has himself created*. This title is good against the world; and it is the *sole* and *only* title by which a valid right of absolute private property can possibly vest.

But no man can plead any such title to a right of property in the substance of the soil.

The earth, together with all it *spontaneously* produces, is the free and common property of all mankind, of natural right, and by the grant of God:—and all men being equal, no man, therefore, has a right to appropriate exclusively to himself any part or portion thereof, except with and by the *common consent* and *agreement* of all other men.

The sole original right of property in land which I acknowledge to be *morally* valid, is this right of common consent and agreement. Every other I hold to be fabricated and fictitious, null, void, and of no effect.

In the original and natural state of mankind, existing in independent families, each man must, in respect of actual fact, either *take* and *hold* (*assume occupancy* as well as *maintain possession of*) his land by right and virtue of such consent and agreement as aforesaid, with all those who might be in a position to dispute and oppose his doing so; or he must take and maintain possession *by force*. The fictitious right of occupancy—invented by jurists to cover and account for a state of settlement otherwise unaccountable and indefensible on moral principle—this right would be utterly worthless, and could seldom accrue; for except in such a case as that of a single individual thrown on a desert island, the *question of right* would generally arise, and require to be settled *before* any colorable “title by occupancy” could be established, or even actual occupation be effected. And then—*what constitutes occupancy?* What length of possession gives “title by occupancy”?

When independent families have united into separate tribes, and tribes swelled into nations, the same law obtains;—each tribe or nation has but either one or other of two available rights to stand upon—they must take and maintain territorial possession by consent and agreement with all other tribes and nations; or they must take and hold by the *tenure of chivalry* in the right of their might.

Putting together and proceeding on the principles now stated, it will appear that, if those principles be sound, no man can legitimately claim possession or occupation of any portion of land or any right of property there, except by grant from the people, at the will of the people, as tenant to the people, and on terms and conditions made or sanctioned by the people;—and that every right, except the right so created and vesting by grant from the people, is nothing more or better than the right of the robber who holds forcible possession of what does not lawfully belong to him.

The present proprietors of Ireland do not hold or claim by grant from the people, nor even—except in Ulster—by any species of imperfect agreement or assent of the people. They got and keep their lands in the robber's right—the right of conquest—in despite, defiance, and contempt of the people. Eight thousand men are owners of this entire island,—claiming the right of enslaving, starving, and exterminating eight millions. We talk of asserting free government, and of ridding ourselves of foreign domination—while, lo! eight thousand men are lords of our lives—of us and ours, blood and breath, happiness or misery, body and soul. Such is the state of things in every country where the settlement of the lands has been effected by *conquest*. In Ulster the case is somewhat different, *much* to the advantage of the people, but not so much as it ought to have been. Ulster was not merely *conquered* but *colonized*—the native race being expelled, as in the United States of America:—and the settlement that prevails was made by a sort of consent and agreement among the conquering race.

No length of time or possession can sanction claims acquired by robbery, or convert them into valid rights. The people are still rightful owners, though not in possession. “Nullum tempus occurrit Deo,—nullum tempus occurrit populo.”

In many countries besides this, the lands were acquired, and long held, by right of force or conquest. But in most of them the settlement and laws of conquest have been abrogated, amended, or modified, to a greater or lesser extent. In some, an outrage of the people has trampled them down,—in some, a despotic monarch or minister has

abolished or altered them. In Ireland alone they remain unchanged, unmitigated, unmollified, in all their original ferocity and cruelty, and the people of Ireland must now abolish them, or be themselves abolished, and this is *now* the *more urgent* business.

Of the foregoing confession of faith the author wrote:

“When Mr. Duffy expected arrest, he drew up his profession of principles, ‘The Creed of *The Nation*.’ Under influences of similar feelings and considerations, though not exactly the same, nor excited by circumstances altogether alike, I hasten to put my own principles upon record. The statement or confession of faith is ill-framed, ill-connect<sup>d</sup>, and wants completeness. But, even such as it stands, I do firmly believe that it carries the fortunes of Ireland; and even such as it stands, I now send it forth to its fate, to conquer or be conquered. It may be master of Ireland and make her a Queen;—it may lie in the dust and perish with her people.”



## DENNY LANE.

(1818—1896.)

DENNY LANE was born in Cork in 1818. He was a successful merchant in that city. He wrote few poems, but they have earned for him a wide popularity.

The two best known appeared in *The Nation* in 1844 and 1845 over the signature of "Donall-na-Glanna." He took a prominent part in the literary movement in Cork, and his 'Recollections' were printed in *The Irish Monthly*. He died in 1896.

## KATE OF ARRAGLEN.

When first I saw thee, Kate,  
That summer ev'ning late,  
Down at the orchard gate  
    Of Arraglen,  
I felt I'd ne'er before  
Seen one so fair, asthore,  
I feared I'd never more  
    See thee again—  
I stopped and gazed at thee,  
My footfall luckily  
Reached not thy ear, though we  
    Stood there so near;  
While from thy lips a strain,  
Soft as the summer rain,  
Sad as a lover's pain  
    Fell on my ear.

I've heard the lark in June,  
The harp's wild plaintive tune,  
The thrush, that aye too soon  
    Gives o'er his strain—  
I've heard in hushed delight,  
The mellow horn at night,  
Waking the echoes light  
    Of old Loch Lene;  
But neither echoing horn,  
Nor thrush upon the thorn,  
Nor lark at early morn,  
    Hymning in air,  
Nor harper's lay divine,  
E'er witched this heart of mine,  
Like that sweet voice of thine,  
    That ev'ning there.  
1863

And when some rustling, dear,  
 Fell on thy listening ear,  
 You thought your brother near,  
     And named his name,  
 I could not answer, though,  
 As luck would have it so,  
 His name and mine, you know,  
     Were both the same—  
 Hearing no answering sound,  
 You glanced in doubt around,  
 With timid look, and found  
     It was not he;  
 Turning away your head,  
 And blushing rosy red,  
 Like a wild fawn you fled  
     Far, far from me.

The swan upon the lake,  
 The wild rose in the brake,  
 The golden clouds that make  
     The west their throne,  
 The wild ash by the stream,  
 The full moon's silver beam,  
 The ev'ning star's soft gleam,  
     Shining alone;  
 The lily robed in white,  
 All, all are fair and bright;  
 But ne'er on earth was sight  
     So bright, so fair,  
 As that one glimpse of thee,  
 That I caught then, machree,  
 It stole my heart from me  
     That ev'ning there.

And now you're mine alone,  
 That heart is all my own—  
 That heart that ne'er hath known  
     A flame before.  
 That form of mold divine,  
 That snowy hand of thine—  
 Those locks of gold are mine  
     For evermore.  
 Was lover ever seen  
 As blest as thine, Kathleen?  
 Hath lover ever been  
     More fond, more true?

Thine is my ev'ry vow!  
 For ever dear as now!  
 Queen of my heart be thou!  
     Mo cailin ruadh!<sup>1</sup>

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### THE LAMENT OF THE IRISH MAIDEN.

On Carrigdhoun the heath is brown,  
 The clouds are dark o'er Ardnalee,  
 And many a stream comes rushing down  
     To swell the angry Ownabwee.  
 The moaning blast is sweeping past  
     Through many a leafless tree,  
 And I'm alone—for he is gone—  
     My hawk is flown—*Ochone machree!*

The heath was brown on Carrigdhoun,  
 Bright shone the sun on Ardnalee,  
 The dark green trees bent, trembling, down  
     To kiss the slumbering Ownabwee.  
 That happy day, 't was but last May—  
     'T is like a dream to me—  
 When Donnell swore—aye, o'er and o'er—  
     We'd part no more—*astor machree!*

Soft April showers and bright May flowers  
 Will bring the summer back again,  
 But will they bring me back the hours  
     I spent with my brave Donnell then?  
 'Tis but a chance, for he's gone to France,  
     To wear the *fleur-de-lis*,  
 But I'll follow you, my Donnell Dhu,  
     For still I'm true to you, *machree!*

<sup>1</sup>*Mo . . . ruadh*, my golden-haired girl.

## WILLIAM LARMINIE.

(1850—1900.)

WILLIAM LARMINIE was born in Castlebar, County Mayo, in 1850, and was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin. After taking his degree he obtained by open competition an appointment in the India Office, London, where he remained for some years. Retiring in 1887, he took up his residence in Ireland.

He published 'Glanlua and other Poems' in 1889, 'Fand and Moytura' in 1892, and 'West-Irish Folk Tales' in 1894. He says in his preface: "The tales form a part of a large collection, which I began to make as far back as the year 1884. All have been taken down in the same way—that is to say, word for word from the dictation of the peasant narrators, all by myself, with the exception of two taken by Mr. Lecky in precisely similar fashion; difficult and doubtful parts being gone over again and again. Sometimes the narrators can explain difficulties. Sometimes other natives of the place can help you. But after every resource of this kind has been exhausted, a certain number of doubtful words and phrases remain, with regard to which—well, one can only do one's best."

Among his review articles on Irish subjects may be mentioned 'The Development of English Metres,' advocating the use of Gaelic assonance in English verse, 'Irish and Norse Literature,' and 'Joannes Scotus Erigena,' all of which appeared in *The Contemporary Review*. Mr. Larminie died at Bray in January, 1900, and in his person passed away one of the gentlest of scholars and men. Modest and retiring, he was the finest type of student, working for the love of his work and asking no recognition for doing it.

Of his poetry Mr. G. W. Russell says in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry': "It holds my imagination almost as much as that of any contemporary writer. It is not always beautiful in expression, though it is full of dignity. The poet certainly does not 'look upon fine phrases like a lover,' he is much more concerned with the substance of his thought than with the expression. He leads us into his own spirit by ways that are often rugged; but at the end, as we close the pages, we are on a mountain top and the stars are very near. He is a mystic, but his mysticism is never incoherent, and is always profoundly philosophical. . . . I might describe him as a poet by saying that the spirit is indeed kingly, but without the purple robe which would be the outer token of his lofty rank."

### THE RED PONY.

From 'West Irish Folk Tales' (Narrator, P. Minahan, Malinmore, County Donegal).

There was a poor man there. He had a great family of sons. He had no means to put them forward. He had



them at school. One day, when they were coming from school, he thought that whichever of them was last at the door he would keep him out. It was the youngest of the family was last at the door. The father shut the door. He would not let him in. The boy went weeping. He would not let him in till night came. The father said he would never let him in; that he had boys enough.

The lad went away. He was walking till night. He came to a house on the rugged side of a hill on a height, one feather giving it shelter and support. He went in. He got a place till morning. When he made his breakfast in the morning, he was going. The man of the house made him a present of a red pony, a saddle, and bridle. He went riding on the pony. He went away with himself.

"Now," said the pony, "whatever thing you may see before you, don't touch it."

They went on with themselves. He saw a light before him on the high-road. When he came as far as the light, there was an open box on the road, and a light coming up out of it. He took up the box. There was a lock of hair in it.

"Are you going to take up the box?" said the pony.

"I am. I cannot go past it."

"It's better for you to leave it," said the pony.

He took up the box. He put it in his pocket. He was going with himself. A gentleman met him.

"Pretty is your little beast. Where are you going?"

"I am looking for service."

"I am in want of one like you, among the stable boys."

He hired the lad. The lad said he must get room for the little beast in the stable. The gentleman said he would get it. They went home then. He had eleven boys. When they were going out into the stable at ten o'clock each of them took a light but he. He took no candle at all with him.

Each of them went to his own stable. When he went into his stable he opened the box. He left it in a hole in the wall. The light was great. It was twice as much as in the other stables. There was wonder on the boys what was the reason of the light being so great, and he without a candle with him at all. They told the master they did not know what was the cause of the light with the last boy.

They had given him no candle, and he had twice as much light as they had.

"Watch to-morrow night what kind of light he has," said the master.

They watched the night of the morrow. They saw the box in the hole that was in the wall, and the light coming out of the box. They told the master. When the boys came to the house, the king asked him what was the reason why he did not take a candle to the stable, as well as the other boys. The lad said he had a candle. The king said he had not. He asked him how he got the box from which the light came. He said he had no box. The king said he had, and that he must give it to him; that he would not keep him unless he gave him the box. The boy gave it to him. The king opened it. He drew out the lock of hair, in which was the light.

"You must go," said the king, "and bring me the woman, to whom the hair belongs."

The lad was troubled. He went out. He told the red pony.

"I told you not to take up the box. You will get more than that on account of the box. When you have made your breakfast to-morrow, put the saddle and bridle on me."

When he made his breakfast on the morning of the morrow, he put saddle and bridle on the pony. He went till they came to three miles of sea.

"Keep a good hold now. I am going to give a jump over the sea. When I arrive yonder there is a fair on the strand. Every one will be coming up to you to ask for a ride, because I am such a pretty little beast. Give no one a ride. You will see a beautiful woman drawing near you, her in whose hair was the wonderful light. She will come up to you. She will ask you to let her ride for a while. Say you will and welcome. When she comes riding, I will be off."

When she came to the sea, she cleared the three miles at a jump. She came upon the land opposite, and every one was asking for a ride upon the beast, she was that pretty. He was giving a ride to no one. He saw that woman in the midst of the people. She was drawing near. She asked him would he give her a little riding. He said he

would give it, and a hundred welcomes. She went riding. She went quietly till she got out of the crowd. When the pony came to the sea she made the three-mile jump again, the beautiful woman along with her. She took her home to the king. There was great joy on the king to see her. He took her into the parlor. She said to him, she would not marry any one until he would get the bottle of healing water that was in the eastern world. The king said to the lad he must go and bring the bottle of healing water that was in the eastern world to the lady. The lad was troubled. He went to the pony. He told the pony he must go to the eastern world for the bottle of healing water that was in it, and bring it to the lady.

"My advice was good," said the pony, "on the day you took the box up. Put saddle and bridle on me."

He went riding on her. They were going till they came to the sea. She stood then.

"You must kill me," said the pony; "that, or I must kill you."

"It is hard to me to kill you," said the boy. "If I kill you there will be no way to myself."

He cut her belly down. He opened it up. She was not long opened when there came two black ravens and one small one. The two ravens went into the body. They drank their fill of the blood. When they came out the little raven went in. He closed the belly of the pony. He would not let the little bird come out till he got the bottle of healing water was in the eastern world. The ravens were very troubled. They were begging him to let the little bird out. He said he would not let it out till they brought him the bottle. They went to seek the bottle. They came back and there was no bottle with them. They were entreating him to let the bird out to them. He would not let the bird out till he got the bottle. They went away again for the bottle. They came at evening. They were tossed and scorched, and they had the bottle. They came to the place where the pony was. They gave the bottle to the boy. He rubbed the healing water to every place where they were burned. Then he let out the little bird. There was great joy on them to see him. He rubbed some of the healing water to the place where he cut the pony. He spilt a drop into her ear. She arose as well as she ever was.

He had a little bottle in his pocket. He put some of the healing water into it. They went home.

When the king perceived the pony coming he rose out. He took hold of her with his two hands. He took her in. He smothered her with kisses and drowned her with tears; he dried her with finest cloths of silk and satin.

This is what the lady was doing while they were away. She boiled pitch and filled a barrel, and that boiling. Now she went beside it and stripped herself. She rubbed the healing water to herself. She came out; she went to the barrel, naked. She gave a jump in and out of the barrel. Three times she went in and out. She said she would never marry any one who could not do the same. The young king came. He stripped himself. He went to the barrel. He fell half in, half out.

He was all boiled and burned. Another gentleman came. He stripped himself. He gave a jump into the barrel. He was burned. He came not out till he died. After that there was no one going in or out. The barrel was there, and no one at all was going near it. The lad went up to it and stripped himself. He rubbed the healing water on himself. He came to the barrel. He jumped in and out three times. He was watching her. She came out. She said she would never marry any one but him.

Came the priest of the patterns, and the clerk of the bells. The pair were married. The wedding lasted three nights and three days. When it was over, the lad went to look at the place where the pony was. He never remembered to go and see the pony during the wedding. He found nothing but a heap of bones. There were two champions and two young girls playing cards. The lad went crying when he saw the bones of the pony. One of the girls asked what was the matter with him. He said it was all one to her; that she cared nothing for his troubles.

"I would like to get knowledge of the cause why you are crying."

"It is my pony who was here. I never remembered to see her during the wedding. I have nothing now but her bones. I don't know what I shall do after her. It was she who did all that I accomplished."

The girl went laughing. "Would you know your pony if you saw her?"



"I would know," said he.

She laid aside the cards. She stood up.

"Isn't that your pony?" said she.

"It is," he said.

"I was the pony," said the girl, "and the two ravens who went in to drink my blood my two brothers. When the ravens came out, a little bird went in. You closed the pony. You would not let the little bird out till they brought the bottle of healing water that was in the eastern world. They brought the bottle to you. The little bird was my sister. It was my brothers were the ravens. We were all under enchantments. It is my sister who is married to you. The enchantments are gone from us since she was married."

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### THE NAMELESS STORY.

There was a king in Erin and a queen, and they had one daughter, and death came on the queen and she died, and the king did not marry then till his daughter was a young girl, and then he married another wife. Then one day, when the queen was walking in the garden, the corner of her apron got under her foot and she fell.

"May neither God nor Mary be with you!" said the henwife.

"Why so?" said the queen; "what is it I have done to you?"

"It is because you have done evil to me. The woman who was here before was better than you."

"Was there a woman here before me?"

"There was. That is her daughter, the young girl who is in the house; and it is she will get everything her father has."

She brought the henwife into the house, and she gave her as much as she could eat and drink, and they made up a friendship.

Then at night, when the king and the queen went to sleep, the queen got up and she killed the little dog, the hound's pup; and she went to bed again, and she screamed and she cried, and the king asked her what was the matter,

and she said she dreamt the girl had killed the hound's little pup. And she got out to see if it was killed; and the king bade her sleep till morning, and she said she could not, and she got up and found the pup dead. And the king came, and she told him the pup was dead. And they went to sleep till morning, and then, when the king got up, he beat his daughter, and she did not know why.

The next night the king and his wife went into deep sleep, and she got up from him, and went out to the stable and killed a stallion he had; and she went to bed after that, and she cried and she screamed, and she roused the king, and he asked her, "What is the matter with you?"

"I dreamt the girl killed the stallion in the stable." And she got up to make sure of the knowledge she had, and she found the stallion dead; and she came and told the king the stallion was dead. And in the morning, when the king rose, he beat his daughter greatly, and she did not know why he was beating her. But that did not satisfy the queen, when he was not killing her; and on the third night she killed her own child, and she put some of the child's blood on the girl's hand, and she went to bed and cried "A thousand murders!" and the king asked her what was the matter with her, and she said she dreamt the girl killed the child. And she rose out and she found the child dead; and she came and told the king the child was dead.

The king rose in the morning, and when he ate his breakfast he took his daughter with him to the wood, and a handsaw and a rope. He tied her to a tree, and he cut off her two arms from her shoulders, and her two paps from her breast, and left her there and went home. And when he was going home he got a thorn in his foot.

There was a herd with his dog, and the dog got the scent of the blood and came to her, and the herd followed the dog: and he found the beautiful girl, as was God's will. He stopped the blood and he put his greatcoat on her, and took her home to his father's house, and she was there till she healed. He kept her there as his wife, and she had a child. Then one day there came a boy of the king's to the house, and he saw the woman, and the fine child she had; and when he went home, he told the queen he saw a woman in the herd's house without arms or breasts, and a fine

child with her. The queen knew who it was, and she sent word to the herd to send her away or she would send him away. And the girl understood that there was grief on them, and she said it was on her account they were grieved. "I will go," said she, "and take my child with me; and in every house in which I spend the night they will put the child on my back in the morning."

She got herself ready, and the child, and he gave her plenty of money when she was going; and they fastened the child up on her back, and fixed a pin in her breast. She went, and she was not far from the house when she met a man asking alms; and he asked alms of her for the honor of God and Mary. And she said, "I have no hand to give you alms, but put your hand in my pocket and take the alms out."

He put his hand in and took out alms. And she went not far when she met a second man, who asked alms for the honor of God and Mary. And to him she said as she did to the first; and she went on and met a third man who asked alms, and she said the same to him. And he asked her, "Do you know who I am?"

She said she did not know. "I am a messenger from God," said he, "who am come to you because you were so good. You are on the way to your father's house. On the day when he did that to you a thorn went into his foot, and is in it since, and the doctors have failed to cure him, and he has spent much money getting cured; but he will never be cured till you do it with the milk of your breast."

"That is hard for me when I have no breast."

"When you come to a place where there is a clump of rushes, lay down the child and loose the cloth, and the child will go pulling the rushes; and when he pulls up three of them there will come a well of water up. Bend your shoulders down into the well, and your two arms will come to you as they were ever. Then take up the water with your hands and put it on your breast, and the paps will come as they were before. Take the child and knock at your father's door and say you are a doctor, and ask the doorkeeper to let you in. And the doorkeeper will say that there are plenty of doctors there as good as you, and that they are not curing him. Tell the man you will ask no money for curing him, and the doorkeeper will say there

is a person there will cure him without money. Go in then, and bid him stretch out his foot, and milk three streams of the milk of your breast on his foot, and the thorn will come out; and then he will cry to the child to come and tell his grandfather a story, and the child will, and begin to tell him everything the old woman did to his mother."

She went then, and did all the beggar told her. She got her arms and her paps again. Then she went to her father's house, and she cured his foot with the milk of her breast. And he stood out on the floor and began dancing with great delight. Then he sat on a chair and called to the child to come to him, and he put him on his knee and said, "Tell your grandfather your story." And the child began and told him how the woman killed the pup, and told him she dreamt that it was his mother killed it, and how he got up in the morning and beat his mother. Said the old woman, "Stop the child. He is tired talking." "Don't stop him," said his mother, "till he tells the story to his grandfather." The child told him all the rest, and when he heard the story he hung the woman for what she did; and he brought the son of the herd into the house, and gave his daughter to him in marriage.

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### CONSOLATION

Yes, let us speak, with lips confirming  
The inner pledge that eyes reveal—  
Bright eyes that death shall dim forever,  
And lips that silence soon shall seal.

Yes, let us make our claim recorded  
Against the powers of earth and sky,  
And that cold boon their laws award us—  
Just once to live and once to die.

Thou sayest that fate is frosty nothing,  
But love the flame of souls that are:  
"Two spirits approach, and at their touching,  
Behold! an everlasting star."

High thoughts, O love: well, let us speak them!  
Yet bravely face at least this fate:



To know the dreams of us that dream them  
On blind, unknowing things await.

If years from winter's chill recover,  
If fields are green and rivers run,  
If thou and I behold each other,  
Hangs it not all on yonder sun?

So while that mighty lord is gracious  
With prodigal beams to flood the skies,  
Let us be glad that he can spare us  
The light to kindle lover's eyes.

And die assured, should life's new wonder  
In any world our slumbers break,  
These the first words that each will utter:  
"Beloved, art thou too awake?"

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#### EPILOGUE TO FAND.

Is there one desires to hear  
If within the shores of Eirè  
Eyes may still behold the scene  
Fair from Fand's enticements?

Let him seek the southern hills  
And those lakes of loveliest water  
Where the richest blooms of spring  
Burn to reddest autumn:  
And the clearest echo sings  
Notes a goddess taught her.

Ah! 't was very long ago,  
And the words are now denied her:  
But the purple hillsides know  
Still the tones delightful,  
And their breasts, impassioned, glow  
As were Fand beside them.

And though many an isle be fair,  
Fairer still is Inisfallen,  
Since the hour Cuhoolin lay  
In the bower enchanted.  
See! the ash that waves to-day,  
Fand its grandsire planted.

When from wave to mountain-top  
 All delight thy sense bewilders,  
 Thou shalt own the wonder wrought  
 Once by her skilled fingers,  
 Still, though many an age be gone,  
 Round Killarney lingers.

### THE SWORD OF TETHRA.<sup>1</sup>

From 'Moytura.'

. . . . .  
 Do you seek to bind me, ye gods,  
 And the deeds of me only beginning?  
 Shall I gloat over triumphs achieved  
 When the greatest remains for the winning?  
 Ye boast of this world ye have made,  
 This corpse-built world?  
 Show me an atom thereof  
 That hath not suffered and struggled,  
 And yielded its life to Tethra?  
 The rocks they are built of the mold,  
 And the mold of the herb that was green,  
 And the beast from the herb,  
 And man from the beast,  
 And downward in hurried confusion,  
 Through shapes that are loathsome,  
 Beast, man, worm, pellmell,  
 What does it matter to me?  
 All that have lived go back to the mold,  
 To stiffen through ages of pain  
 In the rock-rigid realms of death.

<sup>1</sup> The sword of Tethra, one of the Kings of the Fohmors, is captured by the sun-god Lu. This sword is Death.



THE FALLS OF KILLARNEY





## EMILY LAWLESS.

THE HON. EMILY LAWLESS, daughter of the third Lord Cloncurry and sister of the present peer, was born in Ireland. Her books are: 'Hurrish,' 'Major Lawrence, F.L.S.,' 'The Story of Ireland,' 'With Essex in Ireland,' 'Plain Frances Mowbray,' 'Grania,' 'Traits and Confidences,' and 'Maelcho.'

Miss Lawless must rank among the first of Irish novelists. Miss Edgeworth, Carleton, John Banim, Miss Lawless, Miss Barlow—in some such way the bead-roll must begin. In Miss Lawless' work strength and sweetness are happily united. Terror and pity meet in her pages; and the story of Maelcho and the Desmond rebellion wrings the heart as intolerably as those few poignant words of Spenser in which he, an alien and an enemy, describes the sufferings of the hunger-stricken in the Desmond country. 'Grania' is a sad story of what are probably the lowest conditions under which human beings live in Ireland, written with powerful and attention-compelling vividness. It is a gloomy picture, but little relieved, and yet it is intensely human. She has also published 'A Garden Diary' and a volume entitled 'With the Wild Geese.'

## THE CHANGELING.

From 'Grania.'

"Did I ever tell you, women both, about Katty O'Callaghan, that lived over near Aillyhaloo when I was a girl? From the time she was the height of that turf kish there she would not be bid by any one, no not by the priest himself. The first time ever I saw her she was close upon eighteen years old, for she was not born on the island, but came from Cashla way to help an uncle of hers that had a small farm up near Aillyhaloo. A fine big girl she was, just the moral of that Grania there, with a straight back, and a wide chest, and the two eyes of her staring up big and bold at you—the very same. But, Man Above, the impudence of her! She had no proper respect not for anything, so she had not. She would laugh when you talked of the good people, and she would say that she would as soon go up at night to the Phooka's hole as not, which every one knows is all but the same as death. As for the cohullen druith,<sup>1</sup> with my two ears I heard her say she did not believe that there was such a thing, though my grand-

<sup>1</sup> *Cohullen druith*, magic cap.

father, God save his soul, saw one once on the head of a merrow hard by the Glassen rock.

"But, faith! I haven't the time nor the strength to be telling you the half of her for folly and nonsense, nor couldn't if I took the night to do it! Anyhow, there she was, straight and strong, a fine handsome girl just like that Grania there; and her uncle was to give her two cows when she married, and her father at Cashla, I heard too there was talk of his giving something, I don't know whether it was pigs or what. In any case there was nothing to hinder her settling, only you may guess if any decent quiet-reared boy would like to go marrying a wife with such ways and such talk in her mouth as that same Katty O'Callaghan!

"However she was bid for at last by a harmless easy-going young fellow of the name of Phil Mulcahy, and married him, and went up to live a quarter of a mile or so beyond Aillyhaloo, at the edge of the big west cliff yonder, and a year after she had a child, as fine a boy at the start as you'd see in a day's walk. Well, you may think she was going to get off clean and clever, after her goings on, but not a bit of it—so just wait till you hear. One day she went down the rocks by Mweeleenareeava for the sea wrack, and I dare say she was carrying on as usual with her nonsense and folly, anyway, when she got back the first thing she noticed was that the child looked mighty queer, and seemed shrunk half its size, and its face all wizened up like a little old man's, and the eyes of it as sharp and wicked as you please. Well, women both of you, from that hour that creature grew smaller and smaller, and queerer and queerer, and its eyes wickedder and wickedder, and the bawl never out of its mouth, and it wanting the breast night and day, and never easy when it got it either, but kicking and fighting and playing the devil's own bad work.

"Of course the neighbors saw right enough what had happened, and told Katty plainly the child was changed, and why not? Sure who could wonder at it after her goings on, which were just as if she'd laid them out for that very purpose! But she wouldn't hear a word of it, so she wouldn't, and said it was the teeth, or the wind in its stomach, and God only knows what nonsense besides. But

one day a woman was coming along from Aillinera to Aillyhaloo, a real right-knowing woman she was by the name of Nora Cronohan, and as she was going she stopped to ask for a potato and a sup of milk, for she was stravoging the country at the time. So she looked up and down the cabin, and presently she cast eyes on the creature, which was laid in a basket by the fire, that being the place it stayed easiest in, and—

“‘Arrah, what’s that you’ve got at all in there?’ says she, staring at it, and it staring back at her with its two eyes as wicked as wicked.

“‘My child, what else?’ says Katty, speaking quite angrily.

“With that the woman gave a screech of laughter so that you could have heard her across the Foul Sound with the wind blowing west, and ‘Your child!’ says she. ‘Your child! Sure, God save you, woman, you might as well call a black *arth-looghra*<sup>1</sup> a salmon any day in the week as that thing there a child!’

“Well, Katty was going to throw her into the sea, she was so mad! But first she looked at the basket, and with that she began to shake and tremble all over, for the creature was winking up so knowing at her, and opening and shutting its mouth as no Christian child in this world or any other ever would or could.

“‘Why, what ails it now at all at all?’ says she, turning to the other, and her face growing as white as the inside of a potato.

“‘Listen to me, woman,’ says Nora Cronohan, holding up her hand at her. ‘That’s not your child at all, you ignorant creature, as any one can see, and there’s but two ways for you to get your own right child back again. You must either take that up the next time there’s a south wind blowing and set it to roast on the gridiron with the door open, or if you won’t do that you must gather a handful of the *boliaun bwee*<sup>2</sup> and another handful of the *boliaun dhas*,<sup>3</sup> and put them down to boil, and boil them both in the pot for an hour, and then throw the whole potful right over it, and if you’ll do either of those things I’ll be your warrant but it will be glad to be quit of you, and you’ll get your own fine child again!’

<sup>1</sup> *Arth-looghra*, lizard.

<sup>2</sup> *Boliaun bwee*, yellow rag-wort.

<sup>3</sup> *Boliaun dhas*, ox-eye daisy.

"Well, you'd think that would be enough for any reasonable woman! But no. Katty wouldn't do either the one thing nor the other, but held to it that it was her own child, not changed at all, only sick; such fool's talk! as if any one with half an eye, and that one blind, couldn't have told the difference! She had ne'er another child, you see, nor the sign of one, and that perhaps was what made her so set on it. Anyhow the neighbors tried to get her to see reason, and her husband, too, though he was but a poor shadow of a man, did what he could. At last her mother-in-law, that was a decent well-reared woman, and knew what was right, tried to get at the creature one day when Katty was out on the rocks, so as to serve it the right way, and have her own fine grandchild back. But if she did Katty was in on her before she could do a thing, and set upon the decent woman, and tore the good clothes off her back, and scratched her face with her nails so that there was blood running along her two cheeks when the neighbors came up, and but for their getting between them in time, God knows but she'd have had her life.

"After that no one, you may believe, would have hand, act, or part with Katty Mulcahy! Indeed, it soon came to this, that her husband durstn't stop with her in the cabin, what between her goings on and the screeches of the creature, which got worse and worse till you could hear them upon the road to Ballintemple, a good half-mile away. Yarra! the whole of that side of the island got a bad name through her, and there's many doesn't care even now to walk from Aillinera to Aillyhaloo, specially towards evening, not knowing what they might hear!

"Well, one day——" here the narrator paused, looked first at one and then at the other of her listeners, coughed, spat, twitched the big cloak higher round her shoulders, and settled herself down again in her chair with an air of intense satisfaction. "One day, it was a desperate wild afternoon just beginning December, and the wind up at Aillyhaloo enough to blow the head of you off your two shoulders. Most of the people were at home and the houses shut, but there were a few of us colleens colloquing together outside the doors talking of one thing and another, when all of a sudden who should come running up the road



but Katty Mulcahy, with the bawl in her mouth, and a look on her face would frighten the life out of an Inish-boffin pig.

“‘Och! och! och!’ says she, screeching. ‘Och! och! och! my child’s dying! It’s got the fits. It’s turning blue. Where’s Phil? Where’s its father? Run, some of you, for God’s sake, and see if he’s in yet from the fishing.’

“Well, at first we all stared, wondering like, and one or two of the little girshas ran off home to their mothers, being scared at her looks. But at last some of us began laughing—I was one that did myself, and so I tell you women both—you see we knew of course all the time that it wasn’t her own child at all, only a changeling, and that as for Phil he had never been near the fishing, but was just keeping out of the way, not wishing, honest man, to be mixed up with any such doings. Well, when she heard us laughing she stopped in the middle of her screeching, and she just gave us one look, and before any one knew what was coming there she was in the very thick of us, and her arms going up and down like two flails beating the corn!

“Och, Mary Queen of Heaven, but that was a hubbuboo! We turned and we run, and our blood was like sea-water down our backs, for we made sure we’d carry the marks of her to our graves, for she had a bitter hard hand, and God knows I’m speaking the truth, had Katty Mulcahy when you roused her! Well, at the screams of us a heap more people came running out of the houses, and amongst them who should put his head out of one of the doors but Phil Mulcahy himself, with no hat to his head and a pipe to his mouth, for he had no time to take it out, and she thinking, you know, he was away at the fishing!

“At that Katty stood still like one struck, and the eyes of her growing that round you’d think they must fall out of her head, so big were they, and her mouth working like a sea pool in the wind. And presently she let out another bawl, and she made for him! I was the nearest to him, and there was some three or four more between the two, but you may believe me, we didn’t stop long! It was something awful, women both, and so I tell you, to see her coming up the road with that rage on her face, and it as white as the foam on the sea. Phil stood shaking and shaking, staring

at her and his knees knocking, thinking his hour was come, till just as she was within touch of him, when he turned and he ran for his life. He ran and he ran, and she ran after him. Now there's no place at all, as every one knows, to run on that side of Aillyhaloo only along by the cliff, for the rest is all torn and destroyed, with great cracks running down God knows where to the heart of the earth. So he kept along by the edge, and she after him, and we after the two of them presently to see the end of it. Phil ran as a man runs for his life, but Katty she ran like a woman possessed! Holy Bridget! you could hardly see the feet of her as she raced over the ground! The boys cried out that she'd have him for sure, and if she had caught him and this rage still on her God knows she'd have thrown him over the cliff, and you know 'tis hundreds of feet deep there, and never an inch of landing.

"Poor Phil thought himself done for, and kept turning and turning, and far away as he was now we could see the terror on the face of him, and we all screeched to him to turn away from the edge, but he did not know where he was going, he was that dazed. Well, she was just within grip of him when she stopped all at once as if she was shot, and lifted her head in the air like that! Whether she heard something, or what ailed her I can't tell, but she gathered herself up and began running in the opposite way, not along by the sea but over the rocks, the nearest way back to her own house. How she got across nobody knows, for the cracks there are something awful, but you'd think it was wings she had to see the leaps she threw in the air, for all the world like a bird! Anyhow she got over them at last, and into her house with her, and the door shut with a bang you might have heard across the Sound at Killeany.

"Nobody, you may believe me, troubled to go after her or near her that night, and the wind being so cold, after a bit we all went home, and Phil, too, by-and-by come creeping back looking like a pullet that had had its neck wrung, and the boys all laughing at him for being 'fraid of a woman—as if it was only a woman Katty was, with that black look on her face and she leaping and going on as no woman in this world ever could, if she was left to herself! That night there was no more about it one way or

another, nor the next morning either, but by the middle of the afternoon a man that was passing brought us word that he heard a noise of hammering inside of the house. Well, at that we all wondered what was doing now, and some said one thing and some another. But a boy—a young devil's imp he was by the name of Mick Carroll—peeped in at the end window and came running up to say he had seen something like a coffin standing on the floor, only no bigger he said than the top of a keg of butter.

“Well, that was the queerest start of all! For who, I ask you both, could have made that coffin for her, and what could she have wanted with a coffin either? For you're not so ignorant, women, either of you, as need to be told there wouldn't be anything to put into it! 'T wasn't likely that thing she had in the house with her would stop to be put into any coffin! 'T is out of the window or up the chimney it would have been long before it came to that, as every one knows that knows anything. Anyhow 't was the truth it seems he told, for the very next day out she came from the house herself, and the coffin or the box or whatever it was under her arm, and carried it down did she sure enough to the shore, and paid a man handsome to let her put it in a curragh—as well she'd need, and him losing his soul on her!—and away with her to Cashla over the Old sea! And whether she found a priest to bury it for her is more than I can tell you, but they *do* say out there on the Continent they're none so particular, so long as they get their dues. As for Phil he went over only the very next week to her father's house, the poor foolish innocent creature, but all he got for his pains was a pailful of pig's wash over his head, and back he came to Inishmaan complaining bitterly, though it was thankful on his two knees to Almighty God he ought to have been it was no worse, and so we all told him. However, there was no putting sense into his head, and not a word would he say good or bad, only cried and talked of his Katty!

“Lucky for him his troubles didn't last very long, for the next thing we heard of her was that she was dead, and about a year after that or maybe two years, he married a decent little girl, a cousin of my own, and took her to live with him up at the house at Aillyhaloo. And, but that he was killed through having his head broke one dark

night by Larry Connel in mistake for the youngest of the Lynches, 't is likely he 'd be in it still! Anyway he had a grand wake, the finest money could buy, for Larry Connel, that had always a good heart, paid for it himself, and got upon a stool, so he did, and spoke very handsomely of poor Phil, so that Molly Mulcahy the widow didn't know whether it was crying she should be or laughing, the creature, with glory! And for eating and drinking and fiddling and jig dancing it was like nothing of *you* ever saw in your lives, and a pride and satisfaction to all concerned. But,"—here Peggy Dowd hitched her cloak once more about her shoulders and spat straight in front of her with an air of reprobation—"but—there was never a man nor yet a woman either, living upon Inishmaan at the time, that would have danced one foot, and so I tell you, women both—not if you 'd have *paid* them for doing it—at *Katty* Mulcahy's wake."

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### A RETORT.

From 'With the Wild Geese.'

Not hers your vast imperial mart,  
Where myriad hopes on fears are hurled,  
Where furious rivals meet and part  
To woo a world.

Not hers your vast imperial town,  
Your mighty mammoth piles of gain,  
Your loaded vessels sweeping down  
To glut the main.

Unused, unseen, *her* rivers flow,  
From mountain tarn to ocean tide;  
Wide vacant leagues the sunbeams show,  
The rain-clouds hide.

*You* swept them vacant! *Your* decree  
Bid all her budding commerce cease;  
*You* drove her from your subject sea,  
To starve in peace!

Well, be it peace! Resigned they flow,  
No laden fleet adown them glides,



But wheeling salmon sometimes show  
Their silvered sides.

And sometimes through the long still day  
The breeding herons slowly rise,  
Lifting gray tranquil wings away,  
To tranquil skies.

Stud all your shores with prosperous towns!  
Blacken your hill-sides, mile on mile!  
Redden with bricks your patient downs!  
And proudly smile!

A day will come before you guess,  
A day when men, with clearer light,  
Will rue that deed beyond redress,  
Will loathe that sight.

And, loathing, fly the hateful place,  
And, shuddering, quit the hideous thing,  
For where unblackened rivers race,  
And skylarks sing.

For where, remote from smoke and noise,  
Old Leisure sits knee-deep in grass;  
Where simple days bring simple joys,  
And lovers pass.

I see her in those coming days,  
Still young, still gay; her unbound hair  
Crowned with a crown of starlike rays,  
Serenely fair.

I see an envied haunt of peace,  
Calm and untouched; remote from roar,  
Where wearied men may from their burdens cease  
On a still shore.

## MARY LEADBEATER.

(1758—1826.)

MRS. LEADBEATER was the daughter of Richard Shackleton, a member of the Society of Friends and a friend of Edmund Burke. Mary was born in 1758; while still young she showed poetic talent, but none of her early productions have been published. In 1791 she married William Leadbeater, a farmer and landowner, and a descendant of a Huguenot family. In 1794 she published her first work, entitled 'Extracts and Original Anecdotes for the Improvement of Youth.' This was one of the earliest attempts to introduce a more entertaining class of literature among the youth of the Society of Friends, and the book was well received. Her 'Book of Poems,' published in 1808, was much admired for its true pictures of the purity and beauty of rural and domestic life. 'Cottage Dialogues of the Irish Peasantry' appeared in 1811, and a second series of the same work followed in 1813. The character of the poorer Irish, their virtues and sufferings, with the best mode of improving their condition, formed the subject of these 'Dialogues.' Miss Edgeworth lent her aid to extend its circulation and became the friend of the authoress. 'Landlord's Friends' and 'Cottage Biography' followed, both written in the style of 'Cottage Dialogues' and both equally successful. 'Notices of Irish Friends' and 'Memoirs of Richard and Elizabeth Shackleton' next appeared.

The most interesting of all Mrs. Leadbeater's productions is, perhaps, 'The Annals of Ballitore.' Life in the Quaker village, with its peculiar droll and pathetic incidents, anecdotes of individuals, and scenes of the rebellion in 1798, which she had witnessed, are graphically described. This work appeared in 1862, with a memoir of the authoress and a great portion of her extensive correspondence, under the title of 'The Leadbeater Papers,' edited by her niece, Elizabeth Shackleton. The last work from the pen of Mrs. Leadbeater was written for the Kildare Street Society. It was entitled 'The Pedlars,' and described the natural and artificial curiosities of different parts of Ireland, in the form of a dialogue.

She died June 27, 1826, and was buried at Ballitore.

## SCENES IN THE INSURRECTION OF 1798.

From 'The Leadbeater Papers.'

To the Tyrone militia were now added the Suffolk fencibles; and the Ancient Britons, dressed in blue with much silver lace—a very pretty dress—came from Athy, seized the smiths' tools to prevent them from making pikes, and made prisoners of the smiths themselves. I could not see

without emotion poor Owen Finn and his brother, handcuffed and weeping, as they walked after the car containing those implements of industry which had enabled them to provide comfortably for the family. Several of these were whipped publicly to extort confessions about the pikes. The torture was excessive, and the victims were long in recovering; and in almost every case it was applied fruitlessly. Guards were placed at every entrance into the village, to prevent people from entering or leaving it. The village once so peaceful exhibited a scene of tumult and dismay, and the air rang with the shrieks of the sufferers and the lamentations of those who beheld them suffer. These violent measures caused a great many pikes to be brought in: the street was lined with those who came to deliver up the instruments of death.

A party of military from Naas entered Ballitore, and took prisoners twelve of our neighbors, whom they removed to Naas jail. Most of the villagers stood outside their doors to see them depart. They looked composed for the most part, though followed by their weeping wives and children. One child, with cries of, "O father! father!" excited great compassion. Six yeomen were taken prisoners at Dunlavin. I was walking in our garden when they passed on a car, with their coats turned inside out, and one of the guards, a mere boy, cried out to me in a tone of insulting jocularly. We, who did not understand this case, were only qualified to see one side, and, though we forbore audibly expressing our disapprobation, our looks betrayed the depression of our minds. This excited jealousy of us. How ill-founded! for who could expect us to rejoice at the misery and degradation of our fellow-creatures and neighbors, or even to behold them unmoved? These unfortunate yeomen were shot! There was too much exultation in the military; they were not aware, perhaps, how deeply an insult is felt and resented, and that an injury is sometimes more easily pardoned.

The morning of the 24th of the Fifth-month (May) orders came for the soldiers quartered here to march to Naas. A report was circulated that Naas jail had been broken open,—that Dublin was in arms, and so forth. All was uncertainty, except that something had happened, as the mail-coach had been stopped. The insurrection was to

begin in Dublin, and the mail-coach not being suffered to leave the city was the signal for general revolt. This purpose was defeated by the vigilance of Government; the mail-coach had got to Naas before it was stopped, yet its detention here persuaded the people that the day was their own. They threw off the appearance of loyalty, and rose in avowed rebellion.

In the morning the Suffolk fencibles first marched out, nine men remaining to guard their baggage at the Mill, which was their barrack. The Tyrone militia followed, taking their baggage with them. All was hurry and confusion in the village. Several who had kept out of sight now appeared dressed in green, that color so dear to United Irishmen, and proportionably abhorred by the loyal. The Suffolks went by the high road, the Tyrones through Narraghmore. As they marched out, a young woman privately and with tears told their lieutenant her apprehensions that their enemies lay in ambush in Narraghmore wood. He was therefore prepared to meet them, and sad havoc ensued; many on both sides fell, particularly among the undisciplined multitude. The court-house at Narraghmore was attacked, and many met their death there. We heard the report of firearms, and every hour the alarm increased.

Dr. Johnson had been sent for to Narraghmore to dress wounds; the rabble despoiled him of his horse and case of instruments, and sent him back jaded and worn out. About three o'clock in the afternoon John Dunne and many others came as far as the bridge with pikes, and Dr. Johnson turned them back; but not long after two or three hundred men, armed with pikes, knives, and pitchforks, and bearing sticks with green rags fluttering from them, came in at the western side, headed by Malachi Delany on a white horse, and took possession of the town; Dr. Johnson, as representative of the yeomanry-guard, having capitulated on condition of persons and property being safe. I saw from an upper window a crowd coming towards our kitchen-door; I went down and found many armed men, who desired to have refreshments, especially drink. I brought them milk, and was cutting a loaf of bread, when a little elderly man, called "the Canny," took it kindly out of my hand and divided it himself, saying, "Be decent,



boys, be decent." Encouraged by having found a friend, I ventured to tell them that so many armed men in the room frightened me. The warriors condescended to my fears. "We'll be out in a shot," they replied, and in a minute the kitchen was empty.

Daniel Horan, a young farmer from the Long Avenue, was standing in our yard—a fine looking fellow. I had observed a dark cloud upon his countenance, when, a few days before, he was requesting a protection from the officers; that cloud was now gone, and joy and animation played on every feature, unaccompanied by any expression of malignity. A party of insurgents, as they went to the Mill, met some of the wives of the soldiers stationed there, whom they sent back to tell their husbands that if they surrendered they should not be injured. But the women, instead of delivering the message, ran shrieking to announce the approach of the rebels, and the soldiers prepared to stand on the defensive; but, when they saw such a multitude, fled.

In the pursuit over Max's-hill a soldier turned, fired, and shot Paddy Dempsey dead. They were soon overpowered, and their lives were spared only on condition that he who had killed the insurgent should be pointed out; with this hard alternative his comrades reluctantly complied, and the soldier soon lay dead beside his victim. Another of the soldiers was killed by a shot from the Mill-field, which reached him about the middle of the avenue, and his remains were buried in the ditch just by the spot where he fell. Most of the others were wounded, but I believe none mortally.

Malachi Delany exerted himself to prevent bloodshed, and showed as much humanity as courage. He had thrown off no mask, for he never wore one, and he proved himself to be a generous enemy. A great number of strange faces surrounded us, and a message was brought to me to request anything of a green color. I told them we could not join any party. "What! not the strongest?" inquired one of the strangers. "None at all;"—and though our parlor tables were covered with green cloth, they urged their request no further.

Richard Yeates, son to Squire Yeates of Moone, was brought in a prisoner, his yeomanry coat turned. A pri-

vate of the yeomanry corps to which he belonged was also brought into our parlor, where my husband and I sat at tea. He was an old man; we made him sit down to tea, and invited also his captors, but they declined; one of them went to the table and helped himself to bread and butter, looked at himself in the mirror, and remarked it was "war time." The prisoner, with tears trickling down his cheeks, spoke sadly of his seven children; his guards strove to console him by telling him that "he was an honest Roman, and should not be hurt." Presently we heard a shot, and those strangers said they "supposed Richard Yeates was shot." This was really the case. He was taken into a house, and in despite of his own entreaties, the endeavors of many others to save him, and even the efforts of Priest Cullen, who begged the life of the young man on his knees,—he was murdered, being piked and shot! That day his father had been requested, I suppose by one who knew what was intended, not to let his son leave the house; but he could not prevent him—he would join the corps. His brother-in-law, Norcott D'Es-terre, narrowly escaped being taken a prisoner at the same time.

The insurgents at length left, first placing cars on the bridge as a barricade against the army. They took two of our horses. We saw several houses on fire northwards and while standing gazing on them outside our door, bullets whizzed by our ears, and warned us to go in for safety. There had been an engagement on the Bog-road between the army and the insurgents; the latter were worsted, and Malachi Delany, finding his efforts to rally them were in vain, fled along with them. The soldiers retreating to Athy, had fired at random those shots which we had heard, and almost felt, and by which a poor woman was killed and her daughter's arm broken. They had also set the houses on fire; and one sergeant, one might think impelled by his fate, came into the village with a baggage car. It was thought he must have been in liquor, for had he his reason, he could not have thus exposed himself to his enemies in the height of their rage. He had just gone to bed in his lodgings when those enemies rushed in, and quickly put an end to his life.

The insurgents now returned from the Bog-road, and,

having increased to an immense multitude, went to Castledermot late in the evening. Laying our beds on the floor, lest bullets should enter the windows to our destruction, we got some disturbed sleep. All became quiet, and in the morning messages came to us from our neighbors to tell us they were living. This was indeed good news, for we dreaded that many would never have seen the light of morning. The party who attacked Castledermot were repulsed by yeomanry who fired at them from the windows. The crowd dispersed, and did not assemble here in such numbers again.

As my friend and I walked out to see a sick neighbor, we looked with fearful curiosity over a wall, inside of which we saw lying the youthful form of the murdered Richard Yeates. There he had been thrown after his death, his clothes undisturbed, but his bosom all bloody. For many days after I thought my food tasted of blood, and at night I frequently awakened by my feelings of horror, and stretched forth my hand to feel if my husband was safe at my side.

All the horses which could be got were taken by the insurgents. A man came to me with a drawn sword in his hand, demanding my own mare. I told him that one of the Tyrone officers had borrowed her, and fortunately another man who knew me bore testimony to my veracity, so that I was left unharmed. When I saw how the fine horses were abused and galloped without mercy by the insurgents, I rejoiced that my Nell was not in their hands.

A man afterwards came, with a horse-pistol in his hand, to take my husband. My brother had been previously taken, together with some of his guests. They were all to be brought to the camp in the hollow side of the hill at the east, and when the soldiers came, the insurgents said they would be placed in front of the battle, to stop a bullet if they would not fire one. This man, not finding my husband below, and thinking he was concealed, ran upstairs where our little children were in bed, with the huge pistol in his hand, swearing horribly that he would send the contents of it through his head if he did not go with him. I stood at the door, less terrified than I could have expected, and asked a young man who had accompanied the other if they meant to kill us. "To kill you?" he repeated, in a

tone expressive of surprise and sorrow at such a supposition.

At length he prevailed on his angry companion to go away, threatening as he went, that if the Quakers did not take up arms their houses should be in flames, "as Mr. Bayly's was." I was sorry for the destruction of the Hall, but soon found that, though it had been attempted, the fire had been put out before much damage had been done. My husband, having gone to visit my mother, was not found, and did not know he had been sought for. Many came to us weeping and trembling for their friends; and to the doctor, who, having much influence with the people, exerted it to do them good. We could do nothing.

The cars laden with goods from Dublin, which the carriers were bringing to our shopkeepers, were plundered, and a barricade made of them across the road leading down to the village. The insurgents talked boldly of forming a camp on the Curragh. All who were missing were reported to have fallen in the ambush in the wood, or in the encounter at the Bog-road. At both places many did fall. The wife of one of my brother's laborers was told that he lay dead in the wood; she hastened thither; but when she reached the spot, she found the face so disfigured with wounds that she could not recognize it. She examined the linen—it was not his; even this melancholy satisfaction was denied her. But what a satisfaction was in store for her! She met her husband alive and well, and brought him in triumph to the house of their master, whose young daughter Betsy had participated in the anguish of the supposed widow, and now shared her joy with all the vivid warmth of her ardent nature. Though not more than fifteen years old, she was endued with uncommon courage and prudence in this time of trial. Her bodily powers were exerted in paying attention to her father's numerous guests; for over a hundred people sought refuge under his roof; and the strength of her mind seemed to invigorate all around her. A soldier lay ill of a fever in the garden. It would have been death to him if his asylum were known to the insurgents; so she carefully attended to all his wants herself. Such was Betsy Shackleton.

Every one seemed to think that safety and security were to be found in my brother's house. Thither the in-



surrgents brought their prisoners, and thither, also, their own wounded and suffering comrades. It was an awful sight to behold in that large parlor such a mingled assembly of throbbing, anxious hearts—my brother's own family, silent tears rolling down their faces, the wives of loyal officers, the wives of the soldiers, the wives and daughters of the insurgents, the numerous guests, the prisoners, the trembling women—all dreading to see the door open, lest some new distress, some fresh announcement of horrors should enter. It was awful; but every scene was now awful, and we knew not what a day might bring forth.

All our houses were thronged with people seeking refreshment and repose, and threatening to take possession for the purpose of firing upon the soldiery when they should come. Ours seemed peculiarly adapted for such a purpose, being a corner house, and in a central situation; so, believing its destruction was inevitable, I packed up in a small trunk such portable articles as I esteemed of most value, amongst which were some of my dear friends' letters, and I made packages of clothes for my husband, myself, and the little ones. I wore two pairs of pockets, wishing to preserve as much as I could; though in my heart I had not much fear of an engagement, believing that the spirit which had animated the insurgents had evaporated.

Young girls dressed in white, with green ribbons, and carrying pikes, accompanied the insurgents. They had patrols and a countersign, but it was long before they could decide upon the password. At length they fixed upon the word "Scourges." Sentinels were placed in various parts of the village. One day, as I went to my brother's, a sentinel called to a man who walked with me not to advance on pain of being shot. The sentinel was my former friend, "the Canny." I approached him and asked would he shoot me if I proceeded. "Shoot you!" exclaimed he, taking my hand and kissing it, adding a eulogium on the Quakers. I told him it would be well if they were all of our way of thinking, for then there would be no such work as the present. I thought I could comprehend "Canny's" incoherent answer, "Aye, but you know our Saviour—scourges, oh! the scourges!" With little exception, we were kindly treated, and

the females amongst us were frequently encouraged to dismiss our fears, with hearty shakes of the hand, and assurances that they would "burn those who would burn us." We began to be familiarized with these dangers; and added our entreaties to the representations of our men that they should give up their arms, and resign the project which threatened them with destruction.

They had been mistaken as to their prospect of success. Dublin was safe, and at Naas and Kilcullen great slaughter of the insurgents had been made, though on Kilcullen-green many of the military had also fallen. An attack in the night had been made on Carlow, which was repulsed with slaughter, amounting almost to massacre. A row of cabins in which numbers of the defeated insurgents had taken shelter were set on fire, and the inmates burned to death. No quarter was given,—no mercy shown; and most of those who had escaped, burning with disappointment, rage, and revenge, joined the Wexford party.

John Bewley, a man endued with wisdom, courage, and benevolence, exerted them all in behalf of the deluded people, along with my husband and brother; and as he was not exposed to the suspicion which attached to an inhabitant, he treated with Colonel Campbell on their behalf. The Colonel was willing to make favorable terms with the insurgents, most of whom were willing to come in to him, but a few still held out, and amongst these was a priest. John Bewley proposed to take another message to Colonel Campbell; the people at length consented; but so much time had been lost meanwhile that Colonel Campbell's terms were now less favorable. Six hostages were demanded to be sent before an appointed time, to guarantee the surrender of the arms before the noon of the next day. They could not decide upon the hostages, the hour passed by, and the fate of Ballitore was sealed!

We believed the hostages had been sent, for we perceived the people had begun to weary of ill-doing; and a stranger, who begged some refreshment wistfully, asked me when there would be peace. We got our beds replaced upon their steads, and sank into that quiet repose which for some nights we had not known, little imagining what the morrow was to bring forth. This eventful morrow was the 27th of Fifth-month (May). At three o'clock in the morn-

ing the intelligence that the army was near roused us from our beds. We saw the glitter of arms through the dust which the horses of the 9th Dragoons made, galloping along the high road from Carlow. We heard the shots repeatedly fired. We saw the military descend the hill, cross the bridge, and halt before our house, where some dismounted and entered, and asked for milk and water.

As I handed it, I trembled; my spirits, which had risen superior to the danger till now, fell; the dragoon perceived my emotion, and kindly told me I need not fear, that they came to protect us, adding, "It is well you were not all murdered!" Thus assured, I recovered my composure. I should not have recovered it so easily had I known that my brother and his friends had walked forth to meet the troops, who were commanded by Major Dennis. John Bewley, holding up a paper from Colonel Campbell, said, "We are prisoners!" "It is well for you," said the Major, "that you are prisoners, else I should have shot you, every man." Then raising himself in his stirrups, he revoked the orders given to his men, to fire upon every man in colored clothes. Oh, rash and cruel orders, which exposed to such danger lives of such value, which if thus sacrificed no regrets could have restored! Nothing could justify such commands.

I thought the bitterness of death was passed, but the work was not yet begun. Colonel Campbell's men, who had impatiently rested on their arms several hours, marched out of Athy. They took Narraghmore in their way, and directed their mistaken rage against the newly erected house of Colonel Keatinge, planting cannon to destroy the dwelling which so much worth had inhabited. They mortally wounded John Carroll, cousin to the Colonel. This party of soldiers entered Ballitore exhausted by rage and fatigue; they brought cannon. Cannon in Ballitore! The horse and foot had now met. Colonel Campbell was here in person and many other officers. The insurgents had fled on the first alarm—the peaceable inhabitants remained. The trumpet was sounded, and the peaceable inhabitants were delivered up for two hours to the unbridled license of a furious soldiery! How shall I continue the fearful narrative!

My mind could never arrange the transactions which



were crowded into those two hours. Every house in the Burrow was in flames; a row of houses opposite to the School was also set on fire; none others were burnt immediately in the village, but a great many windows were broken, and when I heard this crash I thought it was cannon. We saw soldiers bending under loads of plunder. Captain Palmer came in to see me, and was truly solicitous about us, and insisted on giving us "a protection." Soldiers came in for milk; some of their countenances were pale with anger, and they grinned at me, calling me names which I had never heard before. They said I had poisoned the milk which I gave them, and desired me to drink some, which I did with much indignation. Others were civil, and one inquired if we had had any United Irishmen in the house. I told them we had. In that fearful time the least equivocation, the least deception appeared to me to be fraught with danger. The soldier continued his inquiry—"Had they plundered us?" "No, except of eating and drinking." "On free quarters," he replied, smiling, and went away.

A fine-looking man, a soldier, came in, in an extravagant passion; neither his rage nor my terror could prevent me from observing that this man was strikingly handsome; he asked me the same question in the same terms—and I made the same answer. He cursed me with great bitterness, and, raising his musket, presented it to my breast. I desired him not to shoot me. It seemed as if he had the will, but not the power to do so. He turned from me, dashed pans and jugs off the kitchen table with his musket, and shattered the kitchen window. Terrified almost out of my wits, I ran out of the house, followed by several women almost as much frightened as myself. When I fled, my fears gained strength, and I believed my enemy was pursuing; I thought of throwing myself into the river at the foot of the garden, thinking the bullet could not hurt me in the water. One of our servants ran into the street to call for help. William Richardson and Charles Coote, who kindly sat on their horses outside our windows, came in and turned the ruffian out of the house.

That danger passed, I beheld from the back window of our parlor the dark red flames of Gavin's house and others rising above the green of the trees. At the same time a fat



tobacconist from Carlow lolled upon one of our chairs, and talked boastingly of the exploits performed by the military whom he had accompanied ; how they had shot several, adding, " We burned one fellow in a barrel." I never in my life felt disgust so strongly ; it even overpowered the horror due to the deed, which had been actually committed. The stupid cruelty of a man in civil life, which urged him voluntarily and without necessity to leave his home and bear a part in such scenes, was far more revolting than the fiery wrath of a soldier.

While Captain Palmer was with me, a soldier who had been previously quartered at my mother's came to him, to beg leave to go see " the old mistress." My dear mother, who was now in the stage of second childhood, in her unconsciousness of what was passing had lost the timidity of her nature, mingled and conversed freely in her simplicity with all parties, and was treated by all with the greatest respect and tenderness ; for, amid the darkness of the tumult, some rays of light gleamed forth, some countenances expressed humanity and a weariness of the work of death.

I must be an egotist in these relations, for I can scarcely describe anything but what I saw and heard. I scarce had the guidance even of my own movements. Sometimes I found myself with my children, whom I had shut up in a back room ; again I was below, inquiring for my husband. Our old gardener was discovered lying in the shrubbery, and the instrument of death which was aimed at his defenseless breast was arrested by his daughter, who, rushing forward, begged that her life might be taken instead. The soldier spared both, but poor Polly was ever after subject to fits, which reduced her to a deplorable situation, and by which she eventually lost her life, being seized with one as she crossed a stream. A carpenter in the village took his goods into the graveyard, and hid himself and his family there. But in vain—this solemn retreat was violated, their goods were plundered, and the poor old man was murdered in wanton cruelty.

Owen Finn, the smith, who had been imprisoned and liberated, felt himself secure because of his late acquittal, and could not be prevailed upon to conceal himself or leave his house. Alas ! he was mistaken in expecting that rage

reeking with blood would stop to discriminate. Owen was dragged out of his cottage; his pleadings were not listened to; his cottage, where industry had assembled many comforts, was pillaged and then set on fire. His wife ran through the crowd, to assure herself of her husband's safety. She beheld his bleeding and dead body. She threw herself with her infant upon the corpse, while those who had wrought her misery assaulted her with abusive language, and threatened to kill her also. "And I wished," said she, "that they would kill me!"

Tom Duffy, called "the Fairy," had come from Dublin that morning to the house of his sister, whose husband was a yeoman, and had fallen in the battle of Kilcullen. The widow, though agonized with sorrow, found some little comfort in assuring herself and her children of protection by reason of her husband having suffered on the side of government. Her grief was mingled with astonishment heightened to frenzy when she found she had deceived herself. Her brother, poor Fairy Tom, was murdered; her son was murdered; her servant-boy was murdered; her house was plundered; her little daughter, on seeing her brother's corpse, fell into fits which caused her death; and her own reason gave way. Such are the horrors of civil war.

## EDMUND LEAMY.

(1848 —)

EDMUND LEAMY, M.P., was born in Waterford, on Christmas day, 1848. He was educated at the University High School in that city and at Tullabeg College. He studied for the law, entered the profession as a solicitor, and was called to the Irish bar in 1885. In 1880 he entered Parliament as one of the representatives of the city of Waterford, and became an adherent of Parnell, whom he continued to support to the close of that statesman's political career. He contested Galway unsuccessfully in 1900, but was returned for North Kildare later in the same year. As an orator he is simple, passionate, direct. He has written 'Irish Fairy Tales' and 'The Fairy Minstrel of Glenmalure,' besides many uncollected stories in Irish newspapers and magazines.

### THE GOLDEN SPEARS.

From 'Irish Fairy Tales.'

Once upon a time there lived in a little house under a hill a little old woman and her two children, whose names were Connla and Nora. Right in front of the door of the little house lay a pleasant meadow, and beyond the meadow rose up to the skies a mountain whose top was sharp-pointed like a spear. For more than half-way up it was clad with heather, and when the heather was in bloom it looked like a purple robe falling from the shoulders of the mountain down to its feet. Above the heather it was bare and gray, but when the sun was sinking in the sea, its last rays rested on the bare mountain top, and made it gleam like a spear of gold, and so the children always called it the "Golden Spear."

In summer days they gamboled in the meadow, plucking the sweet wild grasses—and often and often they clambered up the mountain side, knee-deep in the heather, sarching for *frechans*<sup>1</sup> and wild honey; and sometimes they found a bird's nest—but they only peeped into it, they never touched the eggs or allowed their breath to fall upon them, for next to their little mother they loved the moun-

<sup>1</sup> *Frechans*, huckleberries.

tain, and next to the mountain they loved the wild birds who made the spring and summer weather musical with their songs.

Sometimes the soft white mist would steal through the glen, and creeping up the mountain would cover it with a veil, so dense that the children could not see it, and then they would say to each other: "Our mountain is gone away from us." But when the mist would lift and float off into the skies, the children would clap their hands and say: "Oh, there 's our mountain back again!"

In the long nights of winter they babbled of the spring and summer time to come, when the birds would once more sing for them, and never a day passed that they didn't fling crumbs outside their door, and on the borders of the wood that stretched away towards the glen.

When the spring days came they awoke with the first light of the morning, and they knew the very minute when the lark would begin to sing, and when the thrush and the blackbird would pour out their liquid notes, and when the robin would make the soft, green, tender leaves tremulous at his song.

It chanced one day that when they were resting in the noontide heat, under the perfumed shade of a hawthorn in bloom, they saw on the edge of the meadow, spread out before them, a speckled thrush cowering in the grass.

"Oh, Connla! Connla! Look at the thrush—and look, look up in the sky, there is a hawk!" cried Nora.

Connla looked up, and he saw the hawk with quivering wings, and he knew that in a second it would pounce down on the frightened thrush. He jumped to his feet, fixed a stone in his sling, and before the whirr of the stone shooting through the air was silent, the stricken hawk tumbled headlong in the grass.

The thrush, shaking its wings, rose joyously in the air, and perching upon an elm-tree in sight of the children, he sang a song so sweet that they left the hawthorn shade, and walked along together until they stood under the branches of the elm; and they listened and listened to the thrush's song, and at last Nora said:

"Oh, Connla, did you ever hear a song so sweet as this?"

"No," said Connla, "and I do believe sweeter music was never heard before."



"Ah," said the thrush, "that 's because you never heard the nine little pipers playing. And now, Connla and Nora, you saved my life to-day."

"It was Nora saved it," said Connla, "for she pointed you out to me, and also pointed out the hawk which was about to pounce on you."

"It was Connla saved you," said Nora, "for he slew the hawk with his sling."

"I owe my life to both of you," said the thrush. "You like my song, and you say you have never heard anything so sweet; but wait till you hear the nine little pipers playing."

"And when shall we hear them?" said the children.

"Well," said the thrush, "sit outside your door to-morrow evening, and wait and watch until the shadows have crept up the heather, and then, when the mountain top is gleaming like a golden spear, look at the line where the shadow on the heather meets the sunshine, and you shall see what you shall see."

And having said this, the thrush sang another song sweeter than the first, and then saying "Good-bye!" he flew away into the woods.

The children went home, and all night long they were dreaming of the thrush and the nine little pipers; and when the birds sang in the morning, they got up and went out into the meadow to watch the mountain.

The sun was shining in a cloudless sky, and no shadows lay on the mountain, and all day long they watched and waited; and at last, when the birds were singing their farewell song to the evening star, the children saw the shadows marching from the glen, trooping up the mountain side, and dimming the purple of the heather.

And when the mountain top gleamed like a golden spear, they fixed their eyes on the line between the shadow and the sunshine.

"Now," said Connla, "the time has come."

"Oh, look look!" said Nora; and as she spoke, just above the line of shadow a door opened out, and through its portals came a little piper dressed in green and gold. He stepped down, followed by another and another, until they were nine in all, and then the door swung back again. Down through the heather marched the pipers in single

file, and all the time they played a music so sweet that the birds, who had gone to sleep in their nests, came out upon the branches to listen to them. And then they crossed the meadow, and they went on and on until they disappeared in the leafy woods.

While they were passing the children were spellbound, and couldn't speak, but when the music had died away in the woods, they said:

"The thrush is right; that is the sweetest music that was ever heard in all the world!"

And when the children went to bed that night the fairy music came to them in their dreams. But when the morning broke, and they looked out upon their mountain and could see no trace of the door above the heather, they asked each other whether they had really seen the little pipers or only dreamt of them.

That day they went out into the woods, and they sat beside a stream that pattered along beneath the trees, and through the leaves tossing in the breeze the sun flashed down upon the streamlet, and shadow and sunshine danced upon it. As the children watched the water sparkling where the sunlight fell, Nora said:

"Oh, Connla, did you ever see anything so bright and clear and glancing as that?"

"No," said Connla, "I never did."

"That's because you never saw the crystal hall of the fairy of the mountains," said a voice above the heads of the children.

And when they looked up, who should they see perched on a branch but the thrush.

"And where is the crystal hall of the fairy?" said Connla.

"Oh, it is where it always was, and where it always will be," said the thrush. "And you can see it if you like."

"We would like to see it," said the children.

"Well, then," said the thrush, "if you would, all you have to do is to follow the nine little pipers when they come down through the heather, and cross the meadow to-morrow evening."

And the thrush having said this, flew away.

Connla and Nora went home, and that night they fell

asleep talking of the thrush, and the fairy and the crystal hall.

All the next day they counted the minutes, until they saw the shadows thronging from the glen and scaling the mountain side. And, at last, they saw the door springing open, and the nine little pipers marching down.

They waited until the pipers had crossed the meadow and were about to enter the wood. And then they followed them, the pipers marching on before them and playing all the time. It was not long until they had passed through the wood, and then what should the children see rising up before them, but another mountain smaller than their own, but, like their own, clad more than half-way up with purple heather, and whose top was bare and sharp-pointed, and gleaming like a golden spear.

Up through the heather climbed the pipers, up through the heather the children clambered after them; and the moment the pipers passed the heather a door opened and they marched in, the children following, and the door closed behind them.

Connla and Nora were so dazzled by the light that hit their eyes when they had crossed the threshold that they had to shade them with their hands; but after a moment or two they became able to bear the splendor, and when they looked around they saw that they were in a noble hall, whose crystal roof was supported by two rows of crystal pillars rising from a crystal floor; and the walls were of crystal couches, with coverings and cushions of sapphire silk with silver tassels.

Over the crystal floor the little pipers marched, over the crystal floor the children followed; and when a door at the end of the hall was opened to let the pipers pass, a crowd of colors came rushing in, and floor, and ceiling, and stately pillars, and glancing couches, and shining walls, were stained with a thousand dazzling hues.

Out through the door the pipers marched, out through the door the children followed; and when they crossed the threshold they were treading on clouds of amber, of purple, and of gold.

"Oh, Connla," said Nora, "we have walked into the sunset!"

And around and about them everywhere were soft,

fleecy clouds, and over their heads was the glowing sky, and the stars were shining through it, as a lady's eyes shine through a veil of gossamer. And the sky and stars seemed so near that Connla thought he could almost touch them with his hand.

When they had gone some distance, the pipers disappeared, and when Connla and Nora came up to the spot where they had seen the last of them, they found themselves at the head of a ladder, all the steps of which were formed of purple and amber clouds that descended to what appeared to be a vast and shining plain, streaked with purple and gold. In the spaces between the streaks of gold and purple, they saw soft, milk-white stars. And the children thought that the great plain, so far below them, also belonged to cloudland.

They could not see the little pipers, but up the steps was borne by the cool sweet air, the fairy music; and lured on by it step by step they traveled down the fleecy stairway. When they were little more than half-way down there came mingled with the music a sound almost as sweet—the sound of waters toying in the still air with pebbles on a shelving beach, and with the sound came the odorous brine of the ocean. And then the children knew that what they thought was a plain in the realms of cloudland was the sleeping sea, unstirred by wind or tide, dreaming of the purple clouds and stars of the sunset sky above it.

When Connla and Nora reached the strand they saw the nine little pipers marching out towards the sea, and they wondered where they were going to. And they could hardly believe their eyes when they saw them stepping out upon the level ocean as if they were walking upon the land; and away the nine little pipers marched, treading the golden line, cast upon the waters by the setting sun. And as the music became fainter and fainter as the pipers passed into the glowing distance, the children began to wonder what was to become of themselves. Just at that very moment they saw coming towards them from the sinking sun a little white horse, with flowing mane and tail and golden hoofs. On the horse's back was a little man dressed in shining green silk. When the horse galloped on to the strand the little man doffed his hat, and said to the children:



"Would you like to follow the nine little pipers?"

The children said "Yes."

"Well then," said the little man, "come up here behind me; you, Nora, first, and Connla after."

Connla helped up Nora and then climbed on to the little steed himself; and as soon as they were properly seated, the little man said "Swish!" and away went the steed, galloping over the sea without wetting hair or hoof. But fast as he galloped the nine little pipers were always ahead of him, although they seemed to be going only at a walking pace. When at last he came up rather close to the hindmost of them the nine little pipers disappeared, but the children heard the music playing beneath the waters; the white steed pulled up suddenly and wouldn't move a step farther.

"Now," said the little man to the children, "clasp me tight, Nora, and do you, Connla, cling on to Nora, and both of you shut your eyes."

The children did as they were bidden, and the little man cried:

"Swish! Swash!"

And the steed went down and down until at last his feet struck the bottom.

"Now open you eyes," said the little man.

And when the children did so, they saw beneath the horse's feet a golden strand, and above their heads the sea like a transparent cloud between them and the sky. And once more they heard the fairy music, and marching on the strand before them were the nine little pipers.

"You must get off now," said the little man, "I can go no farther with you."

The children scrambled down, and the little man cried "Swish!" and himself and the steed shot up through the sea, and they saw him no more. Then they set out after the nine little pipers, and it wasn't long until they saw rising up from the golden strand and pushing their heads up into the sea above, a mass of dark-gray rocks. And as they were gazing at them they saw the rocks opening, and the nine little pipers disappearing through them.

The children hurried on, and when they came up close to the rocks, they saw sitting on a flat and polished stone, a mermaid combing her golden hair, and singing a strange

sweet song, that brought the tears to their eyes; and by the mermaid's side was a little sleek brown otter.

When the mermaid saw them she flung her golden tresses back over her snow-white shoulders, and she beckoned the children to her. Her large eyes were full of sadness; but there was a look so tender upon her face that the children moved towards her without any fear.

"Come to me, little one," she said to Nora; "come and kiss me!" and in a second her arms were around the child. The mermaid kissed her again and again, and as the tears rushed to her eyes, she said:

"Oh, Nora, avourneen, your breath is as sweet as the wild rose that blooms in the green fields of Erin, and happy are you, my children, who have come so lately from that pleasant land. Oh, Connla! Connla! I get the scent of the dew of the Irish grasses and of the purple heather from your feet. And you both can soon return to Erin of the Streams, but I shall not see it till three hundred years have passed away, for I am Liban the Mermaid, daughter of a line of kings. But I may not keep you here. The Fairy Queen is waiting for you in her snow-white palace and her fragrant bowers. And now, kiss me once more, Nora; and kiss me, Connla. May luck and joy go with you, and all gentleness be upon you both!"

Then the children said good-bye to the mermaid, and the rocks opened for them and they passed through, and soon they found themselves in a meadow starred with flowers, and through the meadow sped a sunlit stream. They followed the stream until it led them into a garden of roses, and beyond the garden, standing on a gentle hill, was a palace white as snow. Before the palace was a crowd of fairy maidens pelting each other with rose-leaves. But when they saw the children they gave over their play, and came trooping towards them.

"Our queen is waiting for you," they said; and then they led the children to the palace-door. The children entered, and after passing through a long corridor they found themselves in a crystal hall, so like the one they had seen in the mountain of the Golden Spear that they thought it was the same. But on all the crystal couches fairies, dressed in silken robes of many colors, were sitting, and at the end of the hall, on a crystal throne, was seated the

Fairy Queen, looking lovelier than the evening star. The queen descended from her throne to meet the children, and, taking them by the hands, she led them up the shining steps. Then sitting down, she made them sit beside her, Connla on her right hand and Nora on her left.

Then she ordered the nine little pipers to come before her, and she said to them :

“So far, you have done your duty faithfully, and now play one more sweet air and your task is done.”

And the litle pipers played, and from the couches at the first sound of the music all the fairies rose, and, taking partners, they danced over the crystal floor as lightly as the young leaves dancing in the wind.

Listening to the fairy music, and watching the wavy motion of the dancing fairies, the children fell asleep. When they awoke next morning and rose from their silken beds, they were no longer children. Nora was a graceful and stately maiden, and Connla a handsome and gallant youth. They looked at each other for a moment in surprise, and then Connla said :

“Oh, Nora, how tall and beautiful you are !”

“Oh, not so tall and handsome as you are, Connla !” said Nora, as she flung her white arms round his neck and kissed her brother’s lips.

Then they drew back to get a better look of each other, and who should step between them but the Fairy Queen.

“Oh, Nora, Nora,” said she, “I am not as high as your knee ! and as for you, Connla, you look as straight and as tall as one of the round towers of Erin !”

“And how did we grow so tall in one night ?” said Connla.

“In one night !” said the Fairy Queen. “One night indeed ! Why, you have been fast asleep, the two of you, for the last seven years !”

“And where was the little mother all that time ?” said Connla and Nora together.

“Oh, the litle mother was all right. She knew where you were ; but she is expecting you to-day, and so you must go off to see her, although I would like to keep you if I had my way—all to myself here in the fairyland under the sea. And you will see her to-day ; but before you go, here is a necklace for you, Nora ; it is formed out of the drops of the

ocean spray, sparkling in the sunshine. They were caught by my fairy nymph, for you, as they skimmed the sunlit billows under the shape of sea-birds, and no queen or princess in the world can match their luster with the diamonds won with toil from the caves of the earth. As for you, Connla, see, here's a helmet of shining gold fit for a king of Erin,—and a king of Erin you will be yet,—and here's a spear that will pierce any shield, and here's a shield that no spear can pierce and no sword can cleave as long as you fasten your warrior cloak with this brooch of gold."

And as she spoke she flung round Connla's shoulders a flowing mantle of yellow silk, and pinned it at his neck with a red gold brooch.

"And now, my children, you must go away from me. You, Nora, will be a warrior's bride in Erin of the Streams. And you, Connla, will be king yet over the loveliest province in all the land of Erin; but you will have to fight for your crown, and days of battle are before you. They will not come for a long time after you have left the fairy-land under the sea, and until they come, lay aside your helmet, shield, and spear, and warrior's cloak and golden brooch. But when the time comes when you will be called to battle, enter not upon it without the golden brooch I give you fastened in your cloak, for if you do, harm will come to you. Now kiss me, children; your little mother is waiting for you at the foot of the Golden Spear; but do not forget to say good-bye to Liban the Mermaid, exiled from the land she loves, and pining in sadness beneath the sea."

Connla and Nora kissed the Fairy Queen, and Connla, wearing his golden helmet and silken cloak, and carrying his shield and spear, led Nora with him. They passed from the palace through the garden of roses, through the flowery meadow, through the dark-gray rocks, until they reached the golden strand; and there sitting, and singing the strange sweet song, was Liban the Mermaid.

"And so you are going up to Erin," she said, "up through the covering waters. Kiss me, children, once again; and when you are in Erin of the Streams, sometimes think of the exile from Erin beneath the sea."

And the children kissed the mermaid, and with sad hearts, bidding her good-bye, they walked along the golden strand. When they had gone what seemed to them a long



way, they began to feel weary, and just then they saw coming towards them a little man in a red jacket leading a coal-black steed.

When they met the little man, he said :

"Connla, put Nora up on this steed, then jump up before her."

Connla did as he was told, and when both of them were mounted—

"Now, Connla," said the little man, "catch the bridle in your hands, and you, Nora, clasp Connla round the waist, and close your eyes."

They did as they were bidden, and then the little man said "Swash, swish!" and the steed shot up from the strand, like a lark from the grass, and pierced the covering sea and went bounding on over the level waters; and when his hoofs struck the hard ground, Connla and Nora opened their eyes and they saw that they were galloping towards a shady wood.

On went the steed, and soon he was galloping beneath the branches that almost touched Connla's head. And on they went until they had passed through the wood, and then they saw rising up before them the "Golden Spear."

"Oh, Connla," said Nora, "we are at home at last!"

"Yes," said Connla, "but where is the little house under the hill?"

And no little house was there; but in its stead was standing a lime-white mansion.

"What can this mean?" said Nora.

But before Connla could reply, the steed had galloped up to the door of the mansion, and in the twinkling of an eye Connla and Nora were standing on the ground outside the door, and the steed had vanished.

Before they could recover from their surprise, the little mother came rushing out to them and flung her arms around their necks, and kissed them both again and again.

"Oh, children! children! You are welcome home to me; for though I knew it was all for the best, my heart was lonely without you!"

And Connla and Nora caught up the little mother in their arms, and they carried her into the hall and set her down on the floor.

"Oh, Nora," said the little mother, "you are a head over

me! and as for you, Connla, you look almost as tall as one of the round towers of Erin!"

"That 's what the Fairy Queen said, mother," said Nora.

"Blessings on the Fairy Queen!" said the little mother.

"Turn round, Connla, till I look at you."

Connla turned round, and the little mother said: "Oh, Connla, with your golden helmet and your spear, and your glancing shield, and your silken cloak, you look like a king! But take them off, my boy, beautiful as they are. Your little mother would like to see you, her own brave boy, without any fairy finery."

And Connla laid aside his spear and shield, and took off his golden helmet and his silken cloak. Then he caught the little mother and kissed her, and lifted her up until she was as high as his head. And said he:

"Don't you know, little mother, I'd rather have you than all the world!"

And that night, when they were sitting down by the fire together you may be sure that in the whole world no people were half as happy as Nora, Connla, and the little mother.

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## A ROYAL LOVE.

### I.

I loved a love—a royal love—

In the golden long ago;

And she was fair as fair could be,

The foam upon the broken sea,

The sheen of sun, or moon, or star,

The sparkle from the diamond spar,

Not half so rare and radiant are

As my own love—my royal love—

In the golden long ago.

### II.

And she had stately palace halls—

In the golden long ago;

And warriors, men of stainless swords,

Were seated at her festive boards,

Fierce champions of her lightest words,

While hymned the bard the chieftains' praise,  
And sang their deeds of battle days,  
    To cheer my love—my royal love—  
        In the golden long ago.

## III.

She wore a stately diadem—  
    In the golden long ago,  
Wrought by a cunning craftsman's hand  
And fashioned from a battle brand;  
As fit for the queen of a soldier land,  
Her scepter was a saber keen,  
Her robe a robe of radiant green,  
    My queenly love—my royal love—  
        In the golden long ago.

## IV.

Alas for my love—my royal love—  
    Of the golden long ago!  
For gone are all her warrior bands,  
And rusted are her battle brands,  
And broken her saber bright and keen,  
And torn her robe of radiant green,  
A slave where she was stainless queen—  
    My loyal love—my royal love—  
        Of the golden long ago.

## V.

But there is hope for my royal love  
    Of the golden long ago;  
Beyond the broad and shining sea  
Gathers a stubborn chivalry  
That yet will come to make her free,  
And hedge her round with gleaming spears,  
And crown her queen for all the years,  
    My only love—my royal love—  
        Of the golden long ago.

## WILLIAM E. H. LECKY.

(1838—1903.)

“MR. LECKY,” says Mr. Justin McCarthy in ‘A History of Our Own Times,’ “has probably more of the philosophic mind than any of his contemporaries. He has treated history on a large scale and in the philosophical spirit. He has taken a wide and liberal survey of the progress of thought and morals as a whole, and then has brought the knowledge and observation thus acquired to the practical purpose of illustrating certain passages of history and periods of human development. His ‘History of England in the Eighteenth Century’ is not more remarkable thus far for the closeness and fullness of its details than for its breadth of view and its calmness of judgment. Mr. Lecky is always the historian and never the partisan. His works grow on the reader. They do not turn upon him all at once a sudden glare like the flash of a revolving light, but they fill the mind gradually with a sense of their justice, their philosophic thought, and the clear calmness of their historical observation.”

He was born at Newton Park near Dublin, March 26, 1838. He went through the usual course in Trinity College; being graduated B.A. in 1859 and M.A. in 1863. His first work, ‘The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland,’ was published anonymously in 1861. In this volume the great men who have at different times controlled Irish destinies are passed in review—Swift, Flood, Grattan, and O’Connell; and their lives, characters, and influences are discussed. The work was not acknowledged till 1871–72, when a new edition was published. In 1865 appeared the ‘History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe.’ This work has already passed through several editions. The ‘History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne’ followed in 1869, and subsequently ‘A History of England in the Eighteenth Century,’ ‘Poems,’ ‘Democracy and Liberty,’ and others.

In 1871 he married Elizabeth Baroness Dedem, a daughter of a Lieutenant-General in the Dutch service.

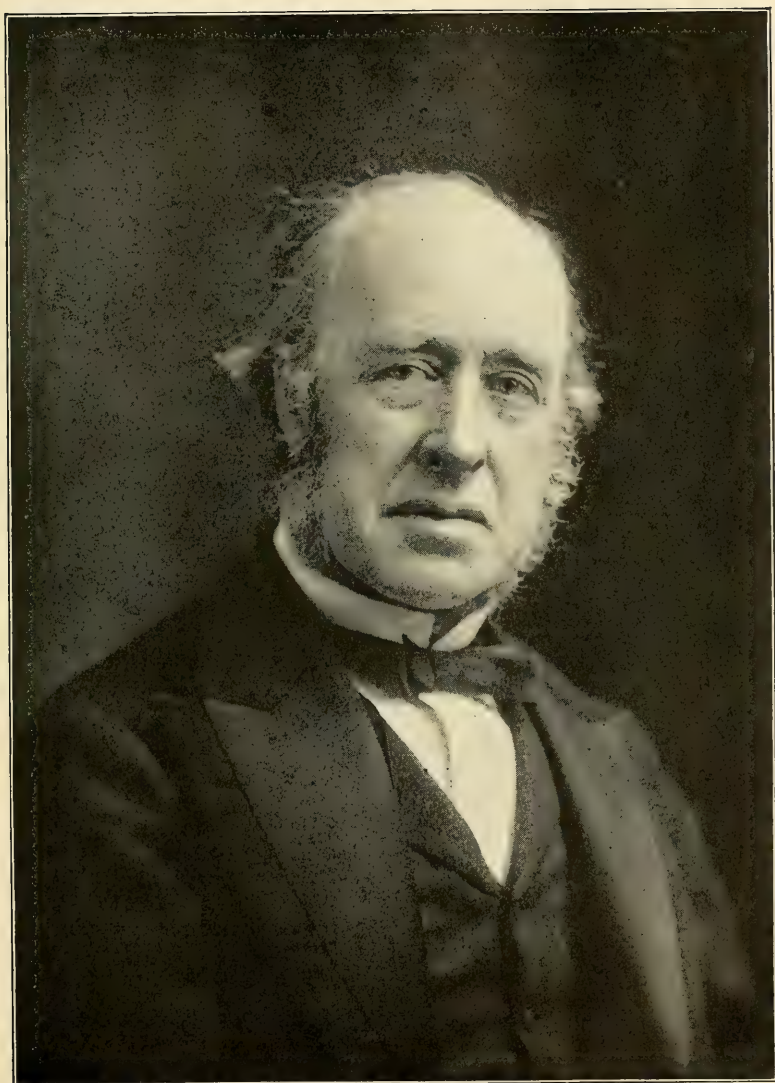
In the division of the Liberal party in 1886 Lecky joined the Unionist branch and became an ardent opponent of Home Rule. In 1895 he took his seat in Parliament, representing the University of Dublin. In 1897 he was made a Privy Councillor.

He made little mark in Parliament. His health was feeble, his voice was weak, and he was too much of a student and philosopher to adapt himself to the hustling, practical, and sometimes unruly spirit of the House of Commons.

Mr. Lecky was for many years a familiar figure in London society, his tall and striking presence distinguishing him in any gathering. He died Oct. 22, 1903.

His first three works and a large part of his ‘History of England’





W. E. H. LECKY



have been translated into German, and some of them into other languages. Mr. Lecky received the honorary degree of LL.D. from his own University of Dublin and the University of St. Andrews; the degree of D.C.L. from the University of Oxford, and the degree of Litt.D. from the University of Cambridge. In 1894 he was elected corresponding member to the Institute of France. He contributed, but not frequently, to periodical literature.

Mr. Lecky carried out his various researches with the patient thoroughness of the German investigator, and his immense erudition was not only thoroughly digested but was made the subject of long and exhaustive contemplation. Of his works the three that stand out most strikingly are his history of the rise of rationalism in Europe, his two volumes on the 'History of European Morals,' and his studies of 'English History during the Eighteenth Century.' Each of these books is a masterpiece and each represents the labors of at least ten of the best years of the author's life. The 'History of European Morals' has for many years been used as a text-book and standard work of reference in the German Universities.

This is not only fascinating because of its lucid style, which at times rises to a manly eloquence, but the abundant footnotes with which it is supplied make it a perfect treasure-house of curious and suggestive information. Lecky ransacked and explored every possible source available, from the literature of Greece and Rome to the most obscure records of medievalism; and when he finally sat down to write he did it with a fullness of knowledge that enabled him to make this highly philosophical exposition interesting not only to scholars but to every thoughtful man.

In his poems, written in "many years and in many moods," there are passages of grace and beauty—and traces of the spiritual conflict through which the writer passed. The following has been taken as a piece of self-revelation :

"He found his work, but far behind  
Lay something that he could not find—  
Deep springs of passion that can make  
A life sublime for others' sake,  
And lend to work the living glow  
That saints and bards and heroes know.  
The power lay there—unfolded power—  
A bud that never bloomed a flower;  
For half beliefs and jaded moods  
Of worldlings, critics, cynics, prudes,  
Lay round his path and dimmed and chilled  
Illusions past. High hopes were killed;  
But duty lived. He sought not far  
The "might be" in the things that are;  
His ear caught no celestial strain;  
He dreamt of no millennial reign.  
Brave, true, unhoping, calm, austere,  
He labored in a narrow sphere,  
And found in work his spirit needs—  
The last, if not the best, of creeds."

## DUBLIN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

From 'History of England.'

What I have written may be sufficient to show that Irish life in the first half of the eighteenth century was not altogether the corrupt, frivolous, grotesque, and barbarous thing that it has been represented; that among many and glaring vices some real public spirit and intellectual energy may be discerned. It may be added that great improvements were at this time made in the material aspect of Dublin.

In the middle of the eighteenth century it was in dimensions and population the second city in the empire, containing, according to the most trustworthy accounts, between 100,000 and 120,000 inhabitants. Like most things in Ireland, it presented vivid contrasts, and strangers were equally struck with the crowds of beggars, the inferiority of the inns, the squalid wretchedness of the streets of the old town, and with the noble proportions of the new quarter, and the brilliant and hospitable society that inhabited it. The Liffey was spanned by four bridges, and another on a grander scale was undertaken in 1753. St. Stephen's Green was considered the largest square in Europe.

The quays of Dublin were widely celebrated; but the chief boast of the city was the new Parliament House, which was built between 1729 and 1739 for the very moderate sum of £34,000 (\$170,000), and was justly regarded as far superior in beauty to the Parliament House of Westminster. In the reigns of Elizabeth and of the early Stuarts the Irish Parliament met in the Castle under the eyes of the chief governor. It afterwards assembled at the Tholsel, in Chichester House, and during the erection of the Parliament House in two great rooms of the Foundling Hospital. The new edifice was chiefly built by the surveyor-general, Sir Edward Pearce, who was a member of the Irish Parliament, and it entitles him to a very high place among the architects of his time.

In ecclesiastical architecture the city had nothing to boast of, for the churches, with one or two exceptions, were wholly devoid of beauty, and their monuments were clumsy, scanty, and mean; but the college, though it



wanted the venerable charm of the English universities, spread in stately squares far beyond its original limits.

The cheapness of its education and the prevailing distaste for industrial life which induced crowds of poor gentry to send their sons to the university, when they would have done far better to send them to the counter, contributed to support it, and in spite of great discouragement it appears on the whole to have escaped the torpor which had at this time fallen over the universities of England. It is said before the middle of the century to have contained about seven hundred students. A laboratory and anatomical theater had been opened in 1710 and 1711. The range of instruction had been about the same time enlarged by the introduction of lectures on chemistry, anatomy, and botany, and a few years later by the foundation of new lectureships on oratory, history, natural and experimental philosophy. The library was assisted by grants from the Irish Parliament. It was enriched by large collections of books and manuscripts bequeathed during the first half of the eighteenth century by Palliser, Archbishop of Cashel, by Gilbert, the vice-provost and professor of divinity, and by Stearn, the Bishop of Clogher, and its present noble reading-room was opened in 1732. Another library—comprising that which had once belonged to Stillingfleet—had been founded in Dublin by Bishop Marsh, and was incorporated by act of Parliament in 1707.

The traces of recent civil war and the arrogance of a dominant minority were painfully apparent. The statue of William III. stood as the most conspicuous monument opposite the Parliament of Ireland. A bust of the same sovereign, bearing an insulting distich reflecting on the adherents of James, was annually painted by the corporation. The toast of "the glorious, pious, and immortal memory" was given on all public occasions by the viceroy. The walls of the House of Lords were hung with tapestry representing the siege of Derry and the battle of the Boyne. A standing order of the House of Commons excluded Catholics even from the gallery. The anniversaries of the battle of Aughrim, of the battle of the Boyne, of the Gunpowder Plot, and, above all, of the discovery of the rebellion of 1641, were always celebrated. On the last-named occasion the lord-lieutenant went in full state to Christ's

Church, where a sermon on the rebellion was preached. At noon the great guns of the castle were fired. The church bells were rung, and the day concluded with bonfires and illuminations.

Like London and Edinburgh, Dublin possessed many elements of disorder, and several men were killed and several others hamstrung or otherwise brutally injured in savage feuds between the Ormond and the Liberty boys, between the students of the university and the butchers around St. Patrick, between the butchers and the weavers, and between the butchers and the soldiers.

As in most English towns, bull-baiting was a very popular amusement, and many riots grew out of the determination of the populace to bait cattle that were being brought to market. Occasionally, too, in seasons of great distress there were outbreaks against foreign goods, and shops containing them were sacked.

The police of the town seems to have been very insufficient, but an important step was taken in the cause of order by the adoption in 1719 of a new system of lighting the streets after the model of London, which was extended to Cork and Limerick. Large lanterns were provided at the public expense to be lighted in the dark quarters of the moon from half an hour after sunset till two in the morning; in the other quarters of the moon, during which there had previously been no lights, whenever the moon was down or overshadowed. There was not much industrial life, but the linen trade was flourishing, a linen-hall was built in 1728, and there was also a considerable manufactory of tapestry and carpets.

Among the higher classes there are some traces of an immorality of a graver kind than the ordinary dissipation of Irish life. In the early Hanoverian period a wave of impiety broke over both islands, and great indignation and even consternation was excited in Ireland by the report that there existed in Dublin, among some men of fashion, a club called the "Blasters," or the "Hell-fire Club," resembling the Medmenham brotherhood which some years later became so celebrated in England. It was not of native growth, and is said to have derived its origin, or at least its character, from a painter named Peter Lens, who had lately come into the kingdom, and who was ac-

cused of the grossest blasphemy, of drinking the health of the devil, and of openly abjuring God.

A committee of the House of Lords inquired into the matter in 1737, and presented a report offering a reward for the apprehension of Lens, and at the same time deploring a great and growing neglect of Divine worship, of religious education, and of the observance of Sunday, as well as an increase of idleness, luxury, profanity, gaming, and drinking. The existence of the Hell-fire Club has been doubted, and the charges against its members were certainly by no means established, but there can be little question that the report of the Lords' Committee was right in its censure of the morals of many of the upper classes. The first Lord Rosse was equally famous for his profligacy and for his wit; and in 1739 Lord Santry was arraigned and found guilty of murder by the House of Lords, for having killed a man in a drunken fray.

The number of carriages in proportion to the population of the city was unusually great. It is said that as many as 300 filled with gentlemen sometimes assembled to meet the lord-lieutenant on his arrival from England. There were about 200 hackney-carriages and as many chairs, and it was noticed as a singularity of Dublin, which may be ascribed either to the wretched pavement or to the prevailing habits of ostentation, that ladies scarcely ever appeared on foot in the streets. They were famous for their grace in dancing, as the men were for their skill in swimming. The hospitality of the upper classes was notorious, and it was by no means destitute of brilliancy or grace.

No one can look over the fugitive literature of Dublin in the first half of the eighteenth century without being struck with the very large amount of admirable witty and satirical poetry that was produced. The curse of absenteeism was little felt in Dublin, where the Parliament secured the presence of most of the aristocracy and of much of the talent of the country; and during the residence of the viceroy the influence of a court, and the weekly balls in the winter time at the castle, contributed to the sparkling, showy character of Dublin society. Dorset, Devonshire, and Chesterfield were especially famous for the munificence of their hospitality, and the unnatural restriction of the spheres of political and industrial enterprise had

thrown the energies of the upper classes to an unhealthy degree into the cultivation of social habits.

On the whole, however, the difference between society in Dublin and in London was probably much less than has been supposed. Mrs. Delany, who moved much in both, and whose charming letters furnish some of the best pictures of Irish life in the first half of the eighteenth century, writing from Dublin in 1731, says: "As for the generality of people that I meet with here, they are much the same as in England—a mixture of good and bad. All that I have met with behave themselves very decently according to their rank; now and then an oddity breaks out, but never so extraordinary but that I can match them in England. There is a heartiness among them that is more like Cornwall than any I have known, and great sociableness."

Arthur Young, nearly half a century later, when drawing the dark picture I have already quoted of the reckless and dissipated character of the Irish squireens, took care to qualify it by adding that "there are great numbers of the principal people residing in Ireland who are as liberal in their ideas as any people in Europe," and that "a man may go into a vast variety of families which he will find actuated by no other principles than those of the most cultivated politeness and the most liberal urbanity. The ostentatious profusion of dishes and multiplication of servants at Irish entertainments which appeared so strange to English travelers, and which had undoubtedly bad moral effects, were merely the natural result of the economical condition of the country, which made both food and labor extremely cheap.

Another difference which was perhaps more significant was the greater mixture of professions and ranks; and the social position of artists and actors was perceptibly higher than in England. Handel was at once received with an enthusiastic cordiality, and Elrington, one of the best Irish actors of his day, refused an extremely advantageous offer from London in 1729, chiefly on the ground that in his own country there was not a gentleman's house to which he was not a welcome visitor.

Booksellers were numerous; and the house of Faulkner, the friend and publisher of Swift, was for many years a center of literary society. For the most part, however,



they were not occupied with native productions, but were employed in fabricating cheap editions of English books. As the act of Anne for the protection of literary property did not extend to Ireland, this proceeding was legal, the most prominent English books were usually reprinted in Dublin, and great numbers of these reprints passed to the colonies. It is an amusing fact that when Richardson endeavored to prevent the piracy by sending over for sale a large number of copies of 'Pamela' immediately on its publication, he was accused of having scandalously invaded the legitimate profits of the Dublin printers. *The Dublin News-letter*, which seems to have been the first local newspaper, was published as early as 1685. *Pue's Occurrences*, which obtained a much greater popularity, appeared in 1703, and there were several other papers before the middle of the century.

The taste for music was stronger and more general than the taste for literature. There was a public garden for musical entertainments after the model of Vauxhall; a music-hall, founded in 1741; a considerable society of amateur musicians, who cultivated the art and sang for charities; a musical academy, established in 1755, and presided over by Lord Mornington. Foreign artists were always warmly welcomed. Dubourg, the violinist, the favorite pupil of Geminiani, came to Dublin in 1728, and resided there for many years. Handel first brought out his 'Messiah' in Dublin. Roubillac, at a time when he was hardly known in England, executed busts for the university. Geminiani came to Dublin about 1763. Garrick acted 'Hamlet' in Dublin before he attempted it in England. There were two theaters, and a great, and indeed extravagant, passion for good acting. Among the dramatists of the seventeenth century Congreve and Farquhar were both Irish by education, and the second at least was Irish by birth.

Among the Irish actors and actresses who attained to great eminence on the English stage during the eighteenth century we find Wilkes, who was the contemporary and almost the equal of Betterton; Macklin, the first considerable reviver of Shakespeare; Barry, who was pronounced to be the best lover on the stage; Mrs. Woffington, the president of the Beefsteak Club; Mrs. Bellamy, whose mem-

oirs are still read; as well as Elrington, Sheridan, and Mrs. Jordan.

The Dublin theaters underwent many strange vicissitudes which it is not necessary here to record, but it may be mentioned as a curious trait of manners that when Sheridan had for a time reformed the chief theater it was warmly patronized by the Protestant clergy. "There have been sometimes," he stated, "more than thirty clergymen in the pit at a time, many of them deans or doctors of divinity, though formerly perhaps none of that order had ever entered the doors, unless a few who skulked in the gallery disguised." In 1701 the fall of a gallery in the theater during the representation of 'The Libertine,' one of the most grossly immoral of the plays of Shadwell, had produced for a time a religious panic, and the play was for twenty years banished from the stage; but in general there appears to have been little or nothing of that puritanical feeling on the subject which was general in Scotland, and which in the present century became almost equally general among the clergy of Ireland.

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### THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL DIFFERENCES BETWEEN THE SEXES.

There are few more curious subjects of inquiry than the distinctive differences between the sexes, and the manner in which those differences have affected the ideal types of different ages, nations, philosophies, and religions. Physically, men have the indisputable superiority in strength, and women in beauty. Intellectually, a certain inferiority of the female sex can hardly be denied when we remember how almost exclusively the foremost places in every department of science, literature, and art have been occupied by men, how infinitesimally small is the number of women who have shown in any form the very highest order of genius, how many of the greatest men have achieved their greatness in defiance of the most adverse circumstances, and how completely women have failed in obtaining the first position even in music or painting, for

the cultivation of which their circumstances would appear most propitious. It is as impossible to find a female Raphael or a female Handel as a female Shakespeare or Newton. Women are intellectually more desultory and volatile than men; they are more occupied with particular instances than with general principles; they judge rather by intuitive perceptions than by deliberate reasoning or past experience. They are, however, usually superior to men in nimbleness and rapidity of thought, and in the gift of tact or the power of seizing speedily and faithfully the finer inflections of feeling; and they have therefore often attained very great eminence in conversation, as letter-writers, as actresses, and as novelists.

Morally, the general superiority of women over man is, I think, unquestionable. If we take the somewhat coarse and inadequate criterion of police statistics, we find that while the male and female populations are nearly the same in number, the crimes committed by men are usually rather more than five times as numerous as those committed by women; and although it may be justly observed that men, as the stronger sex, and the sex upon whom the burden of supporting the family is thrown, have more temptations than women, it must be remembered, on the other hand, that extreme poverty which verges upon starvation is most common among women, whose means of livelihood are most restricted, and whose earnings are smallest and most precarious. Self-sacrifice is the most conspicuous element of a virtuous and religious character; and it is certainly far less common among men than among women, whose whole lives are usually spent in yielding to the will and consulting the pleasures of another. There are two great departments of virtue,—the impulsive, or that which springs spontaneously from the emotions; and the deliberative, or that which is performed in obedience to the sense of duty; and in both of these I imagine women are superior to men. Their sensibility is greater, they are more chaste both in thought and act, more tender to the erring, more compassionate to the suffering, more affectionate to all about them. On the other hand, those who have traced the course of the wives of the poor, and of many who though in narrow circumstances can hardly be called poor, will probably admit that in no other class do

we so often find entire lives spent in daily persistent self-denial, in the patient endurance of countless trials, in the ceaseless and deliberate sacrifice of their own enjoyments to the well-being or the prospects of others. Women, however, though less prone than men to intemperance and brutality, are in general more addicted to the petty forms of vanity, jealousy, spitefulness, and ambition; and they are also inferior to men in active courage. In the courage of endurance they are commonly superior; but their passive courage is not so much fortitude which bears and defies, as resignation which bears and bends. In the ethics of intellect they are decidedly inferior. To repeat an expression I have already employed, women very rarely love truth; though they love passionately what they call "the truth,"—or opinions they have received from others,—and hate vehemently those who differ from them. They are little capable of impartiality or of doubt; their thinking is chiefly a mode of feeling; though very generous in their acts, they are rarely generous in their opinions or in their judgments. They persuade rather than convince, and value belief rather as a source of consolation than as a faithful expression of the reality of things. They are less capable than men of perceiving qualifying circumstances, of admitting the existence of elements of good in systems to which they are opposed, of distinguishing the personal character of an opponent from the opinions he maintains.

Men lean most to justice and women to mercy. Men excel in energy, self-reliance, perseverance, and magnanimity; women in humility, gentleness, modesty, and endurance. The realizing imagination which causes us to pity and to love is more sensitive in women than in men, and it is especially more capable of dwelling on the unseen. Their religious or devotional realizations are incontestably more vivid; and it is probable that while a father is most moved by the death of a child in his presence, a mother generally feels most the death of a child in some distant land. But though more intense, the sympathies of women are commonly less wide than those of men. Their imaginations individualize more; their affections are in consequence concentrated rather on leaders than on causes; and if they care for a great cause, it is generally because it is represented by a great man, or connected with some one whom they love.



In politics their enthusiasm is more naturally loyalty than patriotism. In history, they are even more inclined than men to dwell exclusively upon biographical incidents or characteristics as distinguished from the march of general causes. In benevolence, they excel in charity, which alleviates individual suffering, rather than in philanthropy, which deals with large masses and is more frequently employed in preventing than in allaying calamity.

It was a remark of Winckelmann that "the supreme beauty of Greek art is rather male than female;" and the justice of this remark has been amply corroborated by the greater knowledge we have of late years attained of the works of the Phidian period, in which art achieved its highest perfection, and in which, at the same time, force and freedom and masculine grandeur were its pre-eminent characteristics. A similar observation may be made of the moral ideal of which ancient art was simply the expression. In antiquity the virtues that were most admired were almost exclusively those which are distinctively masculine. Courage, self-assertion, magnanimity, and, above all, patriotism, were the leading features of the ideal type; and chastity, modesty, and charity, the gentler and the domestic virtues, which are especially feminine, were greatly undervalued.

With the single exception of conjugal fidelity, none of the virtues that were very highly prized were virtues distinctively or pre-eminently feminine. With this exception, nearly all the most illustrious women of antiquity were illustrious chiefly because they overcame the natural conditions of their sex. It is a characteristic fact that the favorite female ideal of the artists appears to have been the Amazon. We may admire the Spartan mother and the mother of the Gracchi, repressing every sign of grief when their children were sacrificed upon the altar of their country; we may wonder at the majestic courage of a Porcia and an Arria: but we extol them chiefly because, being women, they emancipated themselves from the frailty of their sex, and displayed an heroic fortitude worthy of the strongest and the bravest of men. We may bestow an equal admiration upon the noble devotion and charity of a St. Elizabeth of Hungary or of a Mrs. Fry; but we do not admire them because they displayed these virtues, although

they were women, for we feel that their virtues were of the kind which the female nature is most fitted to produce. The change from the heroic to the saintly ideal, from the ideal of paganism to the ideal of Christianity, was a change from a type which was essentially male to one which was essentially feminine. Of all the great schools of philosophy, no other reflected so faithfully the Roman conception of moral excellence as Stoicism; and the greatest Roman exponent of Stoicism summed up its character in a single sentence when he pronounced it to be beyond all other sects the most emphatically masculine. On the other hand, an ideal type in which meekness, gentleness, patience, humility, faith, and love are the most prominent features, is not naturally male but female. A reason probably deeper than the historical ones which are commonly alleged, why sculpture has always been peculiarly pagan and painting peculiarly Christian, may be found in the fact that sculpture is especially suited to represent male beauty, or the beauty of strength, and painting female beauty, or the beauty of softness; and that pagan sentiment was chiefly a glorification of the masculine qualities of strength and courage and conscious virtue, while Christian sentiment is chiefly a glorification of the feminine qualities of gentleness, humility, and love. The painters whom the religious feeling of Christendom has recognized as the most faithful exponents of Christian sentiment have always been those who infused a large measure of feminine beauty even into their male characters; and we never, or scarcely ever, find that the same artist has been conspicuously successful in delineating both Christian and pagan types. Michael Angelo, whose genius loved to expatiate on the sublimity of strength and defiance, failed signally in his representations of the Christian ideal; and Perugino was equally unsuccessful when he sought to portray the features of the heroes of antiquity. The position that was gradually assigned to the Virgin, as the female ideal in the belief and the devotion of Christendom, was a consecration or an expression of the new value that was attached to the feminine virtues.

The general superiority of women to men in the strength of their religious emotions, and their natural attraction to a religion which made personal attachment to its Founder

its central duty, and which imparted an unprecedented dignity and afforded an unprecedented scope to their characteristic virtues, account for the very conspicuous position that female influence assumed in the great work of the conversion of the Roman Empire. In no other important movement of thought was it so powerful or so acknowledged. In the ages of persecution, female figures occupy many of the foremost places in the ranks of martyrdom; and pagan and Christian writers alike attest the alacrity with which women flocked to the Church, and the influence they exercised in its favor over the male members of their families. The mothers of St. Augustine, St. Chrysostom, St. Basil, St. Gregory Nazianzen, and Theodoret, had all a leading part in the conversion of their sons. St. Helena the mother of Constantine, Flacilla the wife of Theodosius the Great, St. Pulcheria the sister of Theodosius the Younger, and Placidia the mother of Valentinian III., were among the most conspicuous defenders of the faith. In the heretical sects the same zeal was manifested; and Arius, Priscillian, and Montanus were all supported by troops of zealous female devotees.

In the career of asceticism, women took a part little if at all inferior to men; while in the organization of the great work of charity they were pre-eminent. For no other field of active labor are women so admirably suited as for this; and although we may trace from the earliest period, in many creeds and ages, individual instances of their influence in allaying the sufferings of the distressed, it may be truly said that their instinct and genius of charity had never before the dawn of Christianity obtained full scope for action. Fabiola, Paula, Melania, and a host of other noble ladies, devoted their time and fortunes mainly to founding and extending vast institutions of charity, some of them of a kind before unknown in the world. The Empress Flacilla was accustomed to tend with her own hands the sick in the hospitals; and a readiness to discharge such offices was deemed the first duty of a Christian wife. From age to age the impulse thus communicated has been felt. There has been no period however corrupt, there has been no church however superstitious, that has not been adorned by many Christian women devoting their entire lives to assuaging the sufferings of men; and the mission of charity

thus instituted has not been more efficacious in diminishing the sum of human wretchedness, than in promoting the moral dignity of those by whom it was conducted.

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### THE SOWER AND HIS SEED.

He planted an oak in his father's park  
And a thought in the minds of men,  
And he bade farewell to his native shore,  
Which he never will see again.  
Oh, merrily stream the tourist throng  
To the glow of the Southern sky;  
A vision of pleasure beckons them on,  
But he went there to die.

The oak will grow and its boughs will spread,  
And many rejoice in its shade,  
But none will visit the distant grave,  
Where a stranger youth is laid;  
And the thought will live when the oak has died,  
And quicken the minds of men,  
But the name of the thinker has vanished away,  
And will never be heard again.



## JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU

(1814—1872.)

JOSEPH SHERIDAN LE FANU was a grandson of Alicia Le Fanu, the favorite sister of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and an authoress herself, as was nearly every member of her family. His father was the Rev. Thomas P. Le Fanu. Joseph was born in Dublin, Aug. 28, 1814. He was graduated with honors at Trinity College, and at an early age he began writing for the newspapers. Ultimately he became part proprietor of *The Dublin Evening Mail*, with its weekly issue, *The Warder*. He was also the owner of *The Dublin University Magazine*, to which he began to contribute shortly after its start. His first great success was with his poetry, two of his pieces, 'Shamus O'Brien' and 'Phaudrig Crohoore,' being excellent specimens of the half humorous, half pathetic composition which well depicts certain phases of Irish life.

Le Fanu was also the author of a considerable number of novels. His chief power was in describing scenes of a mysterious or grotesque character, and the mystery in some of his stories is kept up with considerable skill to the end. The supernatural and the weird were a fashion in fiction in his day, and in this peculiar vein his work has hardly been bettered, even by Bulwer Lytton or Mrs. Crowe. Some of the best things he wrote, however, were shorter sketches in the old numbers of *The Dublin University Magazine*. In 1850 he published 'The Cock and Anchor, a Chronicle of Old Dublin.' This was followed in 1863 by the 'House by the Churchyard.' He is also the author of 'Uncle Silas,' 'Tenants of Malory,' 'Willing to Die,' 'The Room in the Dragon Volant,' and other stories. In most of these later productions there are frequently fine scenes; but some of the stories are weakened by want of condensation.

Mr. Le Fanu, who had retired from social life several years previously, died in his house in Merrion Square, Dublin, Feb. 7, 1873.

Mr. Alfred Perceval Graves edited his poems in a collected edition in 1896, and in his preface he says: "Those who possessed the rare privilege of Le Fanu's friendship, and only they, can form any idea of the true character of the man; for after the death of his wife, to whom he was most deeply devoted, he quite forsook general society, in which his fine features, distinguished bearing, and charm of conversation marked him out as the beau-ideal of an Irish wit and a scholar of the old school.

"From this society he vanished so entirely that Dublin, always ready with a nickname, dubbed him 'The Invisible Prince'; and, indeed, he was for long almost invisible, except to his family and most familiar friends, unless at odd hours of the evening, when he might occasionally be seen stealing, like the ghost of his former self, between his newspaper office and his home in Merrion Square. Sometimes too he was to be encountered in an old, out-of-the-way bookshop, poring over some rare black-letter Astrology or Demonology."

## THE QUARE GANDER.

Terence Mooney was an honest boy an' well to-do, an' he rinted the biggest farm on this side iv the Galties, an' bein' mighty cute an' a seavare worker, it was small wonder he turned a good penny every harvest; but unluckily he was blessed with an iligant large family iv daughters, an' iv coorse his heart was allamost bruck, strivin' to make up fortunes for the whole of them—an' there wasn't a con-thrivance iv any soart or discription for makin' money out iv the farm but he was up to.

Well, among the other ways he had iv gettin' up in the world, he always kep a power iv turkeys, an' all soarts iv poultry; an' he was out iv all raison partial to geese—an' small blame to him for that same—for twiste a year you can pluck them as bare as my hand—an' get a fine price for the feathers, an' plenty of rale sizable eggs—an' when they are too ould to lay any more, you can kill them, an' sell them to the gintlemen for gozlings, d 'ye see,—let alone that a goose is the most manly bird that is out.

Well, it happened in the coorse iv time, that one ould gandher tuck a wonderful likin' to Terence, an' divil a place he could go serenadin' about the farm, or lookin' afther the men, but the gandher id be at his heels, an' rubbin' himself agin his legs, and lookin' up in his face just like any other Christian id do; and the likes iv it was never seen,—Terence Mooney an' the gandher wor so great. An' at last the bird was so engagin' that Terence would not allow it to be plucked any more; an' kept it from that time out, for love an' affection—just all as one like one iv his children. But happiness in perfection never lasts long; an' the neighbors begin'd to suspect the nathur' and intentions iv the gandher; an' some iv them said it was the divil, and more iv them that it was a fairy.

Well, Terence could not but hear something of what was sayin', an' you may be sure he was not altogether asy in his mind about it, an' from one day to another he was gettin' more ancomfortable in himself, until he detarmined to sind for Jer Garvan, the fairy docthor in Garryowen, an' it's he was the iligant hand at the business, an' divil a sperit id say a crass word to him, no more nor a priest. An' moreover he was very great wid ould Terence Mooney, this

man's father that was. So without more about it, he was sint for; an' sure enough the divil a long he was about it, for he kem back that very evenin' along wid the boy that was sint for him; an' as soon as he was there, an' tuck his supper, an' was done talkin' for a while, he bigined of coorse to look into the gandher. Well, he turned it this away an' that away, to the right, and to the left, an' straight-ways an' upside down, an' when he was tired handlin' it, says he to Terence Mooney—

"Terence," says he, "you must remove the bird into the next room," says he, "an' put a pettycoat," says he, "or any other convaynience round his head," says he.

"An' why so?" says Terence.

"Becase," says Jer, says he.

"Becase what?" says Terence.

"Becase," says Jer, "if it isn't done—you'll never be asy agin," says he, "or pusilanimous in your mind," says he; "so ax no more questions, but do my biddin'," says he.

"Well," says Terence, "have your own way," says he.

An' wid that he tuck the ould gandher, and giv' it to one iv the gossoons.

"An' take care," says he, "don't smother the crathur," says he.

Well, as soon as the bird was gone, says Jer Garvan, says he, "Do you know what that ould gandher *is*, Terence Mooney?"

"Divil a taste," says Terence.

"Well, then," says Jer, "the gandher is your own father," says he.

"It's jokin' you are," says Terence, turnin' mighty pale; "how can an ould gandher be my father?" says he.

"I'm not funnin' you at all," says Jer; "it's thrue what I tell you—it's your father's wandhrin' sowl," says he, "that's naturally tuck pissession iv the ould gandher's body," says he; "I know him many ways, and I wondher," says he, "you do not know the cock iv his eye yourself," says he.

"Oh, blur an' ages!" says Terence, "what the divil will I ever do at all at all," says he; "it's all over wid me, for I plucked him twelve times at the laste," says he.

"That can't be helped now," says Jer; "it was a severe act surely," says he, "but it's too late to lamint for it

now," says he; "the only way to prevint what 's past," says he, "is to put a stop to it before it happens," says he.

"Thru for you," says Terence; "but how the divil did you come to the knowledge iv my father's sowl," says he, "bein' in the ould gandher?" says he.

"If I tould you," says Jer, "you would not undherstand me," says he, "without book-larnin' an' gasthronomy," says he; "ax me no questions," says he, "an' I'll tell you no lies; but believe me in this much," says he, "it's your father that 's in it," says he, "an' if I don't make him spake to-morrow mornin'," says he, "I'll give you lave to call me a fool," says he.

"Say no more," says Terence, "that settles the business," says he; "an' oh! blur an' ages, is it not a quare thing," says he, "for a dacent, respectable man," says he, "to be walkin' about the counthry in the shape iv an ould gandher," says he; "and oh, murdher, murdher! isn't it often I plucked him," says he; "an' tundher an' ouns, might not I have ate him," says he; and wid that he fell into a could parspiration, savin' your prisince, an' was on the pint iv faintin' wid the bare notions iv it.

Well, whin he was come to himself agin, says Jerry to him quiet an' asy—"Terence," says he, "don't be aggravatin' yourself," says he, "for I have a plan composed that 'ill make him spake out," says he, "an' tell what it is in the world he's wantin'," says he; "an' mind an' don't be comin' in wid your goster an' to say agin anything I tell you," says he, "but jist purtind, as soon as the bird is brought back," says he, "how that we're goin' to sind him to-morrow mornin' to market," says he; "an' if he don't spake to-night," says he, "or gother himself out iv the place," says he, "put him into the hamper airly, and sind him in the cart," says he, "straight to Tipperary, to be sould for aiting," says he, "along wid the two gossoons," says he; "an' my name isn't Jer Garvan," says he, "if he doesn't spake out before he's half-way," says he; "an' mind," says he, "as soon as ever he says the first word," says he, "that very minute bring him off to Father Crotty," says he, "an' if his raverince doesn't make him ratire, like the rest iv his parishioners, glory be to God," says he, "into the siclusion iv the flames iv purgathory, there's no vartue in my charums," says he.



Well, wid that the ould gandher was let into the room agin, an' they all bigined to talk iv sindin' him the nixt mornin' to be sould for roastin' in Tipperary, jist as if it was a thing andoubtingly settled; but not a notice the gandher tuck, no more nor if they wor spaking iv the Lord Liftinant; an' Terence desired the boys to get ready the kish for the poulthry, "an' to settle it out wid hay soft and shnug," says he, "for it's the last jauntin' the poor ould gandher 'ill get in this world," says he.

Well, as the night was getting late, Terence was growin' mighty sorrowful an' down-hearted in himself entirely wid the notions iv what was goin' to happen. An' as soon as the wife an' the crathurs war fairly in bed, he brought out some iligant potteen, an' himself an' Jer Garvan sot down to it, an' the more anasy Terence got, the more he dhrank, and himself and Jer Garvan finished a quart betune them: it wasn't an imparial though, an' more 's the pity, for them wasn't anvinted antil short since; but divil a much matther it signifies any longer if a pint could hould two quarts, let alone what it does, sinst Father Mathew—the Lord purloin his raverince—begin'd to give the pledge, an' wid the blessin' iv timperance to degenerate Ireland. An' begorra, I have the medle myself; an' it's proud I am iv that same, for abstamiousness is a fine thing, although it's mighty dhry.

Well, whin Terence finished his pint, he thought he might as well stop, "for enough is as good as a faste," says he, "an' I pity the vagabond," says he, "that is not able to conthroul his liquor," says he, "an' to keep constantly inside iv a pint measure," says he, an' wid that he wished Jer Garvan a good night, an' walked out iv the room. But he wint out the wrong door, being a trifle hearty in himself, an' not rightly knowin' whether he was standin' on his head or his heels, or both iv them at the same time, an' in place iv gettin' into bed, where did he thrun himself but into the poulthry hamper, that the boys had settled out ready for the gandher in the mornin'; an' sure enough he sunk down soft an' complate through the hay to the bottom; an' wid the turnin' an' roulin' about in the night, not a bit iv him but was covered up as shnug as a lump in a pittaty furrow before mornin'. So wid the first light up gets the two boys that wor to take

the sperit, as they consaved, to Tipperary; an' they cotched the ould gandher, an' put him in the hamper and clapped a good wisp iv hay on the top iv him, and tied it down strong wid a bit iv a coard, and med the sign iv the crass over him, in dhread iv any harum, an' put the hamper up on the car, wontherin, all the while what in the world was makin' the ould bird so surprisin' heavy.

Well, they wint along quiet an' asy towards Tipperary, wishin' every minute that some iv the neighbors bound the same way id happen to fall in with them, for they didn't half like the notions iv havin' no company but the bewitched gandher, an' small blame to them for that same. But, although they wor shakin' in their shkins in dhread iv the ould bird biginin' to converse them every minute, they did not let on to one another, but kep singin' and whistlin', like mad, to keep the dhread out iv their hearts. Well, after they wor on the road betther nor half-an-hour, they kem to the bad bit close by Father Crotty's, an' there was one divil of a rest three feet deep at the laste; an' the car got sich a wondherful chuck goin' through it, that it wakened Terence within the basket.

"Oh!" says he, "my bones is bruck wid yer thricks, what the divil are ye doin' wid me?"

"Did ye hear anything quare, Thady?" says the boy that was next to the car, turnin' as white as the top iv a musharoon; "did ye hear anything quare soundin' out iv the hamper?" says he.

"No, nor you," says Thady, turnin' as pale as himself; "it's the ould gandher that's gruntin' wid the shakin' he's gettin'," says he.

"Where the divil have ye put me into?" says Terence, inside; "let me out, or I'll be smothered this minute," says he.

"There's no use in purtendin'," says the boy; "the gandher's spakin', glory be to God!" says he.

"Let me out, you murdherers," says Terence.

"In the name iv all the holy saints," says Thady, "hould yer tongue, you unnatheral gandher," says he.

"Who's that, that dar' to call me nicknames?" says Terence inside, roaring wid the fair passion; "let me out, you blasphemious infiddles," says he, "or by this crass I'll stretch ye," says he.

"In the name iv heaven," says Thady, "who the divil are ye?"

"Who the divil would I be but Terence Mooney," says he. "It's myself that's in it, you unmerciful bliggards," says he; "let me out, or by the holy I'll get out in spite iv yez," says he, "an' be jabbers I'll wallop yez in arnest," says he.

"It's ould Terence, sure enough," says Thady; "isn't it cute the fairy docthor found him out?" says he.

"I'm on the pint iv snuffication," says Terence; "let me out I tell you, an' wait till I get at ye," says he, "for begorra, the divil a bone in your body but I'll powdher," says he; an' wid that he bigined kickin' and flingin' inside in the hamper, and dhrivin' his legs agin the sides iv it, that it was a wondher he did not knock it to pieces. Well, as soon as the boys seen that, they skelped the ould horse into a gallop as hard as he could peg towards the priest's house, through the ruts, an' over the stones; an' you'd see the hamper fairly flyin' three feet up in the air with the joulthin', glory be to God; so it was small wondher, by the time they got to his raverince's door, the breath was fairly knocked out iv poor Terence; so that he was lyin' speechless in the bottom iv the hamper.

Well, whin his raverince kem down, they up an' they tould him all that happened, an' how they put the gandher into the hamper, an' how he bigined to spake, an' how he confessed that he was ould Terence Mooney; and they axed his honor to advise them how to get rid iv the sperit for good an' all. So says his raverince, says he—

"I'll take my book," says he, "an I'll read some rale sthrong holy bits out iv it," says he, "an' do you get a rope and put it round the hamper," says he, "an' let it swing over the runnin' wather at the bridge," says he, "an' it's no matther if I don't make the sperit come out iv it," says he.

Well, wid that, the priest got his horse, an' tuck his book in undher his arum, an' the boys follied his raverince, ladin' the horse down to the bridge, an' divil a word out iv Terence all the way, for he seen it was no use spakin', and he was afeared if he med any noise they might thrait him to another gallop an' finish him intirely. Well, as soon as they war all come to the bridge, the boys tuck the rope they

had with them, an' med it fast to the top iv the hamper an' swung it fairly over the bridge; lettin' it hang in the air about twelve feet out iv the wather; an' his raverince rode down to the bank iv the river, close by, an' bigined to read mighty loud and bould intirely.

An' when he was goin' on about five minutes, all at onst the bottom iv the hamper kem out, an' down wint Terence, falling splash dash into the water, and the ould gandher a-top iv him; down they both went to the bottom wid a souse, you 'd hear half-a-mile off; an' before they had time to rise agin, his raverince, wid the fair astonishment, giv his horse one dig iv the spurs, an' before he knew where he was, in he went, horse and all, a-top iv them, an' down to the bottom. Up they all kem agin together, gaspin' an' puffin', an' off down wid the current wid them, like shot in undher the arch iv the bridge, till they kem to the shallow wather. The ould gandher was the first out, an' the priest and Terence kem next, pantin' an' blowin' an' more than half dhrouned; an' his raverince was so freckened wid the dhroundin' he got, and wid the sight iv the sperit as he consaved, that he wasn't the better iv it for a month. An' as soon as Terence could spake, he said he 'd have the life iv the two gossoons; but Father Crotty would not give him his will; an' as soon as he was got quieter they all endayvored to explain it, but Terence consaved he went raly to bed the night before, an' his wife said the same to shilter him from the suspicion ov having the dhrop taken. An' his raverince said it was a mysthery, an' swore if he cotched any one laughin' at the accident, he 'd lay the horsewhip across their shouldhers; an' Terence grew fonder an' fonder iv the gandher every day, until at last he died in a wonderful ould age, lavin' the gandher afther him an' a large family iv childher.

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## A WANDERING MINSTREL.

From 'The House by the Church-yard.'

There was not much business doing. Three friends, Smithfield dealers, or some such folk, talking loudly over their liquor of prices and prospects; and one fat fellow, by



the fire, smoking a pipe, with a large glass of punch at his elbow.

"Ah, then, Mr. Irons, an' is it yourself that's in it; and where in the world woz ye all this time?" said the landlady.

"Business, ma'am—business, Mrs. Molloy."

"An' there's your chair waitin' for you beside the fire, Mr. Irons, this month an' more—a cowld evening—and we all wondherin' what in the wide world was gone wid ye—this I do'no how long."

"Thank ye, ma'am—a pipe and a glass o' punch."

Irons was always a man of few words, and his laconics did not strike Mistress Molloy as anything very strange. So she wiped the little table at his side, and with one foot on the fender, and his elbow on his knee, he smoked leisurely into the fireplace.

The three gentlemen at the table called for more liquor, and the stout personage, sitting opposite to Irons, dropped into their talk, having smoked out his pipe, and their conversation became more general and hilarious; but Irons scarce heard it. Curiosity is an idle minx, and a soul laden like the clerk's has no entertainment for her. But when one of the three gentlemen who sat together—an honest but sad looking person with a flaxen wig, and a fat, florid face—placing his hand in the breast of his red plush waistcoat, and throwing himself back in his chair, struck up a dismal tune, with a certain character of psalmody in it, the clerk's ear was charmed for a moment, and he glanced on the singer, and sipped some punch; and the ballad, rude and almost rhymeless, which he chanted had an undefined and unpleasant fascination for Irons. It was thus:—

"A man there was near Ballymooney,

Was guilty of a deed o' blood,

For traveling alongside iv ould Tim Rooney,

He kilt him in a lonesome wood.

"He took his purse, and his hat, and cravat,

And stole his buckles and his prayer-book, too;

And neck-and-heels, like a cruel savage,

His corpus through the wood he drew.

"He pult him over to a big bog-hole,

And sunk him under four foot o' wather,

And built him down wid many a thumpin' stone,

And slipt the bank out on the corpus after."

Here the singer made a little pause, and took a great pull at the beer-can, and Irons looked over his shoulder at the minstrel; but his uneasy and malignant glance encountered only the bottom of the vessel; and so he listened for more which soon came thus:—

“ An’ says he, ‘ Tim Rooney, you ’re there, my boy,  
Kep’ down in the bog-hole wid the force iv suction,  
An’ ’t isn’t myself you ’ll throuble or annoy,  
To the best o’ my opinion, to the resurrection.’ ”

“ With that, on he walks to the town o’ Drumgoole,  
And sot by the fire in an inn was there;  
And sittin’ beside him, says the ghost—‘ You fool!  
’T is myself beside ye, Shamus, everywhere.’ ”

“ Is there much more o’ that? ” demanded Irons, rather savagely.

The thirsty gentleman in the red plush waistcoat was once more, as he termed it, “ wetting his whistle; ” but one of his comrades responded tartly enough—

“ I ’d like there was—an’ if you mislike it, neighbor, there ’s the door. ”

If he expected a quarrel, however, it did not come; and he saw by Irons’ wandering eye, fierce as it looked, that his thoughts for the moment were elsewhere. And just then the songster having wiped his mouth on his coat-sleeve, started afresh in these terms:—

“ “ You ’ll walk the world with a dreadful knowledge,  
And a heavy heart and a frowning brow;  
And thinking deeper than a man in college,  
Your eye will deaden, and your back will bow. ”

“ “ And when the period iv your life is over,  
The frightful hour of judgment then will be;  
And, Shamus Hanlon, heavy on your shoulder,  
I ’ll lay my cowld hand, and you ’ll go wid me. ” ”

This awful ditty died away in the prolonged drone which still finds favor in the ears of our Irish rustic musicians, and the company now began to talk of congenial themes, murders, ghosts, and retributions, and the horrid tune went dismally booming on in Mr. Irons’ ear.

Trifling, and apparently wholly accidental, as was this occurrence, the musical and moral treat had a very permanent effect upon the fortunes of Irons and those of other

persons who figure in our story. Mr. Irons had another and another glass of punch. They made him only more malign and saturnine. He sat in his corner by the fire, silent and dismal; and no one cared what was passing in the brain behind that black and scowling mask. He paid sternly and furiously, like a villain who has lost at play; and without a "good-night," or any other leave-taking, glided ominously from the room; and the gentlemen who carried on the discourse and convivialities of the Salmon House, followed him with a jibe or two, and felt the pleasanter for the removal of that ungracious presence.

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SHAMUS O'BRIEN.<sup>1</sup>

A Tale of Ninety-eight, as related by an Irish Peasant.

Just after the war, in the year Ninety-Eight,  
As soon as the boys were all scattered and bate,  
'T was the custom, whenever a peasant was caught,  
To hang him by trial—barring such as was shot.  
There was trial by jury goin' on by daylight,  
And the martial law hangin' the lavings by night:  
It's them was hard times for an honest gossoon:  
If he missed in the judges, he'd meet a Dragoon;  
And whether the judge or the soldiers gave sentence,  
The divil a much time they allowed for repentance.  
An' the many 's the fine Boy was then on his keeping,  
With small share of restin', or atin', or sleepin',  
An' because they loved Erin, and scorned to sell it,  
A prey for the bloodhound, a mark for the bullet,  
Unsheltered by night, and unrested by day,  
With the heath for their barrack, revenge for their pay.  
An' the bravest and hardiest Boy of them all  
Was Shamus O'Brien, from the town of Glengall.  
His limbs were well set, and his body was light,

<sup>1</sup> W. R. Le Fanu in his 'Seventy Years of Irish Life,' 1903, says: "(It) was written in a very few days in the year 1840, and sent me day by day by my brother as he wrote it. I quickly learned it by heart, and now and then recited it. The scraps of paper on which it was written were lost, and years after, when my brother wished for a copy, I had to write it out from memory for him. One other copy I gave to Samuel Lover, who recited it in America, and notwithstanding his disclaimer of the authorship it was more than once attributed to him."

An' the keen fangèd hound hadn't teeth half so white.  
 But his face was as pale as the face of the dead,  
 And his cheek never warmed with the blush of the red;  
 And, for all that, he wasn't an ugly young Boy,  
 For the devil himself couldn't blaze with his eye,  
 So funny and so wicked, so dark and so bright,  
 Like a fire-flash that crosses the depth of the night.  
 And he was the best mower that ever has been,  
 And the illigantest hurler that ever was seen;  
 In fincin' he gave Patrick Mooney a cut,  
 And in jumpin' he bate Tom Malony a foot.  
 For lightness of foot there wasn't his peer,  
 For, begorra, you 'd think he 'd outrun the red deer;  
 And his dancin' was such that the men used to stare,  
 And the women turned crazy, he had done it so quare—  
 And, begorra, the whole world<sup>1</sup> gave in to him there.  
 And it's he was the boy that was hard to be caught;  
 And it's often he ran, and it's often he fought,  
 And it's many's the one can remember quite well  
 The quare things he done; and it's often I heerd tell  
 How he frightened the magistrate in Cahirbally,  
 And escaped through the sojers in Aherlow valley,  
 And leathered the yeomen, himself agin four,  
 And stretched the two strongest on old Galtimore.  
 But the fox must sleep sometimes, the wild deer must rest,  
 And treachery prey on the blood of the best,  
 And many a brave action of power and pride,  
 And many a hard night on the mountain's bleak side,  
 And a thousand great dangers and toils overpast,  
 In the darkness of night he was taken at last.

Now, Shamus, look back on the beautiful moon,  
 For the door of the prison must close on you soon;  
 And take your last look at her dim lovely light,  
 That falls on the mountain and valley this night;  
 One look at the village, one look at the flood,  
 And one at the sheltering, far-distant wood.  
 Farewell to the forest, farewell to the hill,  
 And farewell to the friends that will think of you still;  
 Farewell to the hurlin,' the pattern, and wake,  
 An' farewell to the girl that would die for your sake.

<sup>1</sup> In Gaelic the consonant *r* is given its full value before another consonant, producing the effect of a dissyllable; *e. g.* *tarbh*, pronounced 'thor-ruv' (a bull); compare the French *taureau*. This practice, like many other Gaelic locutions, has been carried into English; hence 'worruld' for 'world'; 'firrum' for 'firm', etc.



Well, twelve soldiers brought him to Maryboro' jail,  
And the turnkey received him, refusin' all bail;  
The fleet limbs were chained, and the strong hands were  
    bound,  
And he laid down his length on the cold prison ground  
And the dreams of his childhood came over him there,  
As gentle and soft as the sweet summer air;  
And happy remembrances crowding on ever,  
As fast the foam-flakes drift down the river,  
Bringing fresh to his heart merry days long gone by,  
Till the tears gathered heavy and thick in his eye.  
But the tears didn't fall, for the pride of his heart  
Wouldn't suffer one drop down his pale cheek to start;  
And he sprang to his feet in the dark prison cave,  
And he swore with the fierceness that misery gave,  
By the hopes of the good, by the cause of the brave,  
That when he was moldering in his cold grave  
His enemies never should have it to boast  
His scorn of their vengeance one moment was lost;  
His bosom might bleed, but his cheek should be dry,  
For undaunted he'd lived, and undaunted he'd die.

Well, as soon as a few weeks were over and gone,  
The terrible day of the trial came on.  
There was such a crowd there was scarce room to stand,  
With soldiers on guard, and dragoons sword in hand;  
And the court-house so full that the people was bothered,  
And attorneys and criers on the point of being smothered;  
And counselors almost given over for dead,  
And the jury sittin' up in their box overhead;  
And the judge settled out, so determined and big,  
With his gown on his back, and an illigant new wig.  
And silence was called, and the minute it was said,  
The court was as still as the heart of the dead,  
And they heard but the opening of one prison lock,  
And Shamus O'Brien came into the dock.  
For one minute he turned his eye round on the throng,  
And he looked on the bars, so firm and so strong,  
And he saw that he hadn't a hope nor a friend,  
A chance to escape nor a word to defend;  
And he folded his arms as he stood there alone,  
As calm and as cold as a statue of stone.  
And they read a big writin', a yard long at laste,  
And Jim didn't understand it or mind it a taste.  
And the judge took a big pinch of snuff, and he says,  
"Are you guilty or not, Jim O'Brien, if you plase?"

And they all held their breath in silence of dread;  
And Shamus O'Brien made answer and said,  
"My lord, if you ask me if in my life-time  
I thought any treason, or done any crime  
That should call to my cheek, as I stand alone here,  
The hot blush of shame or the coldness of fear,  
Though I stood by the grave to receive my death-blow,  
Before God and the world I would answer you, 'No!'  
But if you would ask me, as I think it like,  
If in the rebellion I carried a pike,  
And fought for old Ireland from the first to the close,  
And shed the heart's blood of her bitterest foes,  
I answer you, 'Yes,' and I tell you again,  
Though I stand here to perish, it's my glory that then  
In her cause I was willin' my veins should run dry,  
And that now for her sake I am ready to die."  
Then the silence was great, and the jury smiled bright,  
And the judge wasn't sorry the job was made light;  
By my soul, it's himself was the crabbed old chap,  
In a twinklin' he pulled on his ugly black cap.  
Then Shamus's mother, in the crowd standing by,  
Called out to the judge with a pitiful cry:  
"Oh! judge, darlin', don't—oh, don't say the word!  
The crathur is young, have mercy, my lord!  
He was foolish, he didn't know what he was doin';  
You don't know him, my lord—oh, don't give him to ruin!  
He's the kindest crathur, the tenderest hearted,  
Don't part us for ever, we that's so long parted!  
Judge, mavourneen, forgive him! forgive him, my lord!  
And God will forgive you. Oh! don't say the word!"

That was the first minute O'Brien was shaken,  
When he saw that he wasn't quite forgot or forsaken;  
And down his pale cheeks, at the words of his mother,  
The big tears were runnin' fast, one after th' other;  
And he tried hard to hide them or wipe them away,  
But in vain, for his hands were too fast bound that day.  
And two or three times he endeavored to spake,  
But the strong, manly voice used to falter and break,  
Till at last, by the strength of his high-mountaining pride,  
He conquered and mastered his grief's swelling tide.  
And, says he, "Mother darlin', don't break your poor heart,  
For, sooner or later, the dearest must part.  
And God knows it's better than wandering in fear  
On the bleak, trackless mountain among the wild deer,  
To lie in the grave, where the head, hand, and breast

From thought, labor, and sorrow for ever shall rest.  
Then, mother, my darlin', don't cry any more,  
Don't make me seem broken in this my last hour;  
For I wish, when my head is lyin' under the raven,  
No true man can say that I died like a craven!"  
Then towards the judge Shamus bowed down his head,  
And that minute the solemn death sentence was said.

The morning was bright, and the mists rose on high,  
And the lark whistled merrily in the clear sky.  
But why are the men standin' idle so late?  
And why do the crowds gather fast in the street?  
What come they to talk of? What come they to see?  
And why does the long rope hang from the cross-tree?  
Now, Shamus O'Brien, pray fervent and fast;  
May the saints take your soul! for this day is your last;  
Pray fast, and pray strong, for the moment is nigh  
When, strong, proud, and great as you are, you must die.  
And faster and faster the crowd gathered there—  
Boys, horses, and gingerbread, just like a fair;  
And whisky was sellin', and cussamuck<sup>1</sup> too,  
And ould men and young women enjoyin' the view;  
And ould Tim Mulvaney he made the remark,  
"There wasn't such a sight since the time of Noah's ark!  
And, begorra, 't was true for him, the devil such a scruge,  
Such divarshin and crowds was known since the deluge!  
Ten thousand was gathered there, if there was one,  
All waitin' till such time as the hangin' 'id come on.  
At last they drew open the big prison gate,  
And out came the sheriffs and soldiers in state,  
And a cart in the middle, and Shamus was in it;  
Not paler, but prouder than ever, that minute.  
And as soon as the people saw Shamus O'Brien,  
With prayin' and blessin' an' all the girls cryin',  
A wild wailin' sound came on by degrees,  
Like the sound of the lonesome wind blowin' through trees.  
On, on to the gallows the sheriffs are gone,  
And the cart and the soldiers go steadily on;  
And at every side swellin' around of the cart,  
A wild sorrowful sound that would open your heart.  
Now under the gallows the cart takes its stand,  
And the hangman gets up with the rope in his hand;  
And the priest gives his blessing and goes down on the  
ground,  
And Shamus O'Brien throws one last look around;

<sup>1</sup> *Cussamuck*, leavings.

Then the hangman drew near, and the people grew still,  
Young faces turned sickly and warm hearts grew chill.  
And all being ready, his neck was made bare,  
For the gripe of the life-stranglin' cord to prepare;  
And the good priest had left him, having said his last prayer.  
But the good priest done more, for his hands he unbound,  
And with one daring spring Jim has leaped on the ground!  
Bang! bang! go the carbines and clash go the sabers!  
"He 's not down! he 's alive still! Now stand to him, neighbors!

Through the smoke and the horses he 's into the crowd!  
By the heavens he is free!" than thunder more loud,  
By one shout from the people the heavens were shaken—  
One shout that the dead of the world might awaken.  
Your swords they may glitter, your carbines go bang,  
But if you want hangin', yourself you must hang,  
For to-night he 'll be sleepin' in Aherlow glen,  
And the devil 's in the dice if you catch him again.  
The soldiers run this way the hangmen run that,  
And Father Malone lost his new Sunday hat;  
And the sheriffs were both of them punished severely,  
And fined liked the devil, because Jim done them fairly.

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### PHAUDRIG CROHOORE.

Oh! Phaudrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,  
And he stood six foot eight;  
And his arm was as round as another man's thigh—  
'T is Phaudrig was great.  
And his hair was as black as the shadows of night—  
And hung over the scars left by many a fight;  
And his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud  
And his eye like the lightning from under the cloud.  
And all the girls liked him, for he could speak civil,  
And sweet when he liked it, for he was the devil.  
And there wasn't a girl from thirty-five under,  
Divil a matter how cross, but he could come round her.  
But of all the sweet girls that smiled on him but one  
Was the girl of his heart, and he loved her alone;  
For warm as the sun, as the rock firm and sure,  
Was the love of the heart of Phaudrig Crohoore.  
And he 'd die for one smile from his Kathleen O'Brien,  
For his love, like his hatred, was strong as the lion.



But Michael O'Hanlon loved Kathleen as well  
As he hated Crohoore, an' that same was like hell.  
But O'Brien liked him, for they were the same parties,  
The O'Briens, O'Hanlons, and Murphys, and Cartys;  
And they all went together and hated Crohoore,  
For it's many's the batin' he gave them before;  
And O'Hanlon made up to O'Brien, an' says he,  
"I'll marry your daughter, if you'll give her to me."  
And the match was made up, and when Shrovetide came on,  
The company assembled three hundred, if one.  
There were all the O'Hanlons, an' Murphys, an' Cartys,  
An' the young boys an' girls of all of them parties.  
The O'Briens, of course, gathered strong on that day,  
An' the pipers an' fiddlers were tearin' away;  
There was roarin', an' jumpin', an' jiggin', an' flingin',  
An' jokin', an' blessin', an' kissin', an' singin',  
An' they wor all laughin'—why not to be sure?—  
How O'Hanlon came inside of Phaudrig Crohoore;  
An' they talked an' they laughed the length of the table,  
Atin' an' drinkin' all the while they were able;  
An' with pipin' an' fiddlin', and roarin' like thunder,  
Your head you'd think fairly was splittin' asunder.  
An' the priest called out, "Silence, ye blackguards, agin,"  
An' he took up his prayer-book, just goin' to begin.  
An' they all held their tongues from their funnin' and baw-  
lin',

So silent you'd notice the smallest pin fallin',  
An' the priest was just beginnin' to read, when the door  
Sprang back to the wall, and in walked Crohoore.  
Oh! Phaudrig Crohoore was the broth of a boy,

And he stood six foot eight;  
And his arm was as round an another man's thigh—  
'Tis Phaudrig was great.

And he walked slowly up, watched by many a bright eye,  
As a black cloud moves on through the stars of the sky;  
And none strove to stop him, for Phaudrig was great,  
Till he stood, all alone, just opposite the sate  
Where O'Hanlon and Kathleen, his beautiful bride,  
Were sittin' so illigant out side by side.  
An' he gave her one look that her heart almost broke,  
An' he turned to O'Brien, her father, and spoke;  
An' his voice, like the thunder, was deep, strong, and loud,  
An' his eye shone like lightning from under the cloud.

"I didn't come here like a tame, crawlin' mouse,  
But I stand like a man in my enemies' house.

In the field, on the road, Phaudrig never knew fear  
Of his foeman, and God knows he scorns it here;  
So lave me at aise, for three minutes or four,  
To spake to the girl I'll never see more."  
And to Kathleen he turned, and his voice changed its tone,  
For he thought of the days when he called her his own,  
An' his eye blazed like lightnin' from under the cloud  
On his false-hearted girl, reproachful and proud.  
An' says he, "Kathleen bawn, is it true what I hear,  
That you marry of your own free choice, without threat or  
fear?  
If so, spake the word, an' I'll turn and depart,  
Cheated once and once only, by woman's false heart."

Oh! sorrow and love made the poor girl dumb,  
And she tried hard to spake, but the words wouldn't come;  
For the sound of his voice, as he stood there fornint her,  
Went cold on her heart, as the night wind in winter;  
And the tears in her blue eyes stood tremblin' to flow,  
And pale was her cheek, as the moonshine on snow.

Then the heart of bold Phaudrig swelled high in its place,  
For he knew, by one look in that beautiful face,  
That, though strangers and foemen their pledged hands  
might sever,  
Her true heart was his, and his only, for ever.  
And he lifted his voice like the eagle's hoarse call,  
And says Phaudrig, "She's mine still, in spite of you all!"  
Then up jumped O'Hanlon—an' a tall boy was he—  
And he looked on bold Phaudrig as fierce as could be,  
An' says he, "By the holy, before you go out,  
Bold Phaudrig Crohoore, you must fight for a bout."  
Then Phaudrig made answer, "I'll do my endeavor;"  
And with one blow he stretched bold O'Hanlon for ever.  
In his arms he took Kathleen, and stepped to the door,  
And he leaped on his horse, and flung her before.  
An' they all were so bothered that not a man stirred  
Till the galloping hoofs on the pavement were heard;  
Then up they all started, like bees in the swarm,  
An' they riz a great shout, like the burst of a storm;  
An' they roared, an' they ran, an' they shouted galore;  
But Kathleen and Phaudrig they never saw more.

But them days are gone by, and he is no more,  
An' the green grass is growin' o'er Phaudrig Crohoore;  
For he couldn't be aisy or quiet at all;

As he lived a brave boy, he resolved so to fall.  
An' he took a good pike, for Phaudrig was great,  
An' he fought, an' he died in the year ninety-eight;  
An' the day that Crohoore in the green field was killed,  
A strong boy was stretched, and a strong heart was stilled.

Mr. W. R. Le Fanu tells us in his 'Seventy Years of Irish Life' that he asked his brother for an Irish story in verse suitable for recitation, which should be an Irish 'Young Lochinvar,' and in a few days he sent him the story printed above. It later appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine*, with a preface stating that it had been composed by a poor Irish minstrel, Michael Finley, who could neither read nor write, but used to recite it, with others of his songs and ballads, at fairs and markets.

"Many years afterward," he says, "one evening after I had recited it at Lord Spencer's, who was then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, the late Primate, Beresford, said to Lady Spencer, who was sitting near me, 'I can tell you a curious fact, Lady Spencer; that poem was composed by a poor Irish peasant, one Michael Finley, who could neither read nor write.' Then turning to me, 'Were you aware of that, Mr. Le Fanu?' 'I was, your Grace,' said I; 'and you may be surprised to hear that I knew the Michael Finley who wrote the ballad intimately—he was, in fact, my brother. But in one particular your Grace is mistaken; he could read and write a little.'"

## ABHRAIN AN BHUIDEIL.

Address of a Drunkard to a Bottle of Whisky.

From what dripping cell, through what fairy glen,  
Where 'mid old rocks and ruins the fox makes his den,  
Over what lonesome mountain,

*Acuishle mo chroidhe!*

Where gauger never has trod,  
Sweet as the flowery sod,  
Wild as the breath  
Of the breeze on the heath,  
And sparkling all o'er like the moon-lighted fountain,  
Are you come to me—  
Sorrowful me?

Dancing—inspiring—

My wild blood firin' ;

Oh! terrible glory—

Oh! beautiful siren—

Come, tell the old story—

Come, light up my fancy, and open my heart,

Oh, beautiful ruin—

My life—my undoin'—

Soft and fierce as a pantheress,

Dream of my longing, and wreck of soul,  
I never knew love till I loved you, enchantress!

At first, when I knew you, 't was only flirtation,

The touch of a lip and the flash of an eye;

But 't is different now—'t is desperation!

I worship before you

I curse and adore you,

And without you I'd die.

*Wirrasthrue!*

I wish 't was again

The happy time when

I cared little about you,

Could do well without you,

But would just laugh and view you;

'T is little I knew you!

Oh! terrible darling,

How have you sought me,

Enchanted, and caught me?

See, now, where you've brought me—



To sleep by the roadside, and dress out in rags.  
Think how you found me;  
Dreams come around me—  
The dew of my childhood and life's morning beam;  
Now I sleep by the roadside, a wretch all in rags.  
My heart that sang merrily when I was young  
Swells up like a billow and bursts in despair;  
And the wreck of my hopes on sweet memory flung,  
And cries on the air,  
Are all that is left of the dream.

*Wirrasthrue!*

My father and mother,  
The priest, and my brother—  
Not a one has a good word for you.  
But I can't part you, darling; their preaching's all vain;  
You'll burn in my heart till these thin pulses stop;  
And the wild cup of life in your fragrance I'll drain—  
To the last brilliant drop.  
Then oblivion will cover  
The shame that is over,  
The brain that was mad, and the heart that was sore;  
Then, beautiful witch,  
I'll be found—in a ditch,  
With your kiss on my cold lips, and never rise more.

## CHARLES JAMES LEVER.

(1806—1872.)

“CHARLES JAMES LEVER,” says Mr. W. B. Yeats, in his ‘Representative Irish Tales,’ “is the most popular in England of all Irish writers, but has never won a place beside Carleton and Banim, or even Griffin, in the hearts of the Irish people. It will be a long time before the world tires altogether of his gay, witty, reckless personages, though it is gradually learning that they are not the typical Irish men and women.”

He was born in Dublin, Aug. 31, 1806. His ancestry was entirely English on the paternal side, and his mother, Julia (originally Judith) Chandler, was also of English descent. Lever, who in boyhood as in manhood, according to Sir Richard Garnett in ‘The Dictionary of National Biography,’ from which we abridge, was lively, ready, and full of fun, received a rather scrambling kind of education at various private schools, and in October, 1822, entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he by no means distinguished himself as a student. He was not graduated until 1827, a delay which may be accounted for by the fact, if fact it be, that he went out to Quebec in charge of an emigrant ship in 1824; but such an interruption of his college career seems improbable, nor could he have had the requisite qualifications. It is more likely that the voyage took place in 1829, when he is known on his own authority to have visited Canada. He had already in 1828 traveled in Holland and Germany, spending considerable time at Göttingen, where he studied medicine and imbibed a taste for German student life, some of whose customs he afterward endeavored to acclimatize in Ireland. On his return to Dublin in 1830 he continued the study of medicine at Stevens’ Hospital and the Medico-Chirurgical School, but failed to pass his examination. He nevertheless obtained the degree of medicine from Trinity College at midsummer, 1831, and held appointments under the Board of Health.

In 1833 he lost both parents, and either contracted or avowed marriage with Miss Catherine Baker, an early friend of his youth. To this union his father had been strongly opposed. The lady had little or no means, and although Lever had inherited half of his father’s not inconsiderable property, and seems to have enjoyed a fair practice at Portstewart, want of economy and heavy losses at cards soon brought his affairs into a very embarrassed condition. He began to turn his attention to literature as a resource, and in February, 1837, he achieved his first, and perhaps his greatest, literary success, with the first installment in *The Dublin University Magazine* of ‘Harry Lorrequer.’ Subsequent numbers only deepened the favorable impression made by the story, but just as Lever’s position seemed assured he forsook Ireland for Brussels in 1840, on an invitation from Sir John Crampton, secretary to the British em-



CHARLES JAMES LEVER





bassy in Belgium. He seemed to have thought that this patronage justified his description of himself as physician to the embassy, which he never was.

He nevertheless obtained a good practice and an entry to the best society, while his pen was exceedingly active, 'Harry Lorrequer' being immediately followed by 'Charles O'Malley,' which also first appeared in *The Dublin University Magazine* in 1840, and proved the most popular of all his works, and this by 'Jack Hinton the Guardsman,' in 1843. These works are artless and almost formless; the influence of Maxwell is plainly discernible in them, and they are said to have owed something of their inspiration to McGlashan, the shrewd manager of *The Dublin University Magazine*. But Lever's early novels display his qualities at their best—his animal spirits and rollicking glee, his copious and effective anecdote and power of vigorous, though by no means subtle, delineation of character within the range of his own experience.

Despite their imperfections, Lever's early writings made the fortune of *The Dublin University Magazine*, and in April, 1842, he returned to Dublin and accepted an invitation to become its editor, thus definitely abandoning medicine for literature. He greatly improved the staff of contributors to the magazine, and wrote for it one of his most characteristic novels, 'Tom Burke of Ours,' 1844. 'Arthur O'Leary,' 1844, followed. But Lever never felt very comfortable in his editorial chair. Politics could not be excluded, but they could not be introduced without serious offense to many, and from this and other causes Lever found himself exposed to a series of irritating squabbles which tried his temper more severely than they need have done. He thought it necessary on one occasion to proceed to London to challenge Samuel Carter Hall, and another time he was challenged by Dr. Kenealy, whose contributions he had been obliged to purge of much libelous matter.

His card-playing also kept him poor, although it is asserted that he could and did discharge every debt. The most powerful cause, however, to drive him from Dublin was the danger he ran of absolute literary dearth. When confined to his editorial duties, he could no longer go about observing men and storing his memory with anecdote. His next considerable work, 'The O'Donoghue,' 1845, a romance of Killarney, owed its existence to a holiday spent in that district; in the next, 'The Knight of Gwynne,' 1847, one of his best books, he fell back upon history and availed himself of contemporary memoirs of the Union.

In 1845 Lever resigned his editorship, and in May was living at Brussels, reduced, he says, to his last fifty pounds, though still driving about with a carriage and pair. After wandering for two years with his family over Germany and Italy, and doing little work except desultory writing for magazines, he settled at Florence in August, 1847. Then he produced 'The Martins of Cro' Martin,' a fine picture of West of Ireland life; 'Roland Cashel,' 1850, the materials for which were partly drawn from his Continental experience: this book especially illustrates the transit from his earlier to his later style; 'The Dodd Family Abroad,' 1863-65, a picture of English life on the Continent, in which he appears more in the

light of a reflective humorist than previously ; this book he says was better liked by himself and his intimate friends, and less liked by the public, than any of his others. These works may be said to mark Lever's culmination as a novelist. To the same period belong 'Tales of the Trains, by Tilbury Tramp,' 'Diary and Notes of Horace Templeton,' 1849; 'Con Cregan,' 1849 (published anonymously and welcomed by the press as the production of a formidable competitor); 'Maurice Tierney,' 1852; 'The Daltons,' 1852; and 'Sir Jasper Carew,' 1854. 'A Day's Ride,' published in *Household Words* and separately in 1863, was so unsuccessful that Dickens adopted the unusual course of announcing beforehand the number with which it would terminate.

In 1857 Lever was appointed British consul at Spezzia, an office which compelled him to live there, but which seems to have been otherwise almost a sinecure. His principal literary performances during his residence were 'The Fortunes of Glencore,' 1857; 'Davenport Dunn,' 1859; 'One of Them,' 1861; 'Barrington,' 1862; 'Tony Butler,' 1865; 'A Campaigner at Home,' 1865; 'Luttrell of Arran,' 1865; and 'Sir Brook Fosbrooke,' 1866, his own favorite among his novels, but not remarkably popular. 'Cornelius O'Dowd upon Men, Women, and Other Things in General,' 1864, a series of essays originally appearing in *Blackwood's*, obtained considerable more success than it deserved. It shows the man of experience and observation, but is in general such table-talks as one need not go far to hear, deficient in originality, pregnancy, and point.

In 1867 he received the consulship of Trieste from Lord Derby, with the observation, "Here is six hundred a year for doing nothing, and you are just the man to do it." The increased salary scarcely atoned for the unsuitableness of the post. The climate and society of Trieste were detestable to Lever; while his wife, to whom he was tenderly attached, sickened and died. He fell into confirmed bad spirits, though always able to rally under congenial circumstances—able to produce a novel of considerable merit in his last fiction, 'Lord Kilgobbin,' 1872. His other works of this period were: 'Gerald Fitzgerald's Continental Gossippings'; 'The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly,' 1868; 'That Boy of Norcott's,' 1869, and 'Paul Gosslett's Confession,' 1870.

He could not, however, shake off his depression, which was partly occasioned by incipient disease of the heart, partly by the fixed idea, which, when his relation to his great contemporaries is considered, cannot but appear groundless, that he had been unfairly treated in comparison with others and had been left behind in the race of life. He visited Ireland in 1871, and seemed alternately in very high and very low spirits; after his return to Trieste he failed gradually, and died suddenly there, June 1, 1872. He had continued to lose at cards to the last, yet his affairs were in perfect order and his family not unprovided for.

Lever's great misfortune was to be an author without sufficient literary vocation. Had his circumstances been easy, he would not have written at all. His earliest and most popular writings hardly rank high as literature, though their vigor and gayety, and the excellent anecdotes and spirited songs with which they are inter-

spersed, will always render them attractive. He is almost destitute of invention or imagination, and his personages are generally transcripts from the life and his incidents stories told at second hand. Lever's books are full of real persons ; one, "Maurice Quill," he carelessly allowed to appear in his real name, much to the disgust of the original. "Major Monsoon" was Commissary-General Mayne, whom Lever knew quite well in later life in Brussels. Mayne was quite as amusing a looter as his prototype in 'Charles O'Malley.' "Godfrey O'Malley, M. P.," was taken from Dick Martin of Connemara, a noted duelist, who actually had his own death announced in order to avoid arrest on the dissolution of Parliament, and was spirited away in a hearse till he was safe among his delighted constituents. "Baby Blake," in 'Charles O'Malley,' was Miss French of Moneyvoe, who used to follow the hounds over five-barred gates ; while "Webber," was Lever's fellow-student at Trinity, one Ottiwell. "Father Malachy Brennan," in 'Harry Lorrequer,' was taken chiefly from Father Malachy Duggan, parish priest of Carrigaholt ; while Father Comyns of Kilkee figured as "Father Tom Loftus" in 'Jack Hinton.' Neither of these respected ecclesiastics was quite reconciled to the rollicking character with which the novelist invested him. The character of "Tom Burke" was molded on the reminiscences of Lever's friend, Major Dwyer, who had spent many years in foreign service ; while "Davenport Dunn" was based on the financial career and suicide on Hampstead Heath of Sadleir, the associate of Keogh, in the 'Pope's Brass Band.'

At a later period in his career he awoke in some measure to the claims of art, and exhibited some proficiency as a writer with less damage to his character as a humorist than might have been expected. The transition is marked by 'Roland Cashel,' but in 'Glencore' he first deliberately attempted analysis of character. His readers lamented the disappearance of his rollicking spend-thrifts and daredevil heroes. But his later works exhibit fewer traces of exhaustion and decay than are usual with veteran writers. The effervescence of animal spirits has indeed subsided, but the residue is by no means tame or spiritless, and the loss of energy is largely compensated by greater attention to finish and to the regularity of construction essential to the novel. Lever's best passages of incident and description in both his early and his late novels are very effective ; his diffuseness, which seldom amounts to tediousness, may be excused as the result of serial publication. He had so little of the artistic instinct that he could not, he tells us, write otherwise than from month to month.

As a portrayer of Irish character Lever has been greatly over-rated. His aboriginal Irishmen are generally of a low class, his heroes and heroines almost invariably English or Anglo-Norman. He has done much to perpetuate current error as to Irish character,—not that the life which he depicts is unreal, but it is far from universal or even general. He has not, however, actually misrepresented anything, and cannot be censured for confining himself to the society which he knew ; nor was his talent adapted for treatment of Irish life in its melancholy and poetical aspects, even if



these had been more familiar to him. In his own character he exhibited some admirable and many amiable traits. His failings were chiefly those incidental to the sanguine temperament, of which, alike in its merits and in its defects, he was a singularly mixed example. Lever's characteristic extravagances are cleverly parodied by Bret Harte in his tale by "a popular author," entitled 'Terence Deuville.'

The verses and songs scattered through Lever's novels are often, says 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "as brilliant and racy as his inimitable prose . . . their gay humor is irresistible and their language and rhythm are handled by a veritable master of his craft."

### THE MONKS OF THE SCREW.

From 'Jack Hinton.'

"Thank you, my lord, thank you," said O'Grady, as he turned away. "I'll be answerable for my friend. Now, Hinton," whispered he, as he leaned his hand upon my shoulder and leant over me, "we're in luck to-night, at all events, for I have just got permission to bring you with me where I am to spend the evening—it's no small favor, if you knew but all; so finish your wine, for my friends there are moving already."

All my endeavors to ascertain where we were going, or to whose house, were in vain; the only thing I could learn was, that my admission was a prodigious favor—while, to satisfy my scruples about dress, he informed me that no change of costume was necessary.

"I perceive," said O'Grady, as he drew the curtain and looked out into the street, "the night is fine and starlight, so what say you if we walk? I must tell you, however, our place of rendezvous is somewhat distant."

Agreeing to the proposition with pleasure, I took his arm, and we sallied forth together. Our way led at first through a most crowded and frequented part of the capital. We traversed Dame Street, passed by the Castle, and ascended a steep street beyond it; after this we took a turning to the left, and entered a part of the city, to me at least, utterly unknown; for about half an hour we continued to wander on, now to the right, now to the left, the streets becoming gradually narrower, less frequented, and less lighted; the shops were all closed, and few persons stirred in the remote thoroughfares.



"I fear I must have made a mistake," said O'Grady, "endeavoring to take a short cut;—but here comes a watchman.—I say, is this Kevin Street?"

"No, sir; the second turning to your right brings you into it."

"Kevin Street!" said I, repeating the name half aloud to myself.

"Yes, Jack, so it is called; but all your ingenuity will prove too little in discovering whither you are going; so, come along—leave time to tell you, what guessing never will."

By this time we arrived at the street in question, when very soon after O'Grady called out:

"All right—here we are!"

With these words, he knocked three times in a peculiar manner at the door of a large and gloomy-looking house. An ill-trimmed lamp threw a faint and flickering light upon the old and ruined building, and I could trace here and there, through all the wreck of time, some remnants of a better day. The windows now, however, were broken in several places, those on the lower story being defended on the outside by a strong iron railing. Not a gleam of light shone through any one of them; but a darkness unrelieved, save by the yellow gleam of the street lamp, enveloped the entire building. O'Grady's summons was twice repeated ere there seemed any chance of its being replied to, when at last the step of a heavy foot descending the stairs announced the approach of some one. While I continued my survey of the house O'Grady never spoke, and, perceiving that he made a mystery of our visit, I resolved to ask no further questions, but patiently await the result; my impression, however, was that the place was the resort either of thieves or of some illegal association, of which more than one, at that time, were known to have their meetings in the capital. While I was thus occupied in my conjectures, and wondering within myself how O'Grady had become acquainted with his friends, the door opened, and a diminutive, mean-looking old man, shading the candle with his hand, stood at the entrance.

"Good evening, Mickey," cried O'Grady, as he brushed by him into the hall. "Are they come?"

"Yes, captain," said the little man, as, snuffing the long

wick with his fingers, he held the light up to O'Grady's face. "Yes, Captain, about fifteen."

"This gentleman's with me;—come along, Jack;—he is my friend, Mickey."

"Oh, I can't do it by no means, Mister Phil," said the dwarf, opposing himself as a barrier to my entrance; "you know what they said the last night;" here he strained himself on his toes, and as O'Grady stooped down whispered some words I couldn't catch, while he continued aloud: "and you know after that, captain, I daren't do it."

"I tell you, you old fool, I've arranged it all; so get along there, and show us the light up these confounded stairs. I suppose they never mended the hole on the lobby?"

"Throth, they didn't," growled the dwarf; "and it would be chaper for them nor breaking their shins every night."

I followed O'Grady up the stairs, which creaked and bent beneath us at every step; the handrail, broken in many places, swung to and fro with every motion of the stair, and the walls, covered with green and damp mold, looked the very picture of misery and decay. Still grumbling at the breach of order incurred by my admission, the old man shuffled along, wheezing, coughing, and cursing between times, till at length we reached the landing-place, where the hole of which I heard them speak permitted a view of the hall beneath. Stepping across this, we entered a large room lighted by a lamp upon the chimney-piece; around the walls were hung a variety of what appeared to be cloaks of a lightish drab color, while over each hung a small skull-cap of yellow leather.

"Don't you hear the knocking below, Mickey? There's some one at the door," said O'Grady.

The little man left the room, and as we were now alone, I expected some explanation from my friend as to the place we were in, and the people who frequented it. Not so, however; Phil merely detached one of the cloaks from its peg, and proceeded to invest himself in its folds; he placed the skull-cap on his head, after which, covering the whole with a hood, he fastened the garment around his waist with a girdle of rope, and stood before me, the perfect picture of a monk of St. Benedict, as we see them represented in old pictures; the only irregularity of costume being, that in-

stead of a rosary, the string from his girdle supported a corkscrew and a horn spoon of most portentous proportions.

"Come, my son," said he, reverently, "indue thy garment;" so saying, he proceeded to clothe me in a similar manner, after which he took a patient survey of me for a few seconds. "You'll do very well: wear the hood well forward; and mark me, Jack, I've one direction to give you—never speak a word, not a syllable, so long as you remain in the house; if spoken to, cross your arms thus upon your breast and bow your head in this manner. Try that—perfectly—you have your lesson; now, don't forget it."

O'Grady now, with his arms crossed upon his bosom, and his head bent slightly forward, walked slowly forth, with a solemn gravity well-befitting his costume. Imitating him as well as I was able, I followed him up the stairs. On reaching the second landing, he tapped twice with his knuckles at a low door, whose pointed arch and iron grating were made to represent the postern of a convent.

"*Benedicite*," said Phil, in a low tone.

"*Et tu quoque, frater*," responded some one from within, and the door was opened. Saluting a venerable-looking figure, who, with a long gray beard, bowed devoutly as we passed, we entered an apartment where, so sudden was the change from what I had hitherto seen, I could scarcely trust my eyes. A comfortable, well-carpeted room, with curtained windows, cushioned chairs, and, not least inviting of all, a blazing fire of wood upon the hearth, were objects I was little prepared for; but I had little time to note them, my attention being directed with more curiosity to the living occupants of this strange dwelling. Some fifteen or sixteen persons, costumed like ourselves, either walked up and down engaged in conversation, or sat in little groups around the fire. Card-tables there were in different parts of the room, but only one was occupied. At this a party of reverend fathers were busily occupied at whist.

In the corner next the fire, seated in a large chair of carved oak, was a figure, whose air and bearing bespoke authority; the only difference in his costume from the others being a large embroidered corkscrew, which he wore on his left shoulder.

"Holy Prior, your blessing," said Phil, bowing obsequiously before him.

"You have it, my son; much good may it do you," responded the Superior, in a voice which, somehow or other, seemed not perfectly new to me. While O'Grady engaged in a whispered conversation with the prior, I turned my eyes towards a large framed paper which hung above the chimney. It ran thus: "Rules and Regulations to be observed in the Monastery of the venerable and pious brothers, the Monks of the Screw." Conceiving it scarcely delicate in a stranger to read over the regulations of a society of which he was not a member, I was turning away, when O'Grady, seizing me by the arm, whispered, "Remember your lesson;" then added aloud, "Holy father, this is the lay brother of whom I spoke." The prior bowed formally, and extended his hands towards me with a gesture of benediction.

*"Accipe benedictionem—"*

"Supper, by the Lord Harry!" cried a jolly voice behind me, and at the same moment a general movement was made by the whole party.

The prior now didn't wait to conclude his oration; but, tucking up his garments, put himself at the head of the procession, which had formed two-and-two in order of march. At the same moment two fiddles from the supper-room, after a slight prelude, struck up the anthem of the Order, which was the popular melody of "The night before Larry was stretched!"

Marching in measured tread, we entered the supper-room, when, once having made the circuit of the table, at a flourish of the fiddles we assumed our places, the superior seating himself at the head in a chair of state, slightly elevated above the rest. A short Latin grace, which I was unfortunate enough not to catch, being said, the work of eating began; and certainly whatever might have been the feats of the friars of old when the bell summoned them to the refectory, their humble followers, the Monks of the Screw, did them no discredit. A profusion of dishes covered the table; and although the entire service was of wood, and the whole "equipment" of the most plain and simple description, yet the cookery was admirable and the wines perfection itself. While the supper proceeded, scarcely a



word was spoken. By the skillful exercise of signs, with which they all seemed familiar, roast ducks, lobsters, veal pies, and jellies flew from hand to hand; the decanters also paraded up and down the table with an alacrity and dispatch I had seldom seen equaled. Still the pious brethren maintained a taciturn demeanor that would have done credit to La Trappe itself. As for me, my astonishment and curiosity increased every moment. What could they be? What could they mean? There was something too farcical about it all to suppose that any political society or any dangerous association could be concealed under such a garb; and if mere conviviality and good-fellowship were meant, their unbroken silence and grave demeanor struck me as a most singular mode of promoting either.

Supper at length concluded, the dishes were removed by two humble brethren of the Order, dressed in a species of gray serge; after which, marching to a solemn tune, another monk appeared, bearing a huge earthenware bowl brimful of steaming punch; at least, so the odor and the floating lemons bespoke it. Each brother was now provided with a small, quaint-looking pipkin; after which the domestics withdrew, leaving us in silence as before. For about a second or two this continued, when suddenly the fiddles gave a loud twang, and each monk, springing to his legs, threw back his cowl, and, bowing to the superior, re-seated himself. So sudden was the action, so unexpected the effect, for a moment or two I believed it a dream.

What was my surprise, what my amazement, that this den of thieves, this hoard of burglars, this secret council of rebels, was nothing more nor less than an assemblage of nearly all the first men of the day in Ireland! And as my eye ran rapidly over the party, here I could see the Chief Baron, with a venerable dignitary of St. Patrick's on his right; there was the Attorney-General; there the Provost of Trinity College; lower down, with his skull-cap set jauntily on one side, was Wellesley Pole, the Secretary of State, Yelverton, Day, Plunket, Parsons, Toler; in a word, all those whose names were a guarantee for everything that was brilliant, witty and amusing, were there; while, conspicuous among the rest, the prior himself was no other than John Philpot Curran! Scarcely was my rapid survey of the party completed, when the superior, filling his pipkin

from the ample bowl before him, rose to give the health of the Order. Alas me! that time should have so sapped my memory: I can but give my impression of what I heard.

The speech, which lasted about ten minutes, was a kind of burlesque on speeches from the throne, describing in formal phrase the prosperous state of their institution, its amicable foreign relations, the flourishing condition of its finances—brother Yelverton having paid in the two-and-sixpence he owed for above two years; concluding all with the hope that, by a rigid economy—part of which consisted in limiting John Toler to ten pipkins—they would soon be enabled to carry into effect the proposed works on the frontier, and expend the sum of four shillings and ninepence in the repair of the lobby; winding up all with a glowing eulogium on monastic institutions in general, he concluded with recommending to their special devotion and unanimous cheers “The Monks of the Screw.” Never, certainly, did men compensate for their previous silence better than the worthy brethren in question. Cheering with an energy I never heard the like of, each man finished his pipkin with just voice enough left to call for the song of the Order.

Motioning with his hand to the fiddlers to begin, the prior cleared his throat, and, to the simple but touching melody they had marched in to supper by, sang the following chant:

#### GOOD LUCK TO THE FRIARS OF OLD.

“Of all trades that flourished of old,  
 Before men knew reading and writing,  
 The friars’ was best, I am told,  
 If one wasn’t much given to fighting;  
 For, rent free, you lived at your ease—  
 You had neither to work nor to labor—  
 You might eat of whatever you please,  
 For the prog was supplied by your neighbor.  
 Oh, good luck to the friars of old !

“Your dress was convenient and cheap—  
 A loose robe like this I am wearing;  
 It was pleasant to eat in or sleep,  
 And never much given to tearing,  
 Not tightened nor squeezed in the least—  
 How of modern days you might shame us !

With a small bit of cord round your waist—  
 With what vigor you'd chant the *Oremus*!  
 Oh, good luck to the friars of old !

“What miracles then, too, you made,  
 The fame to this hour is lasting ;  
 But the strangest of all, it is said,  
 You grew mighty fat upon fasting!  
 And though strictly forbid to touch wine,  
 How the fact all your glory enhances !  
 You well knew the taste of the vine—  
 Some miraculous gift of St. Francis !  
 Oh, good luck to the friars of old !

“To trace an example so meek,  
 And repress all our carnal desires,  
 We mount two pair stairs every week,  
 And put on that garment of friars ;  
 And our Order itself is as old—  
 The oldest between me and you, sir ;  
 For King David, they say, was enrolled,  
 And a capital Monk of the Screw, sir !  
 So, good luck to the friars of old !”

The song over, and another cheer given to the Brethren of the Screw, the pipkins were replenished, and the conversation, so long pent up, burst forth in all its plenitude. Nothing but fun, nothing but wit, nothing but merriment was heard on either side. Here were not only all the bright spirits of the day, but they were met by appointment; they came prepared for the combat, armed for the fight; and certainly never was such a joust of wit and brilliancy. Good stories rained around; jests, repartees, and epigrams flew like lightning; and one had but time to catch some sparkling gem as it glittered, ere another and another succeeded.

But even already I grow impatient with myself while I speak of these things. How poor, how vapid, and how meager is the effort to recall the wit that set the table in a roar! Not only is the memory wanting, but how can one convey the incessant roll of fun, the hailstorm of pleasantry, that rattled about our ears; each good thing that was uttered ever suggesting something still better; the brightest fancy and the most glowing imagination stimulated to the utmost; while powers of voice, of look, and of mimicry unequalled, lent all their aid to the scene.

While I sat entranced and delighted with all I saw and

all I heard, I had not remarked that O'Grady had been addressing the chair for some time previous.

"Reverend brother," replied the prior, "the prayer of thy petition is inadmissible. The fourth rule of our faith says, *de confessione*: No subject, mirthful, witty, or jocose, known to, or by, any member of the Order, shall be withheld from the brotherhood, under a penalty of the heaviest kind. And it goes on to say, that whether the jest involves your father or your mother, your wife, your sister, or the aunt from whom you expect a legacy, no exception can be made. What you then look for is clearly impossible; make a clean breast of it, and begin."

This being a question of order, a silence was soon established, when, what was my horror to find that Phil O'Grady began the whole narrative of my mother's letter on the subject of the Rooneys!—not limiting himself, however, to the meager document in question, but coloring the story with all the force of his imagination, he displayed to the brethren the ludicrous extremes of character personated by the London fine lady and the Dublin attorney's wife! Shocked as I was at first, he had not proceeded far, when I was forced to join the laughter; the whole table pounced upon the story; the Rooneys were well known to them all; and the idea of poor Paul, who dispensed his hospitalities with a princely hand, having his mansion degraded to the character of a chop-house, almost convulsed them with laughter.

"I am going over to London next week," said Parsons, "with old Lambert; and if I thought I should meet this Lady Charlotte Hinton, I'd certainly contrive to have him presented to her as Mr. Paul Rooney."

This observation created a diversion in favor of my lady-mother, to which I had the satisfaction of listening, without the power to check.

"She has," said Dawson, "most admirable and original views about Ireland; and were it only for the fact of calling on the Rooneys for their bill, deserves our gratitude. I humbly move, therefore, that we drink to the health of our worthy sister, Lady Charlotte Hinton."

The next moment found me hip, hippping in derision, to my mother's health, the only consolation being that I was escaping unnoticed and unknown.



"Well, Barrington, the duke was delighted with your corps; nothing could be more soldier-like than their appearance as they marched past."

"Ah, the attorneys', isn't it?—the Devil's Own, as Curran calls them."

"Yes, and remarkably well they looked. I say, Parsons, you heard what poor Rooney said, when Sir Charles Asgill read aloud the general order, complimenting them. 'May I beg, Sir Charles,' said he, 'to ask if the document in your hand be an attested copy?'"

"Capital, faith! By-the-by, what's the reason, can anyone tell me, Paul has never invited me to dine for the last two years?"

"Indeed!" said Curran; "then your chance is a bad one, for the statute of limitations is clearly against you."

"Ah, Kellar, the Rooneys have cut all their low acquaintances, and your prospects look very gloomy. You know what took place between Paul and Lord Manners?"

"No, Barrington; let's hear it, by all means."

"Paul had met him at Kinnegad, where both had stopped to change horses. 'A glass of sherry, my lord?' quoth Paul, with a most insinuating look.

"'No, sir, thank you,' was the distant reply.

"'A bowl of gravy, then, my lord,' rejoined he.

"'Pray excuse me,' more coldly than before.

"'May be a chop and a crisped potato would tempt your lordship.'

"'Neither, sir, I assure you.'

"'Nor a glass of egg-flip?' repeated Paul, in an accent bordering on despair.

"'Nor even the egg-flip,' rejoined his lordship, in the most pompous manner.

"'Then, my lord,' said Paul, drawing himself up to his full height, and looking him firmly in the face, 'I've only to say, the "onus" is now on you.' With which he stalked out of the room, leaving the chancellor to his own reflections."

"Brethren, the saint!" cried out the prior, as he rose from the chair.

"The saint! the saint!" re-echoed from lip to lip; and at the same moment the door opened, and a monk appeared, bearing a silver image of St. Patrick, about a foot and a

half high, which he deposited in the middle of the table, with the utmost reverence. All the monks rose, filling their pipkins, while the junior of the Order, a fat little monk, with spectacles, began the following ditty, in which all the rest joined, with every energy of voice and manner:

“When Saint Patrick our Order created,”<sup>1</sup>

A hip, hip, hurrah! that made the very saint totter on his legs, shook the room; and once more the reverend fathers reseated themselves to resume their labors.

Again the conversation flowed on in its broader channel, and scarcely was the laughter caused by one anecdote at an end when another succeeded; the strangest feature of all this being, that he who related the story was, in almost every instance, less the source of amusement to the party than they who, listening to the *récitation*, threw a hundred varied lights upon it, making even the tamest imaginable adventure the origin of innumerable ludicrous situations and absurd fancies. Besides all this, there were characteristic differences in the powers of the party, which deprived the display of any trace or appearance of sameness: the epigrammatic terseness and nicety of Curran, the jovial good humor and mellow raciness of Lawrence Parsons, the happy facility of converting all before him into a pun or a repartee so eminently possessed by Toler, and, perhaps more striking than all, the caustic irony and piercing sarcasm of Yelverton's wit, relieved and displayed each other; each man's talent having only so much rivalry as to excite opposition and give interest to the combat, yet never by any accident originating a particle of animosity, or even eliciting a shade of passing irritation.

With what pleasure could I continue to recount the stories, the songs, the sayings I listened to. With what satisfaction do I yet look back upon the brilliant scene, nearly all the actors in which have since risen to high rank and eminence in the country. How often, too, in their bright career, when I have heard the warm praise of the world bestowed upon their triumphs and their successes, has my memory carried me back to that glorious night when, with hearts untrammelled by care, high in hope, and higher in ambition, these bright spirits sported in all the

<sup>1</sup> This song will be found among the extracts from Curran's works.

wanton exuberance of their genius, scattering with profusion the rich ore of their talent, careless of the depths to which the mine should be shafted hereafter. Yes, it is true there were giants in those days! However much one may be disposed to look upon the eulogist of the past as one whose fancy is more ardent than his memory is tenacious, yet, with respect to this, there is no denial of the fact, that great convivial gifts, great conversational power, no longer exist as they did some thirty or forty years ago. I speak more particularly of the country where I passed my youth—of Ireland; and who that remembers those names I have mentioned—who that can recall the fascination and charm which almost every dinner-party of the day could boast—who that can bring to mind the brilliancy of Curran, the impetuous power of Plunket, or the elegance of manner and classical perfection of wit that made Burke the Cicero of his nation—who, I say, with all these things before his memory, can venture to compare the society of that period with the present? No, no; the gray hairs that mingle with our brown may convict us of being a prejudiced witness, but we would call into court every one whose testimony is available, and confidently await the verdict.

“And so they ran away,” said the prior, turning towards a tall, gaunt-looking monk, who, with a hollow voice and solemn manner, was recording the singular disappearance of the militia regiment he commanded, on the morning they were to embark for England. “The story we heard,” resumed the prior, “was, that when drawn up in the Fifteen Acres, one of the light company caught sight of a hare, and flung his musket at it. The grenadiers followed the example, and that then the whole battalion broke loose, with a loud yell, and set off in pursuit——”

“No, sir,” said the gaunt man, waving his hand to suppress the laughter around him. “They were assembled on the lighthouse wall, as it might be here, and we told them off by tallies as they marched on board, not perceiving, however, that as fast as they entered the packet on one side they left it on the opposite, there being two jolly-boats in waiting to receive them, and, as it was dusk at the time, the scheme was undetected until the corporal of a flank company shouted out for them to wait for him, that being

his boat. At this time we had fifty men of our four hundred and eighty."

"Ay, ay, holy father," cried the prior, as he helped himself to a deviled bone, "your fellows were like the grilled bone before me: when they were mustered, they would not wait to be peppered."

This sally produced a roar of laughter, not the less hearty that the grim-visaged hero it was addressed to never relaxed a muscle of his face. It was now late, and what between the noise, the wine, and the laughter, my faculties were none of the clearest. Without having drunk much, I felt all the intoxication of liquor, and a whirlwind of confusion in my ideas that almost resembled madness. To this state one part of their proceedings in a great measure contributed; for every now and then, on some signal from the prior, the whole party would take hands and dance round the table to the measure of an Irish jig, wilder and even more eccentric than their own orgies. Indeed, I think this religious exercise finished me; for, after the third time of its performance, the whole scene became a confused and disturbed mass, and, amid the crash of voices, the ringing of laughter, the tramping of feet, I sank into something which, if not sleep, was at least unconsciousness; and thus is a wet sponge drawn over the immediately succeeding portion of my history.

Some faint recollection I have of terrifying old Corny by my costume; but what the circumstances, or how they happened, I cannot remember. I can only call to mind one act in vindication of my wisdom—I went to bed.

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## MAJOR BOB MAHON'S HOSPITALITY.

From 'Jack Hinton.'

Meanwhile the Major rolled his eyes fearfully at me, and fidgeted in his chair with impatience to be asked for his story, and, as I myself had some curiosity on the subject, I begged him to relate it.

"Tom, here, doesn't like a story at supper," said the Major, pompously, for, perceiving our attitude of atten-



tion, he resolved on being a little tyrannical before telling it.

The priest made immediate submission, and, slyly hinting that his objection only lay against stories he had been hearing for the last thirty years, said he could listen to the narration in question with much pleasure.

"You shall have it, then!" said the Major, as he squared himself in his chair, and thus began:

"You have never been in Castle Connel, Hinton? Well, there is a wide bleak line of country there, that stretches away to the westward, with nothing but large, round-backed mountains, low, boggy swamps, with here and there a miserable mud hovel, surrounded by, maybe, half an acre of lumpers, or bad oats; a few small streams struggle through this on their way to the Shannon, but they are brown and dirty as the soil they traverse; and the very fish that swim in them are brown and smutty also.

"In the very heart of this wild country, I took it into my head to build a house. A strange notion it was, for there was no neighborhood and no sporting: but, somehow, I had taken a dislike to mixed society some time before that, and I found it convenient to live somewhat in retirement; so that, if the partridges were not in abundance about me, neither were the process-servers; and the truth was, I kept a much sharper look-out for the sub-sheriff than I did for the snipe.

"Of course, as I was over head and ears in debt, my notion was to build something very considerable and imposing; and, to be sure, I had a fine portico, and a flight of steps leading up to it; and there were ten windows in front, and a grand balustrade at the top; and, faith, taking it all in all, the building was so strong, the walls so thick, the windows so narrow, and the stones so black, that my cousin, Darcy Mahon, called it Newgate—and not a bad name either—and the devil another it ever went by; and even that same had its advantages, for when the creditors used to read that at the top of my letters, they'd say, 'Poor devil! he has enough on his hands; there's no use troubling him any more.' Well, big as Newgate looked from without, it had not much accommodation when you got inside. There was, it is true, a fine hall, all flagged, and out of it you entered what ought to have been the dinner-room,

thirty-eight feet by seven-and-twenty, but which was used for herding sheep in winter. On the right hand there was a cozy little breakfast-room, just about the size of this we are in. At the back of the hall, but concealed by a pair of folding-doors, there was a grand staircase of old Irish oak, that ought to have led up to a great suite of bedrooms, but it only conducted to one, a little crib I had for myself. The remainder were never plastered nor floored; and, indeed, in one of them, that was over the big drawing-room, the joists were never laid, which was all the better, for it was there we used to keep our hay and straw.

"Now, at the time I mention, the harvest was not brought in, and, instead of its being full, as it used to be, it was mighty low; so that when you opened the door above-stairs, instead of finding the hay up beside you, it was about fourteen feet down beneath you.

"I can't help boring you with all these details, first, because they are essential to my story; and next, because, being a young man, and a foreigner to boot, it may lead you to a little better understanding of some of our national customs. Of all the partialities we Irish have, after wine and the ladies, I believe our ruling passion is to build a big house, spend every shilling we have, or that we have not, as the case may be, in getting it half finished, and then live in a corner of it, 'just for grandeur,' as a body may say. It's a droll notion, after all; but show me the county in Ireland that hasn't at least six specimens of what I mention.

"Newgate was a beautiful one; and although the sheep lived in the parlor, and the cows were kept in the blue drawing-room, Darby Whaley slept in the boudoir, and two bulldogs and a buck goat kept house in the library, faith, upon the outside, it looked very imposing, and not one that saw it from the high-road to Ennis—and you could see it for twelve miles in every direction—didn't say, 'That Mahon must be a snug fellow; look what a beautiful place he has of it there!' Little they knew that it was safer to go up the 'Reeks' than my grand staircase, and it was like rope-dancing to pass from one room to the other.

"Well, it was about four o'clock in the afternoon of a dark, leaden day in December that I was treading homewards in no very good humor, for, except a brace and a half

of snipe, and a gray plover, I had met with nothing the whole day. The night was falling fast, so I began to hurry on as quickly as I could, when I heard a loud shout behind me, and a voice called out,

“ ‘It’s Bob Mahon, boys! By the Hill of Scariff, we are in luck!’ ”

“ I turned about, and what should I see but a parcel of fellows in red coats; they were the Blazers. There was Dan Lambert, Tom Burke, Harry Eyre, Joe M’Mahon, and the rest of them: fourteen souls in all. They had come down to draw a cover of Stephen Blake’s, about ten miles from me, but, in the strange mountain country, they lost the dogs, they lost their way, and their temper; in truth, to all appearance, they lost everything but their appetites. Their horses were dead beat, too, and they looked as miserable a crew as ever you set eyes on.

“ ‘Isn’t it lucky, Bob, that we found you at home?’ said Lambert.

“ ‘They told us you were away,’ says Burke.

“ ‘Some said that you were grown so pious that you never went out, except on Sundays,’ added old Harry, with a grin.

“ ‘Begad,’ said I, ‘as to the luck, I won’t say much for it; for here’s all I can give you for your dinner;’ and so I pulled out the four birds and shook them at them; ‘and as to the piety, troth, maybe, you’d like to keep a fast with as devoted a son of the Church as myself.’ ”

“ ‘But isn’t that Newgate up there?’ said one.

“ ‘That same.’ ”

“ ‘And you don’t mean to say that such a house as that hasn’t a good larder and a fine cellar?’ ”

“ ‘You’re right,’ said I, ‘and they’re both full at this very moment—the one with seed potatoes, and the other with Whitehaven coals.’ ”

“ ‘Have you got any bacon?’ said Mahon.

“ ‘Oh, yes!’ said I, ‘there’s bacon.’ ”

“ ‘And eggs?’ said another.’ ”

“ ‘For the matter of that, you might swim in batter.’ ”

“ ‘Come, come,’ said Dan Lambert, ‘we’re not so badly off after all.’ ”

“ ‘Is there whisky?’ cried Eyre.

“ ‘Seventy-three gallons, that never paid the King six-pence!’

“ ‘As I said this, they gave three cheers you ’d have heard a mile off.

“ ‘After about twenty minutes’ walking, we got up to the house, and when poor Darby opened the door, I thought he ’d faint, for you see, the red coats made him think it was the army coming to take me away, and he was for running off to raise the country, when I caught him by the neck.

“ ‘It’s the Blazers! ye old fool,’ said I. ‘The gentlemen are come to dine here.’

“ ‘Hurroo!’ said he, clapping his hands on his knees, ‘there must be great distress, entirely, down about Nenagh and them parts, or they ’d never think of coming up here for a bit to eat.’

“ ‘Which way lie the stables, Bob?’ said Burke.

“ ‘Leave all that to Darby,’ said I, for ye see he had only to whistle and bring up as many people as he liked—and so he did, too; and, as there was room for a cavalry regiment, the horses were soon bedded down and comfortable, and in ten minutes’ time we were all sitting pleasantly round a big fire, waiting for the rashers and eggs.

“ ‘Now, if you ’d like to wash your hands before dinner, Lambert, come along with me.’

“ ‘By all means,’ said he.

“ ‘The others were standing up too; but, I observed, that as the house was large, and the ways of it unknown to them, it was better to wait till I ’d come back for them.

“ ‘This was a real piece of good luck, Bob,’ said Dan, as he followed me upstairs; ‘capital quarters we ’ve fallen into; and what a snug bedroom ye have here.’

“ ‘Yes,’ said I carelessly; ‘it’s one of the small rooms—there are eight like this, and five large ones, plainly furnished, as you see; but for the present, you know—’

“ ‘Oh, begad! I wish for nothing better. Let me sleep here—the other fellows may care for your four-posters with satin hangings.’

“ ‘Well,’ said I, ‘if you are really not joking, I may tell you, that the room is one of the warmest in the house,’ and this was telling no lie.

“ ‘Here I ’ll sleep,’ said he, rubbing his hands with satis-



faction, and giving the bed a most affectionate look. ‘And now let us join the rest.’

“When I brought Dan down, I took up Burke, and after him M’Mahon, and so on to the last; but every time I entered the parlor, I found them all bestowing immense praises on my house, and each fellow ready to bet he had got the best bedroom.

“Dinner soon made its appearance; for if the cookery was not very perfect, it was at least wonderfully expeditious. There were two men cutting rashers, two more frying them in the pan, and another did nothing but break the eggs, Darby running from the parlor to the kitchen and back again, as hard as he could trot.

“Do you know now, that many a time since, when I have been giving venison, and Burgundy, and claret enough to swim a life-boat in, I often thought it was a cruel waste of money; for the fellows weren’t half as pleasant as they were that evening on bacon and whisky!

“I’ve a theory on that subject, Hinton, I’ll talk to you more about another time; I’ll only observe now, that I’m sure we all overfeed our company. I’ve tried both plans; and my honest experience is, that as far as regards conviviality, fun, and good-fellowship, it is a great mistake to provide too well for your guests. There is something heroic in eating your mutton-chop or your leg of turkey among jolly fellows; there is a kind of reflective flattering about it that tells you you have been invited for your drollery, and not for your digestion; and that your jokes, and not your flattery, have been your recommendation. Lord bless you! I’ve laughed more over red-herrings and potteen than I ever expect to do again over turtle and toquay.

“My guests were, to do them justice, a good illustration of my theory. A pleasanter and a merrier party never sat down together. We had good songs, good stories, plenty of laughing, and plenty of drink; until at last, poor Darby became so overpowered, by the fumes of the hot water, I suppose, that he was obliged to be carried up to bed, and so we were compelled to boil the kettle in the parlor. This, I think, precipitated matters; for, by some mistake, they put punch into it instead of water, and the more you tried to

weaken the liquor, it was only the more tipsy you were getting.

"About two o'clock, five of the party were under the table, three more were nodding backwards and forwards like insane pendulums, and the rest were mighty noisy, and now and then rather disposed to be quarrelsome.

"'Bob,' said Lambert to me, in a whisper, 'if it's the same thing to you, I'll slip away, and get into bed.'

"'Of course, if you won't take anything more. Just make yourself at home; and as you don't know the way here, follow me!'

"'I'm afraid,' said he, 'I'd not find my way alone.'

"'I think,' said I, 'it's very likely. But come along!'

"I walked upstairs before him; but instead of turning to the left, I went the other way, till I came to the door of the large room, that I have told you already was over the big drawing-room. Just as I put my hand on the lock, I contrived to blow out the candle as if it was the wind.

"'What a draft there is here!' said I; 'but just step in, and I'll go for a light.'

"He did as he was bid; but instead of finding himself on my beautiful little carpet, down he went fourteen feet into the hay at the bottom! I looked down after him for a minute or two, and then called out—

"'As I am doing the honors of Newgate, the least I could do was to show you the drop. Good-night, Dan! but let me advise you to get a little further from the door, as there are more coming.'

"Well, sir, when they missed Dan and me out of the room, two or three more stood up, and declared for bed also. The first I took up was Ffrench, of Green Park; for, indeed, he wasn't a cute fellow at the best of times, and if it wasn't that the hay was so low, he'd never have guessed it was not a feather-bed till he woke in the morning. Well, down he went. Then came Eyre! Then Joe Mahon—two-and-twenty stone—no less! Lord pity them!—this was a great shock entirely! But when I opened the door for Tom Burke, upon my conscience you'd think it was a Pandemonium they had down there. They were fighting like devils, and roaring with all their might.

"'Good-night, Tom!' said I, pushing Burke forward. 'It's the cows you hear underneath.'

“ ‘Cows!’ said he. ‘If they’re cows, begad they must have got at that seventy-three gallons of potteen you talked of; for they’re all drunk.’

“With that, he snatched the candle out of my hand, and looked down into the pit. Never was such a sight seen before or since. Dan was pitching into poor Ffrench, who, thinking he had an enemy before him, was hitting out manfully at an old turf-creel, that rocked and creaked at every blow, as he called out,

“ ‘I’ll smash you! I’ll dinge your ribs for you, you infernal scoundrel!’

“Eyre was struggling in the hay, thinking he was swimming for his life; and poor Joe Mahon was patting him on the head, and saying, ‘Poor fellow! good dog!’ for he thought it was Towser, the bull-terrier, that was prowling round the calves of his legs.

“ ‘If they don’t get tired, there’ll not be a man of them alive by morning!’ said Tom, as he closed the door. ‘And now, if you’ll allow me to sleep on the carpet, I’ll take it as a favor.’

“By this time they were all quiet in the parlor; so I lent Tom a couple of blankets and a bolster, and having locked my door went to bed with an easy mind and a quiet conscience. To be sure, now and then a cry would burst forth, as if they were killing somebody below stairs, but I soon fell asleep, and heard no more of them.

“By daybreak next morning they made their escape; and when I was trying to awake, at half-past ten, I found Colonel M’Morris, of the Mayo, with a message from the whole four.

“ ‘A bad business this, Captain Mahon,’ said he; ‘my friends have been shockingly treated.’

“ ‘It’s mighty hard,’ said I, ‘to want to shoot me because I hadn’t fourteen feather-beds in the house.’

“ ‘They will be the laugh of the whole country, sir.’

“ ‘Troth!’ said I, ‘if the country is not in very low spirits, I think they will.’

“ ‘There’s not a man of them can see!—their eyes are actually closed up!’

“ ‘The Lord be praised!’ said I. ‘It’s not likely they’ll hit me.’

“But, to make a short story of it, out we went. Tom

Burke was my friend; I could scarce hold my pistol with laughing; for such faces no man ever looked at. But for self-preservation sake, I thought it best to hit one of them; so I just pinked Ffrench a little under the skirt of the coat.

“‘Come, Lambert!’ said the Colonel, ‘it’s your turn now.’

“‘Wasn’t that Lambert,’ said I, ‘that I hit?’

“‘No,’ said he, ‘that was Ffrench.’

“‘Begad, I’m sorry for it. Ffrench, my dear fellow, excuse me; for you see you’re all so like each other about the eyes this morning—’

“With this there was a roar of laughing from them all, in which, I assure you, Lambert took not a very prominent part; for, somehow, he didn’t fancy my polite inquiries after him; and so we all shook hands, and left the ground as good friends as ever, though to this hour the name of Newgate brings less pleasant recollections to their minds than if their fathers had been hanged at its prototype.”

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## A DINNER PARTY BROKEN UP.

From ‘Charles O’Malley.’

This was none of your austere “great dinners,” where a cold and chilling plateau of artificial nonsense cuts off one-half of the table from intercourse with the other—when whispered sentences constitute the conversation, and all the friendly recognition of wine-drinking, which renews acquaintance and cements an intimacy, is replaced by the ceremonious filling of your glass by a lackey—where smiles go current in lieu of kind speeches, and epigram and smartness form the substitute for the broad jest and merry story. Far from it. Here the company ate, drank, talked, laughed, did all but sing, and certainly enjoyed themselves heartily. As for me, I was little more than a listener, and such was the crash of plates, the jingle of glasses, and the clatter of voices, that fragments only of what was passing around reached me, giving to the conversation of the party a character occasionally somewhat incongruous. Thus such sentences as the following ran foul of each other every instant:



"No better land in Galway"—"where could you find such facilities"—"for shooting Mr. Jones on his way home"—"the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth"—"kiss"—"Miss Blake, she's the girl with the foot and ankle"—"Daly has never had wool on his sheep"—"how could he"—"what does he pay for the mountain"—"four and tenpence a yard"—"not a penny less"—"all the cabbage-stalks and potato-skins"—"with some bog stuff through it"—"that's the thing to"—"make soup, with a red herring in it instead of salt"—"and when he proposed for my niece, ma'am, says he"—"mix a strong tumbler, and I'll make a shake-down for you on the floor"—"and may the Lord have mercy on your soul"—"and now, down the middle and up again"—"Captain Magan, my dear, he is the man"—"to shave a pig properly"—"it's not money I'm looking for, says he, the girl of my heart"—"if she had not a wind-gall and two spavins"—"I'd have given her the rites of the Church, of coorse," said Father Roach, bringing up the rear of this ill-assorted jargon.

Such were the scattered links of conversation I was condemned to listen to, till a general rise on the part of the ladies left us alone to discuss our wine, and enter in good earnest upon the more serious duties of the evening.

Scarcely was the door closed when one of the company, seizing the bell-rope, said, "With your leave, Blake, we'll have the 'dew' now."

"Good claret—no better," said another; "but it sits mighty cold on the stomach."

"There's nothing like the groceries, after all—eh, Sir George?" said an old Galway squire to the English general, who acceded to the fact, which he understood in a very different sense.

"Oh, punch, you are my darlin'," hummed another, as a large square half-gallon decanter of whisky was placed on the table, the various decanters of wine being now ignominiously sent down to the end of the board, without any evidence of regret on any face save Sir George Dashwood's, who mixed his tumbler with a very rebellious conscience.

Whatever were the noise and clamor of the company before, they were nothing to what now ensued. As one party was discussing the approaching contest, another was plan-

ning a steeple-chase; while two individuals, unhappily removed from each other the entire length of the table, were what is called "challenging each other's effects" in a very remarkable manner, the process so styled being an exchange of property, when each party, setting an imaginary value upon some article, barter it for another, the amount of boot paid and received being determined by a third person, who is the umpire. Thus a gold breastpin was swopped, as the phrase is, against a horse; then a pair of boots, a Kerry bull, etc.—every imaginable species of property coming into the market. Sometimes, as matters of very dubious value turned up, great laughter was the result. In this very national pastime, a Mr. Miles Bodkin, a noted fire-eater of the west, was a great proficient, and, it is said, once so completely succeeded in despoiling an uninitiated hand, that after winning in succession his horse, gig, harness, etc., he proceeded *seriatim* to his watch, ring, clothes, and portmanteau, and actually concluded by winning all he possessed, and kindly lent him a card-cloth to cover him on his way to the hotel. His success on the present occasion was considerable, and his spirits proportionate. The decanter had thrice been replenished, and the flushed faces and thickened utterances of the guests evinced that from the cold properties of the claret there was but little to dread. As for Mr. Bodkin, his manner was incapable of any higher flight, when under the influence of whisky, than what it evinced on common occasions; and as he sat at the end of the table, fronting Mr. Blake, he assumed all the dignity of the ruler of the feast, with an energy no one seemed disposed to question. In answer to some observations of Sir George, he was led into something like an oration upon the peculiar excellencies of his native country, which ended in a declaration that there was nothing like Galway.

"Why don't you give us a song, Miles? and maybe the general would learn more from it than all your speech-making."

"To be sure," cried out several voices together; "to be sure. Let us hear 'The Man for Galway!'"

Sir George having joined most warmly in the request, Mr. Bodkin filled up his glass to the brim, bespoke a chorus to his chant, and, clearing his voice with a deep hem, began

the following ditty, to the air which Moore has since rendered immortal, by the beautiful song, 'Wreathe the Bowl,' etc. And although the words are well known in the west, for the information of less favored regions I here transcribe

### THE MAN FOR GALWAY.

" To drink a toast,  
 A proctor roast,  
 Or bailiff as the case is,  
 To kiss your wife,  
 Or take your life  
 At ten or fifteen paces;  
 To keep game cocks—to hunt the fox,  
 To drink in punch the Solway,  
 With debts galore, but fun far more;  
 Oh, that's 'the man for Galway.'  
 Chorus—With debts, etc.

" The King of Oude  
 Is mighty proud,  
 And so were onst the *Caysars*—(Cæsars)  
 But ould Giles Eyre  
 Would make them stare,  
 Av he had them with the Blazers.  
 To the devil I fling ould Runjeet Sing,  
 He's only a prince in a small way,  
 And knows nothing at all of a six-foot wall;  
 Oh, he'd never 'do for Galway.'  
 Chorus—With debts, etc,

" Ye think the Blakes  
 Are no 'great shakes';  
 They're all his blood relations,  
 And the Bodkins sneeze  
 At the grim Chinese,  
 For they came from the *Phenaycians*.  
 So fill the brim, and here's to him  
 Who'd drink in punch the Solway;  
 With debts galore, but fun far more;  
 Oh! that's 'the man for Galway.'  
 Chorus—With debts," etc.

I much fear that the reception of this very classic ode would not be as favorable in general companies as it was on the occasion I first heard it, for certainly the applause was almost deafening; and even Sir George, the defects of whose English education left some of the allusions out of his reach, was highly amused and laughed heartily.

The conversation once more reverted to the election, and

although I was too far from those who seemed best informed on the matter to hear much, I could catch enough to discover that the feeling was a confident one. This was gratifying to me, as I had some scruple about my so long neglecting my uncle's cause.

"We have Scariff to a man," said Bodkin.

"And Mosey's tenantry," said another. "I swear, though there's not a freehold registered on the estate, that they'll vote, every mother's son of them, or devil a stone of the Court-house they'll leave standing on another."

"And may the Lord look to the returning officer!" said a third, throwing up his eyes.

"Mosey's tenantry are droll boys, and, like their landlord—more by token—they never pay any rent."

"And what for shouldn't they vote?" said a dry-looking little old fellow in a red waistcoat. "When I was the dead agent—"

"The dead agent!" interrupted Sir George, with a start.

"Just so," said the old fellow, pulling down his spectacles from his forehead, and casting a half-angry look at Sir George, for what he had suspected to be a doubt of his veracity.

"The General does not know, maybe, what that is," said some one.

"It is the dead agent," said Mr. Blake, "who always provides substitutes for any voters that may have died since the last election. A very important fact in statistics may thus be gathered from the poll-books of this county, which proves it to be the healthiest part of Europe—a freeholder has not died in it for the last fifty years."

"The 'Kiltopher boys' won't come this time—they say there's no use trying to vote when so many were transported last assizes for perjury."

"They're poor-spirited creatures," said another.

"Not they—they are as decent boys as any we have—they're willing to wreck the town for fifty shillings' worth of spirits; besides, if they don't vote for the county they will for the borough."

This declaration seemed to restore these interesting individuals to favor, and now all attention was turned towards Bodkin, who was detailing the plan of a grand attack upon the polling-booths, to be headed by himself. By this time



all the prudence and guardedness of the party had given way—whisky was in the ascendant, and every bold stroke of election policy, every cunning artifice, every ingenious device, was detailed and applauded in a manner which proved that self-respect was not the inevitable gift of “mountain dew.”

The mirth and fun grew momentarily more boisterous, and Miles Bodkin, who had twice before been prevented proposing some toast by a telegraphic signal from the other end of the table, now swore that nothing should prevent him any longer, and rising with a smoking tumbler in his hand, delivered himself as follows:

“No, no, Phil Blake, ye needn’t be winkin’ at me that way—it’s little I care for the spawn of the ould serpent.” [Here great cheers greeted the speaker, in which, without well knowing why, I heartily joined.] “I’m going to give a toast, boys—a real good toast—none of your sentimental things about wall-flowers, or the vernal equinox, or that kind of thing, but a sensible, patriotic, manly, intrepid toast—a toast you must drink in the most universal, laborious, and awful manner—do ye see now? [Loud cheers.] If any man of you here present doesn’t drain this toast to the bottom—(here the speaker looked fixedly at me, as did the rest of the company)—then, by the great gun of Athlone, I’ll make him eat the decanter, glass stopper and all, for the good of his digestion—d’ ye see now?”

The cheering at this mild determination prevented my hearing what followed; but the peroration consisted in a very glowing eulogy upon some person unknown, and a speedy return to him as member for Galway. Amid all the noise and tumult at this critical moment, nearly every eye at the table was turned upon me; and as I concluded that they had been drinking my uncle’s health, I thundered away at the mahogany with all my energy. At length, the hip, hiping over, and comparative quiet restored, I rose from my seat to return thanks. But, strange enough, Sir George Dashwood did so likewise; and there we both stood amid an uproar that might well have shaken the courage of more practiced orators; while from every side came cries of “Hear, hear”—“Go on, Sir George”—“Speak out, General”—“Sit down, Charley”—“Confound the boy”—“Knock the legs from under him,” etc. Not understand-

ing why Sir George should interfere with what I regarded as my peculiar duty, I resolved not to give way, and avowed this determination in no very equivocal terms. "In that case," said the General, "I am to suppose that the young gentleman moves an amendment to your proposition; and, as the etiquette is in his favor, I yield."

Here he resumed his place, amid a most terrific scene of noise and tumult, while several humane proposals as to my treatment were made around me, and a kind suggestion thrown out to break my neck, by a near neighbor. Mr. Blake at length prevailed upon the party to hear what I had to say—for he was certain I should not detain them above a minute. The commotion having in some measure subsided, I began: "Gentlemen—as the adopted son of the worthy man whose health you have just drunk——" Heaven knows how I should have continued—but here my eloquence was met by such a roar of laughing as I never before listened to; from one end of the board to the other it was one continued shout, and went on, too, as if all the spare lungs of the party had been kept in reserve for the occasion. I turned from one to the other—I tried to smile, and seemed to participate in the joke, but failed; I frowned—I looked savagely about where I could see enough to turn my wrath thitherward; and, as it chanced, not in vain; for Mr. Miles Bodkin, with an intuitive perception of my wishes, most suddenly ceased his mirth, and assuming a look of frowning defiance that had done him good service upon many former occasions, rose and said:

"Well, sir, I hope you're proud of yourself—you've made a nice beginning of it, and a pretty story you'll have for your uncle. But if you'd like to break the news by a letter, the General will have great pleasure in franking it for you; for, by the rock of Cashel, we'll carry him in against all the O'Malleys that ever cheated the sheriff."

Scarcely were the words uttered, when I seized my wine-glass, and hurled it with all my force at his head. So sudden was the act, and so true the aim, that Mr. Bodkin measured his length upon the floor ere his friends could appreciate his late eloquent effusion. The scene now became terrific; for though the redoubted Miles was *hors de combat*, his friends made a tremendous rush at, and would infallibly have succeeded in capturing me, had not Blake

and four or five others interposed. Amid a desperate struggle, which lasted for some minutes, I was torn from the spot, carried bodily upstairs, and pitched headlong into my own room, where, having doubly locked the door on the outside, they left me to my own cool and not over-agreeable reflections.

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## OTHELLO AT DRILL.

From 'Harry Lorrequer.'

The winter was now drawing to a close—already some little touch of spring was appearing—as our last play for the season was announced, and every effort to close with some little additional *éclat* was made; and each performer in the expected piece was nerving himself for an effort beyond his wont. The colonel had most unequivocally condemned these plays; but that mattered not—they came not within his jurisdiction—and we took no notice of his displeasure further than sending him tickets, which were immediately returned as received. From being the chief offender, I had become particularly obnoxious; and he had upon more than one occasion expressed his desire for an opportunity to visit me with his vengeance; but being aware of his kind intentions towards me, I took particular care to let no such opportunity occur.

On the morning in question, then, I had scarcely left my quarters, when one of my brother officers informed me that the colonel had made a great uproar, that one of the bills of the play had been put up on his door—which, with his avowed dislike to such representations, he considered as intended to insult him; he added, too, that the colonel attributed it to me. In this, however, he was wrong—and, to this hour, I never knew who did it. I had little time, and still less inclination, to meditate upon the colonel's wrath—the theater had all my thoughts; and indeed it was a day of no common exertion, for our amusements were to conclude with a grand supper on the stage, to which all the *élite* of Cork were invited. Wherever I went through the city—and many were my peregrinations—the great placard of the play stared me in the face; and every gate

and shuttered window in Cork proclaimed "THE PART OF OTHELLO BY MR. LORREQUER."

As evening drew near, my cares and occupations were redoubled. My Iago I had fears for—'t is true he was an admirable Lord Grizzle in 'Tom Thumb'—but then—then I had to paint the whole company, and bear all their abuse besides, for not making some of the most ill-looking wretches perfect Apollos; but, last of all, I was sent for, at a quarter to seven, to lace Desdemona's stays. Start not, gentle reader, my fair Desdemona—she "who might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks"—was no other than the senior lieutenant of the regiment, and who was as great a votary of the jolly god as honest Cassio himself. But I must hasten on; I cannot delay to recount our successes in detail. Let it suffice to say, that, by universal consent, I was preferred to Kean; and the only fault the most critical observer could find to the representative of Desdemona was a rather unladylike fondness for snuff. But whatever little demerits our acting might have displayed, were speedily forgotten in a champagne supper. There I took the head of the table; and, in the costume of the noble Moor, toasted, made speeches, returned thanks, and sang songs, till I might have exclaimed with Othello himself, "Chaos is come again;" and I believe I owe my ever reaching the barrack that night to the kind offices of Desdemona, who carried me the greater part of the way on her back.

The first waking thoughts of him who has indulged overnight are not among the most blissful of existence, and certainly the pleasure is not increased by the consciousness that he is called on to the discharge of duties to which a fevered pulse and throbbing temples are but ill-suited. My sleep was suddenly broken in upon the morning after the play by a "row-dow-dow" beat beneath my window. I jumped hastily from my bed, and looked out, and there, to my horror, perceived the regiment under arms. It was one of our confounded colonel's morning drills; and there he stood himself, with the poor adjutant, who had been up all night, shivering beside him. Some two or three of the officers had descended; and the drum was now summoning the others as it beat round the barrack-square. I saw there was not a moment to lose, and proceeded to dress



with all dispatch; but, to my misery, I discovered everywhere nothing but theatrical robes and decorations—there, lay a splendid turban, here, a pair of buskins—a spangled jacket glittered on one table, and a jeweled scimitar on the other. At last I detected my “regimental small-clothes,” most ignominiously thrust into a corner in my ardor for my Moorish robes the preceding evening.

I dressed myself with the speed of lightning; but, as I proceeded in my occupation, guess my annoyance to find that the toilet-table and glass, ay, and even the basin-stand, had been removed to the dressing-room of the theater; and my servant, I suppose, following his master’s example, was too tipsy to remember to bring them back, so that I was unable to procure the luxury of cold water—for now not a moment more remained, the drum had ceased, and the men had all fallen in. Hastily drawing on my coat, I put on my shako, and buckling on my belt as dandy-like as might be, hurried down the stairs to the barrack-yard.

By the time I got down, the men were all drawn up in line along the square, while the adjutant was proceeding to examine their accoutrements, as he passed down. The colonel and the officers were standing in a group, but not conversing. The anger of the commanding officer appeared still to continue, and there was a dead silence maintained on both sides. To reach the spot where they stood I had to pass along part of the line. In doing so, how shall I convey my amazement at the faces that met me—a general titter ran along the entire rank, which not even their fears for consequences seemed able to repress—for an effort, on the part of many, to stifle the laugh, only ended in a still louder burst of merriment. I looked to the far side of the yard for an explanation, but there was nothing there to account for it. I now crossed over to where the officers were standing, determining in my own mind to investigate the occurrence thoroughly, when free from the presence of the colonel, to whom any representation of ill-conduct always brought a punishment far exceeding the merits of the case.

Scarcely had I formed this resolve, when I reached the group of officers; but the moment I came near, one general roar of laughter saluted me, the like of which I never before heard. I looked down at my costume, expecting to discover that, in my hurry to dress, I had put on some of

the garments of Othello. No; all was perfectly correct. I waited for a moment till, the first burst of their merriment over, I should obtain a clue to the jest. But there seemed no prospect of this, for, as I stood patiently before them, their mirth appeared to increase. Indeed, poor G——, the senior major, one of the gravest men in Europe, laughed till the tears ran down his cheeks; and such was the effect upon me, that I was induced to laugh too—as men will sometimes, from the infectious nature of that strange emotion—but, no sooner did I do this, than their fun knew no bounds, and some almost screamed aloud in the excess of their merriment. Just at this instant the colonel, who had been examining some of the men, approached our group, advancing with an air of evident displeasure, as the shouts of loud laughter continued. As he came up, I turned hastily around, and touching my cap, wished him good-morning. Never shall I forget the look he gave me. If a glance could have annihilated any man, his would have finished me. For a moment his face became purple with rage, his eye was almost hid beneath his bent brow, and he absolutely shook with passion.

“Go, sir,” said he at length, as soon as he was able to find utterance for his words—“go, sir, to your quarters; and before you leave them, a court-martial shall decide if such continued insult to your commanding officer warrants your name being in the Army List.”

“What the devil can all this mean?” I said, in a half-whisper, turning to the others. But there they stood, their handkerchiefs to their mouths, and evidently choking with suppressed laughter.

“May I beg, Colonel Carden,” said I—

“To your quarters, sir,” roared the little man, in the voice of a lion. And, with a haughty wave of his hand, prevented all further attempt on my part to seek explanation.

“They’re all mad, every man of them,” I muttered, as I betook myself slowly back to my rooms, amid the same evidences of mirth my first appearance had excited—which even the colonel’s presence, feared as he was, could not entirely subdue.

With the air of a martyr I trod heavily up the stairs, and entered my quarters, meditating within myself awful

schemes for vengeance on the now open tyranny of my colonel; upon whom, I too, in my honest rectitude of heart, vowed to have a "court-martial." I threw myself upon a chair, and endeavored to recollect what circumstance of the past evening could have possibly suggested all the mirth in which both officers and men seemed to participate equally; but nothing could I remember capable of solving the mystery: surely the cruel wrongs of the manly Othello were no laughter-moving subject.

I rang the bell hastily for my servant. The door opened.

"Stubbes," said I, "are you aware—"

I had only got so far in my question, when my servant, one of the most discreet of men, put on a broad grin, and turned away towards the door to hide his face.

"What the devil does this mean?" said I, stamping with passion; "he is as bad as the rest. Stubbes"—and this I spoke with the most grave and severe tone—"what is the meaning of this insolence?"

"Oh, sir," said the man—"oh, sir, surely you did not appear on parade with that face?" And then he burst into a fit of the most uncontrollable laughter.

Like lightning a horrid doubt shot across my mind. I sprang over to the dressing-glass, which had been replaced, and, oh! horror of horrors! there I stood as black as the King of Ashantee. The cursed dye which I had put on for Othello I had never washed off, and there, with a huge bearskin shako, and a pair of dark bushy whiskers, shone my black and polished visage, glowering at itself in the looking-glass.

My first impulse, after amazement had a little subsided, was to laugh immoderately; in this I was joined by Stubbes, who, feeling that his mirth was participated in, gave full vent to his risibility. And, indeed, as I stood before the glass, grinning from ear to ear, I felt very little surprise that my joining in the laughter of my brother-officers, a short time before, had caused an increase of their merriment. I threw myself upon a sofa, and absolutely laughed till my sides ached, when, the door opening, the adjutant made his appearance. He looked for a moment at me, then at Stubbes, and then burst out himself, as loud as either of us. When he had at length recovered himself, he wiped his face with his handkerchief, and said, with a tone of much gravity:—

"But, my dear Lorrequer, this will be a serious—a devilish serious affair. You know what kind of man Colonel Carden is; and you are aware, too, you are not one of his prime favorites. He is firmly persuaded that you intended to insult him, and nothing will convince him to the contrary. We told him how it must have occurred, but he will listen to no explanation."

I thought for one second before I replied. My mind, with the practised rapidity of an old campaigner, took in all the *pros* and *cons* of the case; I saw at a glance it were better to brave the anger of the colonel, come in what shape it might, than be the laughing-stock of the mess for life, and with a face of the greatest gravity and self-possession, said:—

"Well, adjutant, the colonel is right. It was no mistake! You know I sent him tickets yesterday for the theater. Well, he returned them; this did not annoy me, but on one account: I had made a wager with Alderman Gullable that the colonel should see me in *Othello*. What was to be done? Don't you see, now, there was only one course, and I took it, old boy, and have won my bet!"

"And lost your commission for a dozen of champagne, I suppose," said the adjutant.

"Never mind, my dear fellow," I replied; "I shall get out of this scrape, as I have done many others."

"But what do you intend doing?"

"Oh, as to that," said I, "I shall, of course, wait on the colonel immediately; pretend to him that it was a mere blunder from the inattention of my servant—hand over Stubbes to the powers that punish" (here the poor fellow winced a little), "and make my peace as well as I can. But, adjutant, mind," said I, "and give the real version to all our fellows, and tell them to make it public as much as they please."

"Never fear," said he, as he left the room still laughing, "they shall all know the true story; but I wish with all my heart you were well out of it."

I now lost no time in making my toilet, and presented myself at the colonel's quarters. It is no pleasure for me to recount these passages in my life, in which I had to bear the "proud man's contumely." I shall therefore merely observe, that after a very long interview, the colonel accepted my apologies, and we parted.



Before a week elapsed the story had gone far and near; every dinner-table in Cork had laughed at it. As for me, I attained immortal honor for my tact and courage. Poor Gullable readily agreed to favor the story, and gave us a dinner as the lost wager, and the colonel was so unmercifully quizzed on the subject, and such broad allusions to his being humbugged were given in the Cork papers, that he was obliged to negotiate a change of quarters with another regiment, to get out of the continual jesting, and in less than a month we marched to Limerick, to relieve, as it was reported, the 9th, ordered for foreign service; but, in reality, only to relieve Lieutenant-Colonel Carden, quizzed beyond endurance.

However, if the colonel had seemed to forgive, he did not forget, for the very second week after our arrival in Limerick, I received one morning at my breakfast-table the following brief note from our adjutant:—

“MY DEAR LORREQUER,—The colonel has received orders to dispatch two companies to some remote part of the County Clare, and as you have ‘done the State some service,’ you are selected for the beautiful town of Kilrush, where, to use the eulogistic language of the geography books, ‘there is a good harbor, and a market plentifully supplied with fish.’ I have just heard of the kind intention in store for you, and lose no time in letting you know.

“God give you a good deliverance from the ‘*garçons blancs*,’ as the *Moniteur* calls the Whiteboys, and believe me ever yours,

CHARLES CURZON.”

I had scarcely twice read over the adjutant’s epistle, when I received an official notification from the colonel, directing me to proceed to Kilrush, then and there to afford all aid and assistance in suppressing illicit distillation, when called on for that purpose; and other similar duties too agreeable to recapitulate. Alas! alas! “Othello’s occupation” was indeed gone! The next morning at sunrise saw me on my march, with what appearance of gayety I could muster, but in reality very much chapfallen at my banishment, and invoking sundry things upon the devoted head of the colonel, which he would by no means consider as “blessings.”

## MY FIRST DAY IN TRINITY.

From 'Tales of Trinity College.'

No sooner had I arrived in Dublin than my first care was to present myself to Dr. Mooney, by whom I was received in the most cordial manner. In fact, in my utter ignorance of such persons, I had imagined a college fellow to be a character necessarily severe and unbending; and, as the only two very great people I had ever seen in my life were the Archbishop of Tuam and the Chief Baron, when on circuit, I pictured to myself that a university fellow was, in all probability, a cross between the two, and feared him accordingly.

The doctor read over my uncle's letter attentively, invited me to partake of his breakfast, and then entered upon something like an account of the life before me, for which Sir Harry Boyle had, however, in some degree prepared me.

"Your uncle, I find, wishes you to live in college; perhaps it is better too; so that I must look out for chambers for you. Let me see; it will be rather difficult, just now, to find them." Here he fell for some moments into a musing-fit, and merely muttered a few broken sentences, as, "To be sure, if other chambers could be had,—but—then—and, after all, perhaps as he is young—besides, Frank will certainly be expelled before long, and then he will have them all to himself. I say, O'Malley, I believe I must quarter you for the present with a rather wild companion; but as your uncle says you're a prudent fellow"—here he smiled very much, as if my uncle had not said any such thing—"why, you must only take the better care of yourself, until we can make some better arrangement. My pupil, Frank Webber, is at this moment in want of a 'chum,' as the phrase is, his last three having only been domesticated with him for as many weeks; so that, until we find you a more quiet resting-place, you may take up your abode with him."

During breakfast the doctor proceeded to inform me that my destined companion was a young man of excellent family and good fortune, who, with very considerable talents and acquirements, preferred a life of rackets and careless

dissipation to prospects of great success in public life, which his connection and family might have secured for him; that he had been originally entered at Oxford, which he was obliged to leave; then tried Cambridge, from which he escaped expulsion by being rusticated—that is, having incurred a sentence of temporary banishment; and lastly, was endeavoring, with what he himself believed to be a total reformation, to stumble on to a degree in the “*Silent Sister*.”

“This is his third year,” said the doctor, “and he is only a freshman, having lost every examination, with abilities enough to sweep the university of its prizes. But come over now, and I’ll present you to him.”

I followed downstairs, across the court, to an angle of the old square, where, up the first floor left, to use the college direction, stood the name of Mr. Webber, a large No. 2 being conspicuously painted in the middle of the door, and not over it, as is usually the custom. As we reached the spot, the observations of my companion were lost to me in the tremendous noise and uproar that resounded from within. It seemed as if a number of people were fighting, pretty much as a banditti in a melodrama do, with considerable more of confusion than requisite; a fiddle and a French horn also lent their assistance to shouts and cries, which, to say the best, were not exactly the aids to study I expected in such a place.

Three times was the bell pulled, with a vigor that threatened its downfall, when, at last, as the jingle of it rose above all other noises, suddenly all became hushed and still; a momentary pause succeeded, and the door was opened by a very respectable-looking servant, who, recognizing the doctor, at once introduced us into the apartment where Mr. Webber was sitting.

In a large and very handsomely furnished room, where Brussels carpeting and softly cushioned sofas contrasted strangely with the meager and comfortless chambers of the doctor, sat a young man at a small breakfast-table, beside the fire. He was attired in a silk dressing-gown and black velvet slippers, and supported his forehead upon a hand of most ladylike whiteness, whose fingers were absolutely covered with rings of great beauty and price. His long silky brown hair fell in rich profusion upon the back

of his neck and over his arm, and the whole air and attitude was one which a painter might have copied. So intent was he upon the volume before him, that he never raised his head at our approach, but continued to read aloud, totally unaware of our presence.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," said the servant.

"*Ton dapamey bominos, prosephe, crione Agamemnon,*" repeated the student, in an ecstasy, and not paying the slightest attention to the announcement.

"Dr. Mooney, sir," repeated the servant, in a louder tone, while the doctor looked round on every side for an explanation of the late uproar, with a face of the most puzzled astonishment.

"*Be dakiown para thina dolekoskion enkos,*" said Mr. Webber, finishing a cup of coffee at a draught.

"Well, Webber, hard at work I see," said the doctor.

"Ah, doctor, I beg pardon! Have you been long here?" said the most soft and insinuating voice, while the speaker passed his taper fingers across his brow, as if to dissipate the traces of deep thought of study.

While the doctor presented me to my future companion, I could perceive, in the restless and searching look he threw around, that the fracas he had so lately heard was still an unexplained and *vexata questio* in his mind.

"May I offer you a cup of coffee, Mr. O'Malley?" said the youth, with the air of almost timid bashfulness. "The doctor, I know, breakfasts at a very early hour."

"I say, Webber," said the doctor, who could no longer restrain his curiosity, "what an awful row I heard here as I came up to the door. I thought Bedlam was broke loose. What could it have been?"

"Ah, you heard it, too, sir?" said Mr. Webber, smiling most benignly.

"Hear it!—to be sure I did. O'Malley and I could not hear ourselves talking with the uproar."

"Yes, indeed; it is very provoking; but, then, what's to be done? One can't complain, under the circumstances."

"Why, what do you mean?" said Mooney, anxiously.

"Nothing, sir, nothing. I'd much rather you'd not ask me; for, after all, I'll change my chambers."

"But why? Explain this at once. I insist upon it."



"Can I depend upon the discretion of your young friend?" said Mr. Webber, gravely.

"Perfectly," said the doctor, now wound up to the greatest anxiety to learn a secret.

"And you'll promise not to mention the thing except among your friends?"

"I do," said the doctor.

"Well, then," said he, in a low and confident whisper, "it's the dean!"

"The dean!" said Mooney, with a start. "The dean! Why, how can it be the dean?"

"Too true," said Mr. Webber, making a sign of drinking; "too true, doctor. And then, the moment he is so, he begins smashing the furniture. Never was anything heard like it. As for me, as I am now become a reading man, I must go elsewhere."

Now, it so chanced that the worthy dean, who albeit a man of most abstemious habits, possessed a nose which, in color and development, was a most unfortunate witness to call to character; and as Mooney heard Webber narrate circumstantially the frightful excesses of the great functionary, I saw that something like conviction was stealing over him.

"You'll, of course, never speak of this except to your most intimate friends?" said Webber.

"Of course not," said the doctor, as he shook his hand warmly, and prepared to leave the room. "O'Malley, I leave you here," said he; "Webber and you can talk over your arrangements."

Webber followed the doctor to the door, whispered something in his ear, to which the other replied, "Very well, I will write; but if your father sends the money, I must insist——" The rest was lost in protestations and professions of the most fervent kind, amidst which the door was shut, and Mr. Webber returned to the room.

Short as was the interspace from the door without to the room within, it was still ample enough to effect a very thorough and remarkable change in the whole external appearance of Mr. Frank Webber; for scarcely had the oaken panel shut out the doctor, when he appeared no longer the shy, timid, and silvery-toned gentleman of five minutes before, but, dashing boldly forward, he seized a key-bugle

that lay hid beneath a sofa-cushion and blew a tremendous blast.

"Come forth, ye demons of the lower world," said he, drawing a cloth from a large table, and discovering the figures of three young men coiled up beneath. "Come forth, and fear not, most timorous freshmen that ye are," said he, unlocking a pantry, and liberating two others. "Gentlemen, let me introduce to your acquaintance Mr. O'Malley. My chum, gentlemen. Mr. O'Malley, this is Harry Nesbitt, who has been in college since the days of old Perpendicular, and numbers more cautions than any man who ever had his name on the books. Here is my particular friend, Cecil Cavendish, the only man who could ever devil kidneys. Captain Power, Mr. O'Malley;—a dashing dragoon, as you see; aide-de-camp to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, and love-maker-general to Merriion Square West. These," said he, pointing to the late denizens of the pantry, "are jibs, whose names are neither known to the proctor nor the police office; but, with due regard to their education and morals we don't despair."

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### MY LAST NIGHT IN TRINITY.

From 'Tales of Trinity College.'

It was to be my last night in Old Trinity, and we resolved that the farewell should be a solemn one. Mansfield, one of the wildest young fellows in the regiment, had vowed that the leave-taking should be commemorated by some very decisive and open expression of our feelings, and had already made some progress in arrangements for blowing up the great bell, which had more than once obtruded upon our morning convivialities; but he was overruled by his more discreet associates, and we at length assumed our places at table, in the midst of which stood a *hecatomb* of all my college equipments—cap, gown, bands, etc. A funeral pile of classics was arrayed upon the hearth, surmounted by my 'Book on the Cellar,' and a punishment roll waved its length, like a banner over the doomed heroes of Greece and Rome.

It is seldom that any very determined attempt to be gay *par excellence* has a perfect success, but certainly, upon this evening ours had. Songs, good stories, speeches, toasts, bright visions of the campaign before us, the wild excitement which such a meeting cannot be free from, gradually, as the wine passed from hand to hand, seized upon all, and about four in the morning, such was the uproar we caused, and so terrific the noise of our proceedings, that the accumulated force of porters, sent one by one to demand admission, was now a formidable body at the door; and Mike at last came in to assure us that the Bursar, the most dread official of all collegians, was without, and insisted, with a threat of his heaviest displeasure, in case of refusal, that the door should be opened.

A committee of the whole house immediately sat upon the question, and it was at length resolved, *nemine contradicente*, that the request should be complied with. A fresh bowl of punch, in honor of our expected guest, was immediately concocted, a new broil put on the gridiron, and, having seated ourselves with as great a semblance of decorum as four bottles a man admits of, Curtis, the junior captain, being most drunk, was deputed to receive the Bursar at the door, and introduce him to our august presence.

Mike's instructions were that, immediately on Dr. Stone, the Bursar's, entering, the door was to be slammed to, and none of his followers admitted. This done, the doctor was to be ushered in, and left to our own polite attentions.

A fresh thundering from without scarcely left time for any further deliberation; and at last Curtis moved towards the door, in execution of his mission.

"Is there any one there?" said Mike in a tone of most unsophisticated innocence, to a rapping that, having lasted three quarters of an hour, threatened now to break in the panel. "Is there any one there?"

"Open the door this instant—the Senior Bursar desires you—this instant."

"Sure it's night, and we're all in bed," said Mike.

"Mr. Webber—Mr. O'Malley," said the Bursar, now boiling with indignation, "I summon you in the name of the Board, to admit me."

"Let the gemman in," hiccupped Curtis; and, at the same instant, the heavy bars were withdrawn, and the door

opened, but so sparingly as with difficulty to permit the passage of the burly figure of the Bursar.

Forcing his way through, and regardless of what became of the rest, he pushed on vigorously through the ante-chamber, and before Curtis could perform his functions of usher, stood in the midst of us. What were his feelings at the scene before him, heaven knows. The number of figures in uniform at once betrayed how little his jurisdiction extended to the great mass of the company, and he immediately turned towards me.

“Mr. Webber——”

“O'Malley, if you please, Mr. Bursar,” said I, bowing with most ceremonious politeness.

“No matter, sir; *arcades ambo*, I believe.”

“Both archdeacons,” said Melville, translating, with a look of withering contempt upon the speaker.

The doctor continued, addressing me: “May I ask, sir, if you believe yourself possessed of any privilege for converting this university into a common tavern?”

“I wish to heaven he did,” said Curtis; “capital tap your old Commons would make.”

“Really, Mr. Bursar,” replied I, modestly, “I had begun to flatter myself that our little innocent gayety had inspired you with the idea of joining our party.”

“I humbly move that the old cove in the gown do take the chair,” sang out one. “All who are of this opinion say ‘Aye.’” A perfect yell of ayes followed this. “All who are of the contrary say ‘No.’ The ayes have it.”

Before the luckless doctor had a moment for thought, his legs were lifted from under him, and he was jerked, rather than placed, upon a chair, and put sitting upon the table.

“Mr. O'Malley, your expulsion within twenty-four hours——”

“Hip, hip, hurra, hurra, hurra,” drowned the rest; while Power, taking off the doctor's cap, replaced it by a foraging cap, very much to the amusement of the party.

“There is no penalty the law permits of that I shall not——”

“Help the doctor,” said Melville, placing a glass of punch in his unconscious hand.

“Now for a ‘Viva la Compagnie!’” said Telford, seat-



ing himself at the piano, and playing the first bars of that well-known air, to which, in our meetings, we were accustomed to improvise a doggerel in turn :

“I drink to the graces, Law, Physic, Divinity,  
Viva la Compagnie !  
And here 's to the worthy old Bursar of Trinity,  
Viva la Compagnie !”

“Viva, viva la va!” etc., were chorused with a shout that shook the old walls, while Power took up the strain:

“Though with lace caps and gowns they look so like asses,  
 They’d rather have punch than the springs of Parnassus,  
 What a nose the old gentleman has, by the way,  
 Since he smelt out the devil from Botany Bay,<sup>1</sup>

Vive la Compagnie !  
 Vive la Compagnie !  
 Vive la Compagnie !

Words cannot give even the faintest idea of the poor Bursar's feelings while these demoniacal orgies were enacting around him. Held fast in his chair by Lechmere and another, he glowered on the riotous mob around like a maniac, and astonishment that such liberties could be taken with one in his situation seemed to have surpassed even his rage and resentment; and every now and then a stray thought would flash across his mind that we were mad—a sentiment which, unfortunately, our conduct was but too well calculated to inspire.

“So you’re the morning lecturer, old gentleman, and have just dropped in here in the way of business; pleasant life you must have of it,” said Casey, now by far the most tipsy man present.

"If you think, Mr. O'Malley, that the events of this evening are to end here——"

“Very far from it, doctor,” said Power; “I’ll draw up a little account of the affair for *Saunders*. They shall hear of it in every corner and nook of the kingdom.”

"The Bursar of Trinity shall be a proverb for a good fellow that loveth his lush," hiccupped out Fegan.

“And if you believe that such conduct is academic——” said the doctor, with a withering sneer.

<sup>1</sup> Botany Bay was the slang name given by college men to one of the squares of the college.

"Perhaps not," lisped Melville, tightening his belt; "but it's devilish convivial—eh, doctor?"

"Is that like him?" said Moreton, producing a caricature, which he had just sketched.

"Capital—very good—perfect. McCleary shall have it in his window by noon to-day," said Power.

At this instant some of the combustibles disposed among the rejected habiliments of my late vocation caught fire, and squibs, crackers, and detonating shots went off on all sides. The Bursar, who had not been deaf to several hints and friendly suggestions about setting fire to him, blowing him up, etc., with one vigorous spring burst from his antagonists, and, clearing the table at a bound, reached the floor. Before he could be seized, he had gained the door, opened it, and was away. We gave chase, yelling like so many devils; but wine and punch, songs and speeches, had done their work, and more than one among the pursuers measured his length upon the pavement; while the terrified Bursar, with the speed of terror, held on his way, and gained his chambers, by about twenty yards in advance of Power and Melville, whose pursuit only ended when the oaken panel of the door shut them out from their victim. One loud cheer beneath his window served for our farewell to our friend, and we returned to my rooms. By this time a regiment of those classic functionaries, yclept porters, had assembled around the door, and seemed bent upon giving battle in honor of their maltreated ruler; but Power explained to them, in a neat speech, replete with Latin quotations, that their cause was a weak one, and that we were more than their match, and finally proposed to them to finish the punch-bowl—to which we were really incompetent—a motion that met immediate acceptance; and old Duncan, with his helmet in one hand, and a goblet in the other, wished me many happy days, and every luck in this life, as I stepped from the massive archway, and took my last farewell of Old Trinity.

Should any kind reader feel interested as to the ulterior course assumed by the Bursar, I have only to say that the terrors of the "Board" were never fulminated against me, harmless and innocent as I should have esteemed them. The threat of giving publicity to the entire proceedings by the papers, and the dread of figuring in a caricature, were

too much for the worthy doctor, and he took the wiser course, under the circumstances, and held his peace about the matter.

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## THE HUNT.

From 'Charles O'Malley.'

"There they go," said Matthew, as five or six dogs, with their heads up, ran yelping along a furrow, then stopped, howled again, and once more set off together. In an instant all was commotion in the little valley below us. The huntsman, with his hand to his mouth, was calling off the stragglers, and the whipper-in following up the leading dogs with the rest of the pack. "They've found!—they're away!" said Matthew; and as he spoke, a great yell burst from the valley, and in an instant the whole pack were off at full speed. Rather more intent at that moment upon showing off my horsemanship than anything else, I dashed spurs into Badger's sides, and turned him towards a rasping ditch before me. Over we went, hurling down behind us a rotten bank of clay and small stones, showing how little safety there had been in topping instead of clearing it at a bound. Before I was well seated again, the Captain was beside me. "Now for it, then," said I; and away we went. What might be the nature of his feelings I cannot pretend to state, but my own were a strange *mélange* of wild, boyish enthusiasm, revenge, and recklessness. For my own neck I cared little—nothing; and as I led the way by half a length, I muttered to myself, "Let him follow me fairly this day, and I ask no more."

The dogs had got somewhat the start of us, and as they were in full cry, and going fast, we were a little behind. A thought therefore struck me that, by appearing to take a short cut upon the hounds, I should come down upon the river where its breadth was greatest, and thus, at one *coup*, might try my friend's mettle and his horse's performance at the same time. On we went, our speed increasing, till the roar of the river we were now approaching was plainly audible. I looked half around, and now perceived the Captain was standing in his stirrups, as if to obtain

a view of what was before him; otherwise his countenance was calm and unmoved, and not a muscle betrayed that he was not cantering on a parade. I fixed myself firm in my seat, shook my horse a little together, and with a shout whose import every Galway hunter well knows, rushed him at the river. I saw the water dashing among the large stones, I heard its splash, I felt a bound like the *ricochet* of a shot, and we were over, but so narrowly, that the bank had yielded beneath his hind legs, and it needed a bold effort of the noble animal to regain his footing. Scarcely was he once more firm, when Hammersley flew by me, taking the lead, and sitting quietly in his saddle, as if racing. I know of little in all my after-life like the agony of that moment; for although I was far, very far, from wishing real ill to him, yet I would gladly have broken my leg or my arm if he could not have been able to follow me.

And now, there he was, actually a length and a half in advance! Worse than all, Miss Dashwood must have witnessed the whole, and doubtless his leap over the river was better and bolder than mine. One consolation yet remained, and while I whispered it to myself I felt comforted again. "His is an English mare—they understand these leaps, but what can he make of a Galway wall?" The question was soon to be solved. Before us, about three fields, were the hounds still in full cry; a large stone wall lay between, and to it we both directed our course together. "Ha!" thought I, "he is floored at last," as I perceived that the Captain held his horse rather more in hand, and suffered me to lead. "Now, then, for it!" So saying, I rode at the largest part I could find, well knowing that Badger's powers were here in their element. One spring, one plunge, and away we were, galloping along at the other side. Not so the Captain; his horse had refused the fence, and he was now taking a circuit of the field for another trial of it.

"Pounded, by Jove!" said I, as I turned round in my saddle to observe him. Once more she came at it, and once more balked, rearing up at the same time, almost so as to fall backward.

My triumph was complete, and I again was about to follow the hounds, when, throwing a look back, I saw Hammersley clearing the wall in a most splendid manner, and



taking a stretch of at least thirteen feet beyond it. Once more he was on my flanks, and the contest renewed. Whatever might be the sentiments of the riders (mine I confess to), between the horses it now became a tremendous struggle. The English mare, though evidently superior in stride and strength, was slightly overweighted, and had not, besides, that cat-like activity an Irish horse possesses; so that the advantages and disadvantages on either side were about equalized. For about half an hour now the pace was awful. We rode side by side, taking our leaps exactly at the same instant, and not four feet apart. The hounds were still considerably in advance, and were heading towards the Shannon, when suddenly the fox doubled, took the hillside, and made for Dangan. "Now, then, comes the trial of strength," I said, half-aloud, as I threw my eye up a steep and rugged mountain, covered with wild furze and tall heath, around the crest of which ran, in a zig-zag direction, a broken and dilapidated wall, once the enclosure of a deer-park. This wall, which varied from four to six feet in height, was of solid masonry, and would in the most favorable ground have been a bold leap. Here, at the summit of a mountain, with not a yard of footing, it was absolutely desperation.

By the time that we reached the foot of the hill, the fox, followed closely by the hounds, had passed through a breach in the wall, while Matthew Blake, with the huntsman and whippers-in, was riding along in search of a gap to lead the horses through. Before I put spurs to Badger, to face the hill, I turned one look towards Hammersley. There was a slight curl, half-smile, half-sneer, upon his lip, that actually maddened me, and had a precipice yawned beneath my feet, I should have dashed at it after that. The ascent was so steep that I was obliged to take the hill in a slanting direction, and even thus, the loose footing rendered it dangerous in the extreme.

At length I reached the crest, where the wall, more than five feet in height, stood frowning above and seeming to defy me. I turned my horse full round, so that his very chest almost touched the stones, and, with a bold cut of the whip and a loud halloo, the gallant animal rose, as if rearing, pawed for an instant to regain his balance, and then, with a frightful struggle, fell backwards, and rolled

from top to bottom of the hill, carrying me along with him. The last object that crossed my sight, as I lay bruised and motionless, was the Captain, as he took the wall in a flying leap, and disappeared at the other side. After a few scrambling efforts to rise, Badger regained his legs and stood beside me; but such was the shock and concussion of my fall, that all the objects around seemed wavering and floating before me, while showers of bright sparks fell in myriads before my eyes. I tried to rise, but fell back helpless. Cold perspiration broke over my forehead, and I fainted. From that moment I can remember nothing, till I felt myself galloping along at full speed upon a level table-land, with the hounds about three fields in advance, Hammersley riding foremost, and taking all his leaps coolly as ever. As I swayed to either side upon my saddle, from weakness, I was lost to all thought or recollection, save a flickering memory of some plan of vengeance, which still urged me forward. The chase had now lasted above an hour, and both hounds and horses began to feel the pace at which they were going. As for me, I rode mechanically; I neither knew nor cared for the dangers before me. My eye rested on but one object; my whole being was concentrated upon one vague and undefined sense of revenge. At this instant the huntsman came alongside of me.

"Are you hurted, Misther Charles? Did you fall? Your cheek is all blood, and your coat is torn in two; and, Mother o' God, his boot is ground to powder; he does not hear me. Oh, pull up—pull up, for the love of the Virgin; there's the clover-field, and the sunk fence before you, and you 'll be killed on the spot."

"Where?" cried I, with the cry of a madman; "where's the clover-field?—where's the sunk fence? Ha! I see it—I see it now."

So saying, I dashed the rowels into my horse's flanks, and in an instant was beyond the reach of the poor fellow's remonstrances. Another moment, I was beside the Captain. He turned round as I came up; the same smile was upon his mouth. I could have struck him. About three hundred yards before us lay the sunk fence; its breadth was about twenty feet, and a wall of close brickwork formed its face. Over this the hounds were now clamber-

ing; some succeeded in crossing, but by far the greater number fell back howling into the ditch.

I turned towards Hammersley. He was standing high in his stirrups, and, as he looked towards the yawning fence, down which the dogs were tumbling in masses, I thought (perhaps it was but a thought) that his cheek was paler. I looked again; he was pulling at his horse; ha! it was true, then—he would not face it. I turned round in my saddle, looked him full in the face, and, as I pointed with my whip to the leap, called out in a voice hoarse with passion, “Come on!” I saw no more. All objects were lost to me from that moment. When next my senses cleared, I was standing amid the dogs, where they had just killed. Badger stood blown and trembling beside me, his head drooping, and his flanks gored with spur marks. I looked about, but all consciousness of the past had fled; the concussion of my fall had shaken my intellect, and I was like one but half awake. One glimpse, short and fleeting, of what was taking place, shot through my brain, as old Brackely whispered to me, “By my soul, ye did for the Captain there.” I turned a vague look upon him, and my eyes fell upon the figure of a man that lay stretched and bleeding upon a door before me. His pale face was crossed with a purple stream of blood, that trickled from a wound beside his eyebrows; his arms lay motionless and heavily at either side. I knew him not. A loud report of a pistol aroused me from my stupor; I looked back. I saw a crowd that broke suddenly asunder, and fled right and left. I heard a heavy crash upon the ground; I pointed with my finger, for I could not utter a word.

“It is the English mare, yer honor; she was a beauty this morning, but she’s broke her shoulder-bone, and both her legs, and it was best to put her out of pain.”

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#### THE WIDOW MALONE.

Did ye hear of the widow Malone,  
Ohone!

Who lived in the town of Athlone,  
Alone?

Oh! she melted the hearts  
Of the swains in them parts—

So lovely the widow Malone,  
Ohone!

So lovely the widow Malone.

Of lovers she had a full score  
Or more;  
And fortunes they all had galore,  
In store;

From the minister down  
To the Clerk of the Crown,  
All were courting the widow Malone,  
Ohone!

All were the courting the widow Malone.

But so modest was Mistress Malone,  
'T was known  
No one ever could see her alone,  
Ohone!

Let them ogle and sigh,  
They could ne'er catch her eye—  
So bashful the widow Malone,  
Ohone!

So bashful the widow Malone.

Till one Mr. O'Brien from Clare—  
How quare!

It 's little for blushing they care  
Down there—

Put his arm round her waist,  
Took ten kisses at laste—

"Oh," says he, "you 're my Molly Malone—  
My own!"

"Oh," says he, "you 're my Molly Malone!"

And the widow they all thought so shy,  
My eye!

Ne'er thought of a simper or sigh—  
For why?

But, "Lucius," says she,  
"Since you've now made so free,  
You may marry your Molly Malone,  
Ohone!

You may marry your Molly Malone."

There 's a moral contained in my song,  
Not wrong,



And, one comfort, it's not very long,  
But strong:  
If for widows you die,  
Learn *to kiss*, not to sigh  
For they're all like sweet Mistress Malone!  
Ohone!  
Oh! they're very like Mistress Malone!

LARRY M'HALE.

Oh, Larry M'Hale he had little to fear,  
And never could want when the crops didn't fail;  
He'd a house and demesne and eight hundred a year,  
And a heart for to spend it, had Larry M'Hale!  
The soul of a party, the life of a feast,  
And an illigant song he could sing, I'll be bail;  
He would ride with the rector, and drink with the priest,  
Oh! the broth of a boy was old Larry M'Hale.

It's little he cared for the Judge or Recorder;  
His house was as big and as strong as a jail;  
With a cruel four-pounder he kept in great order  
He'd murder the country, would Larry M'Hale.  
He'd a blunderbuss too; of horse-pistols a pair!  
But his favorite weapon was always a flail;  
I wish you could see how he'd empty a fair,  
For he handled it nately, did Larry M'Hale.

His ancestors were kings before Moses was born,  
His mother descended from great Grana Uaile:  
He laughed all the Blakes and the Frenches to scorn;  
They were mushrooms compared to old Larry M'Hale.  
He sat down every day to a beautiful dinner,  
With cousins and uncles enough for a tail;  
And, though loaded with debt, oh! the devil a thinner  
Could law or the sheriff make Larry M'Hale.

With a larder supplied and a cellar well stored,  
None lived half so well, from Fair-Head to Kinsale;  
As he piously said, "I've a plentiful board,  
And the Lord He is good to old Larry M'Hale."  
So fill up your glass, and a high bumper give him,  
It's little we'd care for the tithes or Repale;  
For Ould Erin would be a fine country to live in,  
If we only had plenty like Larry M'Hale.

## THE POPE HE LEADS A HAPPY LIFE.

From the German.

The Pope he leads a happy life,  
He knows no cares nor marriage strife;  
He drinks the best of Rhenish wine—  
I would the Pope's gay lot were mine.

But yet not happy in his life—  
He loves no maid or wedded wife,  
Nor child hath he to cheer his hope—  
I would not wish to be the Pope.

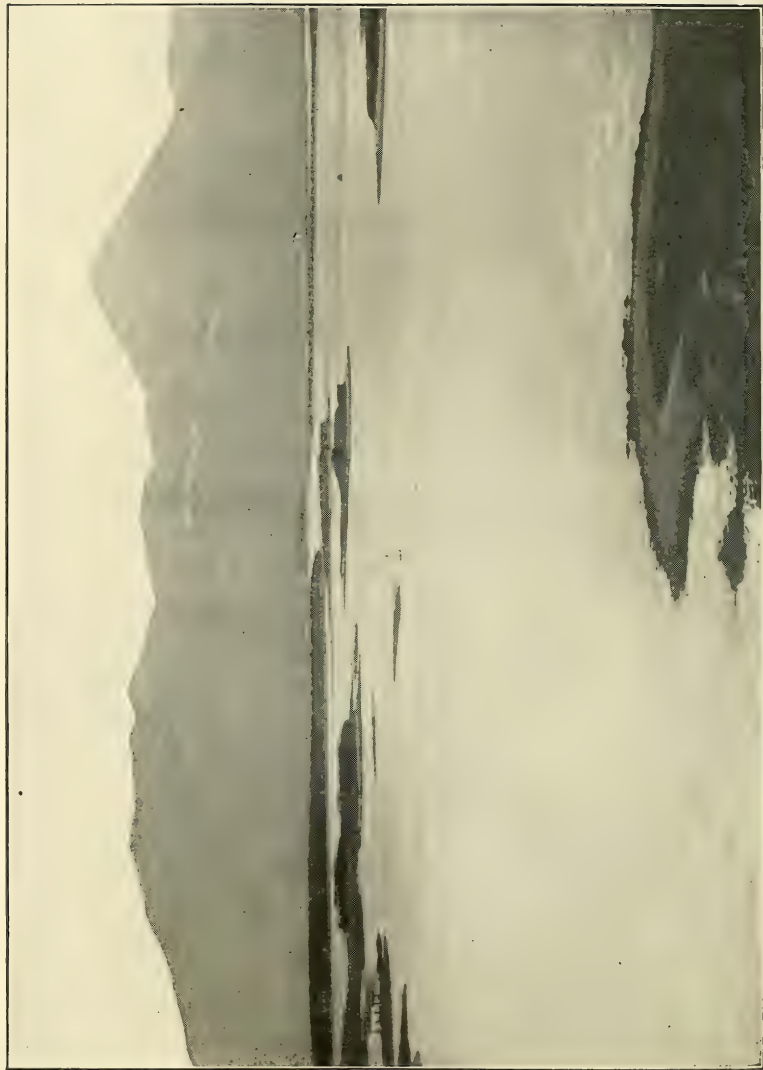
The Sultan better pleases me,  
He leads a life of jollity  
Has wives as many as he will—  
I would the Sultan's throne then fill.

But yet he's not a happy man—  
He must obey the Alcoran:  
And dares not taste one drop of wine—  
I would not that his lot were mine.

So here I take my lowly stand,  
I'll drink my own, my native land;  
I'll kiss my maiden's lips divine,  
And drink the best of Rhenish wine.

And when my maiden kisses me  
I'll fancy I the Sultan be;  
And when my cheering glass I tope  
I'll fancy then I am the Pope.





MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST



## JOHN LOCKE

(1847—1889.)

JOHN LOCKE will probably be best remembered for his poem 'The Exile's Return, or Morning on the Irish Coast.' He was born in Callan, County Kilkenny, in 1847.

While yet a boy he became a member of the Irish Revolutionary Brotherhood. In 1863, when *The Irish People* was started in Dublin by James Stephens as the organ of the National movement, Locke contributed poems to it, though he was then only in his sixteenth year. He wrote over the signature of "Vis et Armis," and his poems breathed the National spirit of Thomas Davis and Charles Gavan Duffy. Later on, when he was imprisoned in Kilkenny jail, he wrote poems for *The Dublin Irishman* under the pen name of the "Southern Gael."

In 1868 he came to New York, banished by the British Government, and, after filling some mercantile positions, became a contributor to *The Emerald*, an Irish literary weekly which was at that time published by Mr. Dennis O'Sullivan, who was also proprietor of the *New York Irish People*, the organ of the Fenian Brotherhood.

He also edited *The Celtic Weekly* during its short existence. He married in 1881 Miss Mary Cooney, the poetess, and in 1889 he died.

### THE EXILE'S RETURN, OR MORNING ON THE IRISH COAST.

*Th' anám an Dhia.*<sup>1</sup> But there it is—  
The dawn on the hills of Ireland!  
God's angels lifting the night's black veil  
From the fair, sweet face of my sireland!  
O Ireland isn't it grand you look—  
Like a bride in her rich adornin'?  
And with all the pent-up love of my heart  
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

This one short hour pays lavishly back  
For many a year of mourning;  
I'd almost venture another flight,  
There's so much joy in returning—  
Watching out for the hallowed shore,  
All other attractions scornin':  
O Ireland! don't you hear me shout?  
I bid you the top o' the mornin'.

<sup>1</sup> *Th' anám an Dhia*, my soul to God.  
2003

Ho, ho! upon Cleena's shelving strand  
 The surges are grandly beating,  
 And Kerry is pushing her headlands out  
 To give us the kindly greeting;  
 In to the shore the seabirds fly  
 On pinions that know no drooping,  
 And out of the cliffs, with welcomes charged,  
 A million of waves come trooping.

O kindly, generous, Irish land  
 So leal and fair and loving!  
 No wonder the wandering Celt should think  
 And dream of you in his roving.  
 The alien home may have gems and gold  
 Shadows may never have gloomed it;  
 But the heart will sigh for the absent land  
 Where the love-light first illumed it.

And doesn't old Cove look charming there,  
 Watching the wild waves' motion,  
 Leaning her back up against the hills,  
 And the tip of her toes in the ocean?  
 I wonder I don't hear Shandon's bells—  
 Ah! maybe their chiming's over,  
 For it's many a year since I began  
 The life of a Western rover.

For thirty summers, *asthore machree*,  
 Those hills I now feast my eyes on  
 Ne'er met my vision save when they rose  
 Over memory's dim horizon.  
 E'en so, 't was grand and fair they seemed  
 In the landscape spread before me;  
 But dreams are dreams, and my eyes would ope  
 To see Texas' sky still o'er me.

Oh! often upon the Texan plains,  
 When the day and the chase were over,  
 My thoughts would fly o'er the weary wave,  
 And around this coast-line hover;  
 And the prayer would rise that some future day—  
 All danger and doubting scornin'—  
 I'd help to win for my native land  
 The light of Young Liberty's mornin'!

Now fuller and truer the shore line shows—  
Was ever a scene so splendid!  
I feel the breath of the Munster breeze;  
Thank God that my exile's ended!  
Old scenes, old songs, old friends again,  
The vale and cot I was born in—  
O Ireland! up from my heart of hearts  
I bid you the top o' the mornin'!

## SAMUEL LOVER.

(1797—1868.)

SAMUEL LOVER, one of the most versatile of Irishmen—a gifted and genial artist, song-writer, musical composer, novelist, and dramatist, the arch-humorist of Ireland's poets, was born in Dublin in 1797. His father wished him to follow in his own business, that of a stock-broker,—but the boy had other leanings; at seventeen he determined to become an artist, and, unaided, with only the few pounds in his pocket which he had saved, he left the paternal roof.

In 1818, after three years of work and study, he came before the Dublin public as a marine and miniature painter. In that year, too, at a banquet given to Moore, he sang a song which he had composed for the occasion. His position as an artist was now established, and about the same period his legends and stories, appearing from time to time in various Dublin magazines, gained him considerable literary reputation. In 1827 he married Miss Berrel, the daughter of a Dublin architect.

He once had the chance of painting a portrait of the young Princess Victoria; but domestic circumstances prevented him from then leaving Ireland, and it did not again occur. Of this opportunity, which might have been the means of promoting him to the honor of being "miniature-painter-in-ordinary" to her late gracious Majesty, a Dublin wit quaintly remarked, that in such a case "the Court chronicler would have had to announce a Lover instead of a *Hayter*<sup>1</sup> as possessor of the office."

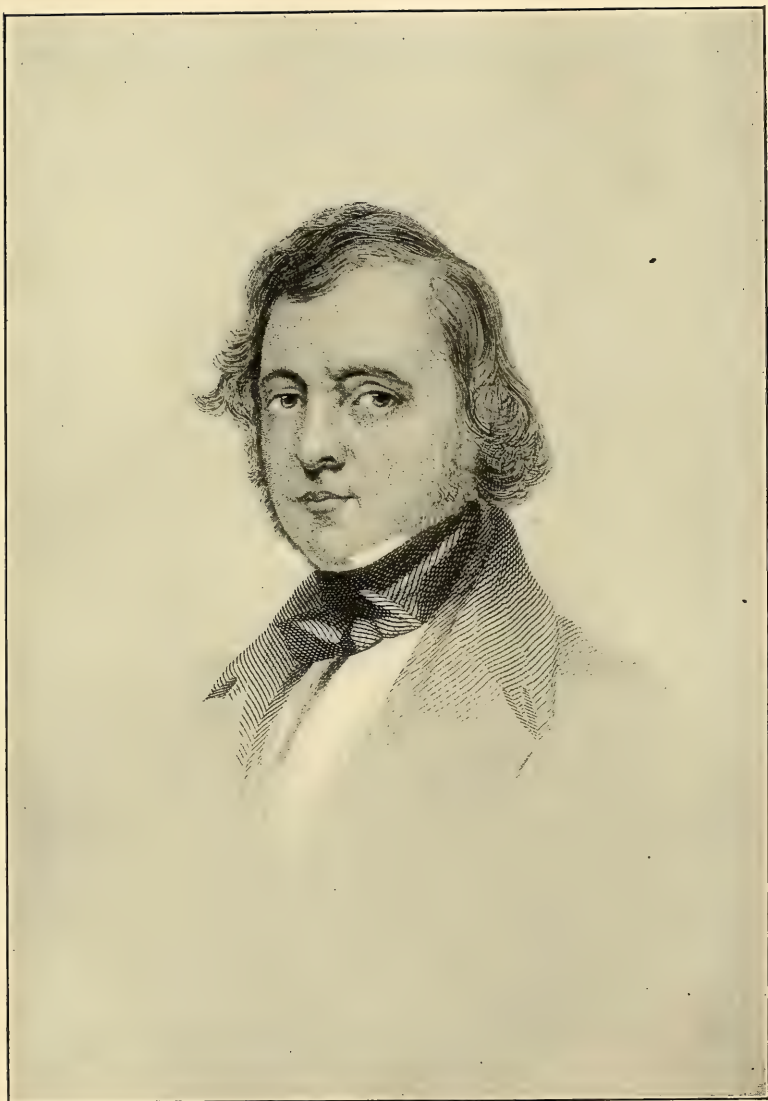
In 1834 he issued a second series of 'Tales and Legends,' illustrated with his own characteristic etchings. In 1835 he furnished Madame Vestris with a dramatic burlesque called the 'Olympic Picnic.' Soon after the drama of 'The White Horse of Peppers' and the farce of 'The Happy Man' were produced at the Haymarket. The operetta of 'The Greek Boy,' both words and music of which were composed by him, was brought out at Covent Garden. He was also the author of the words and music of 'Il Paddy Whack in Italia.'

A suggestion made by Lady Morgan that Lover should endeavor to present genuine Irish character in song instead of by means of the coarse caricatures previously current resulted in the production of 'Rory O'More' and other inimitable songs of the same kind. The great success of this song suggested the three-volume novel entitled 'Rory O'More, a National Romance,' published in 1836.

For twelve years he continued to exhibit on the walls of the Royal Academy, and his miniature portraits of Brougham and the Indian Moulvie quite sustained his reputation. He mingled with the best society of the metropolis, producing songs and pictures in profusion. For Madame Vestris he wrote some of the most popular. This year (1837) he adapted 'Rory O'More' for the Adelphi Theater, **Tyrone**

<sup>1</sup> The late Sir George Hayter.





SAMUEL LOVER



Power acting the part of the hero. He also assisted in launching *Bentley's Miscellany* and *The Dublin University Magazine*.

In 1839 appeared his 'Songs and Ballads.' In 1842 he published 'Handy Andy,' and in 1844 'Treasure Trove, or He Would Be a Gentleman.' Both these novels were issued in monthly parts and illustrated by his own etchings.

His eyesight, overstrained by his miniature painting and etching labors, began to fail about 1844, and he was forced to abandon the easel for a time. This was a serious matter for him, and he got up an entertainment called "Irish Evenings," literary and musical, which proved so successful in London and Dublin that he arranged to visit this country, intending to make sketches and collect material for a book, as well as to give entertainments. He set sail in the autumn of 1846, and remained here for two years, visiting the Northern and Southern States and Canada. His reception was highly flattering. At Washington his room was so full of senators that, to use his own words, "it looked like an adjourned meeting of the Chambers."

He returned to England in 1848, and, after a short rest, in 1849 he utilized his American experiences by introducing them into a new series of entertainments, which he successfully conducted in London and the provinces for about two years. At the end of this time he suffered a terrible blow in the death of a daughter, an interesting girl of twenty years. Her younger sister had lately married abroad and his wife had died in 1848, so that Lover was left alone. He married a second time, in 1852, and then retired into private life. He now first took to working up his American and English sketches in oil colors; he wrote songs, furnished magazine articles, and corresponded pleasantly with a numerous circle of friends. He also composed the words and music for two entertainments, one for Mr. Hime and the other for Miss Williams. He also returned for a time to the drama, writing 'The Sentinel of the Alma' for the Haymarket, 'Maccarthy More' for the Lyceum, and the *libretti* of two operas for his friend Michael Balfe.

In 1856 a pension was granted to him "in recognition of his various services to literature and art." In 1858 he edited the 'Lyrics of Ireland' and published 'Metrical Tales and other Poems.' In 1859 he spoke at the Burns Centenary Festival, in Glasgow, to which he had been invited as the representative of the poets of Ireland.

About this time he wrote a number of very clever imitations, which rival the celebrated 'Rejected Addresses.' Those of Campbell, Prout, Longfellow, Macaulay, Thackeray, Hood, and Brougham are particularly good; in that after Hood, speaking of the different names by which poets are called in different countries, he writes:—

" In France they called them *Troubadours*,  
Or *Menestrels*, by turns;  
The Scandinavians called them *Scalds*,  
The Scotchmen call theirs *Burns*."

He wrote several songs to aid the Volunteer movement, which he joined in 1859, and two of these, 'Defense Not Defiance' and 'Two

Barrels,' were immensely popular. Leading a quiet, happy country life, at Ealing, Barnes, and Sevenoaks in succession, he enjoyed excellent health from the period of his second marriage down to 1864, when he broke down and his medical adviser at once ordered him to a milder climate. He went first to the Isle of Wight, and thence to St. Heliers, in Jersey, where he remained, a semi-invalid till his death, four years afterward, in 1868. His remains were interred at Kensal Green, London, with Volunteer honors, and a tablet has been erected to his memory in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin.

Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, writing on Lover in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' is "inclined to think that it is as a humorous poet that he ranks highest. He has many competitors in other branches of intellectual activity, but there are few indeed who can be placed on the same level as a humorist in verse."

If Samuel Lover was not the first in the hearts of his countrymen, it is certain that he occupied a very prominent position there. His songs—of which he wrote over two hundred and sixty, composing the music for two hundred—full of love, pathos, and humor, won their way to all hearts and are known wherever the English language is spoken. Many of his shorter stories are racy, irresistibly droll, and grotesquely original.

He was in the habit of giving copies of his verses to his friends and admirers, and the present writer well remembers, when his *Life* by Bayle Bernard was announced to appear in 1874, the announcement brought a number of letters offering copies of his verses, and many callers to the publishing office on the same errand. Elderly ladies and ladies in middle age were among the most frequent of these latter, and often with tearful eyes and trembling hands they produced their precious and jealously guarded relics, offering them for inclusion in the forthcoming volume. C. W.

## BARNY O'REIRDON, THE NAVIGATOR.

### OUTWARD BOUND.

A very striking characteristic of an Irishman is his unwillingness to be outdone. Some have asserted that this arises from vanity, but I have ever been unwilling to attribute an unamiable motive to my countrymen where a better may be found, and one equally tending to produce a similar result; and I consider a deep-seated spirit of emulation to originate this peculiarity. Phrenologists might resolve it by supposing the organ of the love of approbation to predominate in our Irish craniums, and it may be so; but as I am not in the least a metaphysician, and very little of a phrenologist, I leave those who choose to settle the point in question, quite content with the knowledge of the fact with which I started, viz., the un-



willingness of an Irishman to be outdone. This spirit, it is likely, may sometimes lead men into ridiculous positions, but it is equally probable that the desire of surpassing one another has given birth to many of the noblest actions, and some of the most valuable inventions; let us, therefore, not fall out with it.

Now having vindicated the *motive* of my countrymen, I will prove the total absence of national prejudice in so doing, by giving an illustration of the ridiculous consequences attendant upon this Hibernian peculiarity.

Barney O'Reirdon was a fisherman of Kinsale, and a heartier fellow never hauled a net or cast a line into deep water; indeed, Barney, independently of being a merry boy among his companions, a lover of good fun and good whisky, was rather looked up to, by his brother fishermen, as an intelligent fellow, and few boats brought more fish to market than Barney O'Reirdon's; his opinion on certain points in the craft was considered law, and in short, in his own little community, Barney was what was commonly called a leading man. Now, your leading man is always jealous in an inverse ratio to the sphere of his influence, and the leader of a nation is less incensed at a rival's triumph than the great man of a village. If we pursue this descending scale, what a desperately jealous person the oracle of oyster-dredgers and cockle-women must be! Such was Barney O'Reirdon.

Seated one night in a public-house, the common resort of Barney and other marine curiosities, our hero got entangled in debate with what he called a strange sail—that is to say, a man he had never met before, and whom he was inclined to treat rather magisterially upon nautical subjects; at the same time that the stranger was equally inclined to assume the high hand over him, till at last the new-comer made a regular outbreak by exclaiming: “Ah, tare-an-ouns, lave off your balderdash, Mr. O'Reirdon; by the powdhers o' war it's enough, so it is, to make a dog bate his father, to hear you goin' an as if you wor Curlumberus or Sir Crustyphez Wran, whin ivery one knows the divil a farther you ivir wor, nor ketchin' crabs or drudgin' oysters.”

“Who towld you that, my Watherford Wondher?” rejoined Barney: “what the dickens do you know about say-

farin', farther nor fishin' for sprats in a bowl wid your grandmother?"

"Oh, baithershin," says the stranger.

"And who made you so bowld with my name?" demanded O'Reirdon.

"No matther for that," says the stranger; "but if you 'd like for to know, shure it's your cousin, Molly Mullins, knows me well, and maybe I don't know you and yours as well as the mother that bore you, ay, in throth; and shure I know the very thoughts o' you as well as if I was inside o' you, Barny O'Reirdon."

"By my sowl, thin, you know betther thoughts than your own, Mr. Whippersnapper, if that's the name you go by."

"No, it's not the name I go by; I've as good a name as your own, Mr. O'Reirdon, for want o' a betther, and that's O'Sullivan."

"Throth there's more than there's good o' them," said Barny.

"Good or bad, I'm a cousin o' your own, twice removed by the mother's side."

"And is it the Widda O'Sullivan's boy you 'd be that left this come Candlemas four years?"

"The same."

"Troth, thin, you might know betther manners to your eldhers, though I'm glad to see you, anyhow, agin; but a little thravelin' puts us beyant ourselves sometimes," said Barny, rather contemptuously.

"Troth, I niver bragged out o' myself yit, and it's what I say, that a man that's only a fishin' aff the land all his life has no business to compare in the regard o' thrac-thericks wid a man that has sailed to Fingal."

This silenced any further argument on Barny's part. Where Fingal lay was all Greek to him; but, unwilling to admit his ignorance, he covered his retreat with the usual address of his countrymen, and turned the bitterness of debate into the cordial flow of congratulation at seeing his cousin again.

The liquor was freely circulated, and the conversation began to take a different turn, in order to lead from that which had nearly ended in a quarrel between O'Reirdon and his relation.

The state of the crops, county cess, road jobs, etc., became topics, and various strictures as to the utility of the latter were indulged in, while the merits of the neighboring farmers were canvassed.

"Why, thin," said one, "that field o' whate o' Michael Coghlan, is the finest field o' whate mortal eyes was ever set upon—divil the likes iv it myself ever seen far or near."

"Throth, thin, sure enough," said another, "it promises to be a fine crap, anyhow; and myself can't help thinkin' it quare that Mickee Coghlan, that's a plain-spoken, quite (quiet) man, and simple-like, should have finer craps than Pether Kelly o' the big farm beyant, that knows all about the great saycrets o' the airth, and is knowledgeable to a degree, and has all the hard words that iver was coined at his fingers' ends."

"Faith, he has a power o' *blasthogue*<sup>1</sup> about him, sure enough," said the former speaker, "if that could do him any good, but he isn't fit to hould a candle to Michael Coghlan in the regard o' farmin'."

"Why, blur an ages," rejoined the upholder of science, "sure he met the Scotch steward that the lord beyant has, one day, that I hear is a wondherful edicated man, and was brought over here to show us all a patthorn;—well, Peter Kelly met him one day, and, by gor, he discoorsed him to that degree that the Scotch chap hadn't a word left in his jaw."

"Well, and what was he the betther o' having more prate than a Scotchman?" asked the other.

"Why," answered Kelly's friend, "I think it stands to rayson that the man that done out the Scotch steward ought to know somethin' more about farmin' than Mickee Coghlan."

"Augh! don't talk to me about knowing," said the other rather contemptuously. "Sure I gev in to you that he has the power o' prate, and the gift o' the gab, and all to that. I own to you that he has *the-o-ry* and the *che-mis-tery*, but he hasn't the *craps*. Now, the man that has the craps is the man for my money."

"You're right, my boy," said O'Reirdon, with an approving thump of his brawny fist on the table; "it's a little talk goes far—*doin'* is the thing."

<sup>1</sup> *Blasthogue*, persuasive speech.

"Ah, yiz may run down larnin' if yiz like," said the undismayed stickler for theory versus practice; "but larnin' is a fine thing, and sure where would the world be at all only for it; sure where would the staymers (steamboats) be, only for larnin'?"

"Well," said O'Reirdon, "and the divil may care if we never seen them; I'd rather dipind an wind and canvas any day than the likes o' them. What are they good for but to turn good sailors into kitchen-maids, all as one bilin' a big pot o' wather and oilin' their fire-irons, and throwin' coals an the fire? Augh! thim staymers is a disgrace to the say; they're for all the world like owld fogies, smokin' from mornin' till night, and doin' no good."

"Do you call it doin' no good to go faster nor ships ivir wint before?"

"Pooh; sure Solomon, queen o' Sheba, said there was time enough for all things."

"Thru for you," said O'Sullivan, "*fair and aisy goes far in a day*, is a good owld sayin'."

"Well, maybe you'll own to the improvemint they're makin' in the harbor o' Howth, beyant in Dublin, is some good?"

"We'll see whether it'll be an improvemint first," said the obdurate O'Reirdon.

"Why, man alive, sure you'll own it's the greatest o' good it is, takin' up the big rocks out o' the harbor."

"Well, and where's the wondher of that?—sure we done the same here."

"Oh, yis, but it was whin the tide was out and the rocks was bare; but up in Howth they cut away the big rocks from under the say intirely."

"Oh, be aisy; why, how could they do that?"

"Ay, there's the matther, that's what larnin' can do; and wondherful it is intirely! and the way it is is this, as I hear it, for I never seen it, but hard it described by the lord to some gintlemin and ladies one day in his garden, where I was helping the gardener to land some salary (celery). You see the ingineer goes down undher the wather intirely, and can stay there as long as he plazes."

"Whoo! and what o' that? Sure I heerd the long sailor say, that come from the Aysthern Ingees, that the Engineers there can a'most live undher wather; and goes down lookin'



for dimonds, and has a sledge-hammer in their hand, brakein' the dimonds when they're too big to take them up whole, all as one as men brakein' stones an the road."

"Well, I don't want to go beyant that; but the way the lord's ingineer goes down is, he has a little bell wid him, and while he has that little bell to ring, hurt nor harm can't come to him."

"Arrah, be aisy."

"Divil a lie in it."

"Maybe it's a blessed bell," said O'Reirdon, crossing himself.

"No, it is not a blessed bell."

"Why, thin, now do you think me sitch a born nath'ral as to give in to that?—as if the ringin' iv a bell, barrin' it was a blessed bell, could do the like. I tell you it's impossible."

"Ah, nothin' 's unpossible to God."

"Sure I wasn't denyin' that; but I say the bell is unpossible."

"Why," said O'Sullivan, "you see he's not altogether complate in the demonstheration o' the mashine; it is not by the ringin' o' the bell it is done, but—"

"But what?" broke in O'Reirdon, impatiently. "Do you mane for to say there is a bell in it at all, at all?"

"Yes, I do," said O'Sullivan.

"I towld you so," said the promulgator of the story.

"Ay," said O'Sullivan, "but it is not by the ringin' iv the bell it is done."

"Well, how is it done, then?" said the other with a half-offended, half-supercilious air.

"It is done," said O'Sullivan, as he returned the look with interest, "it is done entirely be jommethry."

"Oh! I undherstan' it now," said O'Reirdon, with an inimitable affectation of comprehension in the Oh!—"but to talk of the ringin' iv a bell doing the like is beyant the beyants intirely, barrin', as I said before, it was a blessed bell, glory be to God!"

"And so you tell me, sir, it is jommethry?" said the twice-discomfited man of science.

"Yes, sir," said O'Sullivan, with an air of triumph, which rose in proportion as he saw he carried the listeners along with him—"jommethry."

"Well, have it your own way. There's them that won't hear rayson sometimes, nor have belief in larnin'; and you may say it's jommethry if you plaze: but I heerd them that knows bettther than iver you knew say—"

"Whisht, whisht! and bad cess to you both," said O'Reirdon; "what the dickens are yiz goin' to fight about now, and sitch good liquor before yiz? Hillo! there, Mrs. Quigley, bring uz another quart, i' you plaze; ay, that's the chat, another quart. Augh! yiz may talk till you're black in the face about your invintions, and your staymers, and bell-ringin', and gash, and railroads; but here's long life and success to the man that invinted the impairil (imperial) quart; that was the rail beautiful invintion," and he took a long pull at the replenished vessel, which strongly indicated that the increase of its dimensions was a very agreeable *measure* to such as Barny.

After the introduction of this and *other* quarts, it would not be an easy matter to pursue the conversation that followed. Let us, therefore, transfer our story to the succeeding morning, when Barny O'Reirdon strolled forth from his cottage, rather later than usual, with his eyes bearing *eye*-witness to the carouse of the preceding night. He had not a headache, however; whether it was that Barny was too experienced a campaigner under the banners of Bacchus, or that Mrs. Quigley's boast was a just one, namely, "that of all the drink in her house there wasn't a headache in a hogshead of it," is hard to determine, but I rather incline to the strength of Barny's head.

The above-quoted declaration of Mrs. Quigley is the favorite inducement held out by every boon companion in Ireland at the head of his own table: "Don't be afraid of it, my boys! it's the right sort. There's not a headache in a hogshead of it."

Barny sauntered about in the sun, at which he often looked up, under the shelter of compressed, bushy brows and long-lashed eyelids, and a shadowing hand across his forehead, to see "what time o' day" it was; and, from the frequency of this action, it was evident the day was hanging heavily with Barny. He retired at last to a sunny nook in a neighboring field, and stretching himself at full length, basked in the sun, and began "to chew the cud of sweet

and bitter thought." He first reflected on his own undoubted weight in his little community, but still he could not get over the annoyance of the preceding night, arising from his being silenced by O'Sullivan, "a chap," as he said himself, "that lift the place four years ago a brat iv a boy, and to think of his comin' back and outdoin' his elders, that saw him runnin' about the place, a gassoon, that one could tache a few months before;" 't was too bad. Barny saw his reputation was in a ticklish position, and began to consider how his disgrace could be retrieved. The very name of Fingal was hateful to him; it was a plague-spot on his peace that festered there incurably. He first thought of leaving Kinsale altogether; but flight implied so much of defeat that he did not long indulge in that notion. No; he *would* stay, "in spite of all the O'Sullivans, kith and kin, breed, seed, and generation." But at the same time he knew he should never hear the end of that hateful place, Fingal; and if Barny had had the power he would have enacted a penal statute, making it death to name the accursed spot, wherever it was; but not being gifted with such legislative authority, he felt Kinsale was no place for him, if he would not submit to be flouted every hour out of the four-and-twenty, by man, woman, and child, that wished to annoy him. What was to be done? He was in the perplexing situation, to use his own words, "of the cat in the thripe shop," he didn't know which way to choose. At last, after turning himself over in the sun several times, a new idea struck him. Couldn't he go to Fingal himself? and then he'd be equal to that upstart, O'Sullivan. No sooner was the thought engendered than Barny sprang to his feet a new man; his eye brightened, his step became once more elastic, he walked erect, and felt himself to be all over Barny O'Reirdon once more. "Richard was himself again."

But where was Fingal?—there was the rub. That was a profound mystery to Barny, which, until discovered, must hold him in the vile bondage of inferiority. The plain-dealing reader will say, "Couldn't he ask?" No, no; that would never do for Barny; that would be an open admission of ignorance his soul was above; and, consequently, Barny set his brains to work to devise measures of coming at the hidden knowledge by some circuitous

route, that would not betray the end he was working for. To this purpose fifty stratagems were raised and demolished in half as many minutes, in the fertile brain of Barny, as he strode along the shore; and as he was working hard at the fifty-first, it was knocked all to pieces by his jostling against some one whom he never perceived he was approaching, so immersed was he in speculations, and on looking up, who should it prove to be but his friend, "the long sailor from the Aysthern Injees." This was quite a godsend to Barny, and much beyond what he could have hoped for. Of all the men under the sun, the long sailor was the man in a million for Barny's net at that minute, and accordingly he made a haul of him, and thought it the greatest catch he ever made in his life.

Barny and the long sailor were in close companionship for the remainder of the day, which was closed, as the preceding one, in a carouse; but on this occasion there was only a duet performance in honor of the jolly god, and the treat was at Barny's expense. What the nature of their conversation during the period was I will not dilate on, but keep it as profound a secret as Barny himself, and content myself with saying that Barny looked a much happier man the next day. Instead of wearing his hat slouched, and casting his eyes on the ground, he walked about with his usual unconcern, and gave his nod and passing word of "*civiltude*" to every friend he met; he rolled his quid of tobacco about in his jaw with an air of superior enjoyment, and if disturbed in his narcotic amusement by a question, he took his own good time to eject "the leperous distillment" before he answered the querist, with a happy composure, that bespoke a man quite at ease with himself. It was in this agreeable spirit that Barny bent his course to the house of Peter Kelly, the owner of the "big farm beyant," before alluded to, in order to put into practice a plan he had formed for the fulfillment of his determination of rivaling O'Sullivan.

He thought it probable that Peter Kelly, being one of the "snuggest" men in the neighborhood, would be a likely person to join him in a "spec," as he called it (a favorite abbreviation of his for the word speculation), and, accordingly, when he reached the "big farm-house," he accosted its owner with the usual "God save you."



"God save you kindly, Barny," returned Peter Kelly; "an' what is it brings you here, Barny," asked Peter, "this fine day, instead o' bein' out in the boat?"

"Oh, I'll be in the boat soon enough, and it's far enough too I'll be out in her; an' indeed it's partly that same is bringin' me here to yourself."

"Why, do you want me to go along wid you, Barny?"

"Throth, an' I don't, Mr. Kelly. You are a knowledgeable man on land, but I'm afeard it's a bad bargain you'd be at say."

"And what wor you talking about me and your boat for?"

"Why, you see, sir, it was in the regard of a little bit o' business, an' if you'd come wid me and take a turn in the praty field, I'll be behouldin' to you, and maybe you'll hear somethin' that won't be displazin' to you."

"An' welkim, Barny," said Peter Kelly.

When Barny and Peter were in the "praty field," Barny opened the trenches (I do not mean the potato trenches), but, in the military parlance, he opened the trenches and laid siege to Peter Kelly, setting forth the extensive profits that had been realized by various "specs" that had been made by his neighbors in exporting potatoes. "And sure," said Barny, "why shouldn't *you* do the same, and they here ready to your hand? as much as to say, *why don't you profit by me, Peter Kelly?* And the boat is below there in the harbor, and, I'll say this much, the divil a better boat is betune this and herself."

"Indeed, I b'lieve so, Barny," said Peter; "for considhering where we stand at this present, there's no boat at all at all betune us;" and Peter laughed with infinite pleasure at his own hit.

"Oh! well, you know what I mane, anyhow, an', as I said before, the boat is a darlint boat, and as for him that commands her—I b'lieve I need say nothin' about that," and Barny gave a toss of his head and a sweep of his open hand, more than doubling the laudatory nature of his comment on himself.

But, as the Irish saying is, "to make a long story short," Barny prevailed on Peter Kelly to make an export; but in the nature of the venture they did not agree. Barny had proposed potatoes; Peter said there were enough of them

already where he was going, and rejoined: "Praties were so good in themselves there never could be too much o' thim anywhere." But Peter, being a knowledgeable man, and up to all the "saycrets o' the airth, and undherstanding the the-o-ry and the che-mis-thery," overruled Barny's proposition, and determined upon a cargo of *scalpeens* (which name they give to pickled mackerel) as a preferable merchandise, quite forgetting that Dublin Bay herrings were a much better and as cheap a commodity, at the command of the Fingalians. But in many similar mistakes the ingenious Mr. Kelly has been paralleled by other speculators. But that is neither here nor there, and it was all one to Barny whether his boat was freighted with potatoes or *scalpeens*, so long as he had the honor and glory of becoming a navigator, and being as good as O'Sullivan.

Accordingly, the boat was laden and all got in readiness for putting to sea, and nothing was now wanting but Barny's orders to haul up the gaff and shake out the jib of his hooker.

But this order Barny refrained to give, and for the first time in his life exhibited a disinclination to leave the shore. One of his fellow-boatmen at last said to him: "Why, thin, Barny O'Reirdon, what the divil is come over you at all at all? What's the maynin' of your loitherin' about here, and the boat ready, and a lovely fine breeze aff o' the land?"

"Oh! never you mind; I believe I know my own business, anyhow; an' it's hard, so it is, if a man can't ordher his own boat to sail when he plazes."

"Oh! I was only thinkin' it quare—and a pity more be-token, as I said before, to lose the beautiful breeze, and—"

"Well, just keep your thoughts to yourself, i' you plaze, and stay in the boat as I bid you, an' don't be out of her on your apperl, by no manner o' manes, for one minit, for you see I don't know when it may be plazin' to me to go aboard an' set sail."

"Well, all I can say is, I never seen you afeard to go to say before."

"Who says I'm afeard?" said O'Reirdon; "you betther not say that agin, or in throth, I'll give you a leatherin', that won't be for the good o' your health—throth, for three sthraws this minit I'd lave you that your own mother

wouldn't know you with the lickin' I'd give you; but I scorn your dirty insinuation; no man ever seen Barny O'Reirdon afeard yet, anyhow. Howld your prate, I tell you, and look up to your betthers. What do you know iv navigation?—maybe you think it's as easy for to sail an a voyage as to go start a fishin':" and Barny turned on his heel and left the shore.

The next day passed without the hooker sailing, and Barny gave a most sufficient reason for the delay, by declaring that he had a warnin' given him in a dhrame (glory be to God), and that it was given him to understand (under heaven) that it wouldn't be looky that day.

Well, the next day was Friday, and Barny, of course, would not sail any more than any other sailor who could help it, on this unpropitious day. On Saturday, however, he came, running in a great hurry down to the shore, and, jumping aboard, he gave orders to make all sail, and taking the helm of the hooker, he turned her head to the sea, and soon the boat was cleaving the blue waters with a velocity seldom witnessed in so small a craft, and scarcely conceivable to those who have not seen the speed of a Kinsale hooker.

"Why, thin, you tuk the notion mighty suddint, Barny," said the fisherman next in authority to O'Reirdon, as soon as the bustle of getting the boat under way had subsided.

"Well, I hope it's plazin' to you at last," said Barny; "throth, one 'ud think you were never at say before, you wor in such a hurry to be off; as newfangled a'most as a child with a play-toy."

"Well," said the other of Barny's companions, for there were but two with him in the boat, "I was thinkin' myself as well as Jimmy, that we lost two fine days for nothin', and we'd be there a'most, maybe, now, if we sailed three days agon."

"Don't believe it," said Barny, emphatically. "Now, don't you know yourself that there is some days that the fish won't come near the lines at all, and that we might as well be castin' our nets an the dhry land as in the say, for all we'll catch if we start an an unlooky day; and sure I towld you I was waitin' only till I had it given to me to undherstan' that it was looky to sail, and I go bail we'll be there sooner than if we started three days agon; for, if you

don't start, with good look before you, faix, maybe it's never at all to the end o' your thrip you 'll come."

"Well, there's no use in talkin' about it now anyhow; but when do you expect to be there?"

"Why, you see we must wait until I can tell you how the wind is like to hould on, before I can make up my mind to that."

"But you're sure now, Barny, that you're up to the coorse you have to run?"

"See now, lay me alone, and don't be crass-questionin' me—tare an ouns, do you think me sitch a bladdherang as for to go to shuperinscribe a thing I wasn't aiquil to?"

"No; I was only goin' to ax you what coors you wor goin' to steer?"

"You 'll find out soon enough when we get there; and so I bid you agin lay me alone—just keep your toe in your pump. Shure I'm here at the helm, and a woight on my mind, and it's fitter for you, Jim, to mind your own business and lay me to mind mine; away wid you, there, and be handy; haul taut that foresheet there; we must run close an the wind; be handy, boys; make everything dhraw."

These orders were obeyed, and the hooker soon passed to windward of a ship that left the harbor before her, but could not hold on a wind with the same tenacity as the hooker, whose qualities in this particular render it peculiarly suitable for the purposes to which it is applied—namely, pilot and fishing-boats.

We have said that a ship left the harbor before the hooker had set sail, and it is now fitting to inform the reader that Barny had contrived, in the course of his last meeting with the "long sailor," to ascertain that this ship, then lying in the harbor, was going to the very place Barny wanted to reach. Barny's plan of action was decided upon in a moment; he had now nothing to do but to watch the sailing of the ship and follow in her course. Here was, at once, a new mode of navigation discovered.

The stars, twinkling in mysterious brightness through the silent gloom of night, were the first encouraging, because *visible* guides to the adventurous mariners of antiquity. Since then the sailor, encouraged by a bolder science, relies on the *unseen* agency of nature, depending



on the fidelity of an atom of iron to the mystic law that claims its homage in the north. This is one refinement of science upon another. But the beautiful simplicity of Barny O'Reirdon's philosophy cannot be too much admired. To follow the ship, that is going to the same place. Is not this navigation made easy?

But Barny, like many a great man before, seemed not to be aware of how much credit he was entitled to for his invention, for he did not divulge to his companions the originality of his proceeding; he wished them to believe he was only proceeding in the commonplace manner, and had no ambition to be distinguished as the happy projector of so simple a practice.

For this purpose he went to windward of the ship, and then fell off again, allowing her to pass him, as he did not wish even those on board the ship to suppose he was following in their wake; for Barny, like all people that are quite full of one scheme, and fancy everybody is watching them, dreaded lest any one should fathom his motives. All that day Barny held on the same course as his leader, keeping at a respectful distance, however, "for fear 't would look like dodging her," as he said to himself; but as night closed in, so closed in Barny, with the ship, and kept a sharp lookout that she should not give him the slip in the dark. The next morning dawned, and found the hooker and ship companions still; and thus matters proceeded for four days, during the entire of which time they had not seen land since their first losing sight of it, although the weather was clear.

"By my sowl," thought Barny, "the channel must be mighty wide in these parts, and for the last day or so we've bein' goin' purty free with a flowin' sheet, and I wondher we aren't closin' in wid the shore by this time, or maybe it's farther off than I thought it was." His companions, too, began to question Barny on the subject, but to their queries he presented an impenetrable front of composure, and said "it was always the best plan to keep a good bowld offin'." In two days more, however, the weather began to be sensibly warmer, and Barny and his companions remarked that it was "goin' to be the finest sayson, God bless it, that ever kem out o' the skies for many a long year; and maybe it's the whate wouldn't be beautiful, and a great

plenty of it." It was at the end of a week that the ship which Barny had hitherto kept ahead of him showed symptoms of bearing down upon him, as he thought; and, sure enough, she did; and Barny began to conjecture what the deuce the ship could want with him, and commenced inventing answers to the questions he thought it possible might be put to him in case the ship spoke to him. He was soon put out of suspense by being hailed and ordered to run under her lee, and the captain looking over the quarter, asked Barny where he was going.

"Faith, thin, I'm goin' an my business," said Barny.

"But where?" said the captain.

"Why, sure, an it's no matther where a poor man like me id be goin'," said Barny.

"Only I'm curious to know what the deuce you've been following my ship for for the last week?"

"Follyin' your ship! Why, thin, blur an agers, do you think it's follyin' yiz I am?"

"It's very like it," said the captain.

"Why, did two people niver thavel the same road before?"

"I don't say they didn't, but there's a great difference between a ship of seven hundred tons and a hooker."

"Oh, as for that matther," said Barny, "the same high-road sarves a coach-and-four and a low-back car, the thravelin' tinker an' a lord a horseback."

"That's very true," said the captain, "but the cases are not the same, Paddy, and I can't conceive what the devil brings *you* here."

"And who axed you to consayve anything about it?" asked Barny, somewhat sturdily.

"D—n me if I can imagine what you're about, my fine fellow," said the captain, "and my own notion is that you don't know where the devil you're going yourself."

"O *baithershin*," said Barny, with a laugh of derision.

"Why, then, do you object to tell?" said the captain.

"Arrah, sure, captain, an' don't you know that sometimes vessels is bound to sail *saycret ordher*!" said Barny, endeavoring to foil the question by badinage.

There was a universal laugh from the deck of the ship at the idea of a fishing-boat sailing under secret orders—for by this time the whole broadside of the vessel was

crowded with grinning mouths and wondering eyes at Barny and his boat.

"Oh, it's a thrifle makes fools laugh," said Barny.

"Take care, my fine fellow, that you don't be laughing at the wrong side of your mouth before long, for I've a notion that you're cursedly in the wrong box, as cunning a fellow as you think yourself. D—n your stupid head, can't you tell what brings you here?"

"Why, thin, begor, one id think the whole say belonged to you, you're so mighty bould in axin' questions an it. Why, tare an ouns, sure I've as much right here as you, though I haven't as big a ship nor so fine a coat; but maybe I can take as good sailin' out o' the one, and has as bowld a heart under th' other."

"Very well," said the captain; "I see there's no use in talking to you, so go to the devil your own way." And away bore the ship, leaving Barny in indignation and his companions in wonder.

"And why wouldn't you tell him?" said they to Barny.

"Why, don't you see," said Barny, whose object was now to blind them, "don't you see, how do I know but maybe he might be goin' to the same place himself, and maybe he has a cargo of *scalpeens* as well as us, and wants to get before us there?"

"Thru for you, Barny," said they. "Bedad you're right." And, their inquiries being satisfied, the day passed, as former ones had done, in pursuing the course of the ship.

In four days more, however, the provisions in the hooker began to fail, and they were obliged to have recourse to the *scalpeens* for sustenance, and Barny then got seriously uneasy at the length of the voyage, and the likely greater length for anything he could see to the contrary; and, urged at last by his own alarms and those of his companions, he was enabled, as the wind was light, to gain on the ship, and when he found himself alongside he demanded a parley with the captain.

The captain, on hearing that the "hardy hooker," as she got christened, was under his lee came on deck, and, as soon as he appeared, Barny cried out:

"Why, then, blur an agers, captain dear, do you expect to be there soon?"

"Where?" said the captain.

"Oh you know yourself," said Barny.

"It's well for me I do," said the captain.

"Thru for you, indeed, your honor," said Barny, in his most insinuating tone; "but whin will you be at the ind o' your voyage, captain, jewel?"

"I daresay in about three months," said the captain.

"Oh, Holy Mother!" ejaculated Barny; "three months! arrah, it's jokin' you are, captain dear, and only want to freken me."

"How should I frighten you?" asked the captain.

"Why, thin, your honor, to tell God's thruth, I heard you were goin' *there*, an' as I wanted to go there too, I thought I couldn't do better nor to folly a knowledgeable gentleman like yourself, and save myself the throuble iv findin' it out."

"And where do you think I *am* going?" said the captain.

"Why, thin," said Barny, "isn't it to Fingal?"

"No," said the captain, "'t is to *Bengal*."

"Oh! Gog's blakey!" said Barny, "what'll I do now at all at all?"

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#### HOMEWARD BOUND.

The captain ordered Barny on deck, as he wished to have some conversation with him on what he, very naturally, considered a most extraordinary adventure. Heaven help the captain! he knew little of Irishmen, or he would not have been so astonished. Barny made his appearance. Puzzling question and more puzzling answer followed in quick succession between the commander and Barny, who, in the midst of his dilemma, stamped about, thumped his head, squeezed his caubeen into all manner of shapes, and vented his despair anathematically:—

"Oh, my heavy hathred to you, you tarnal thief iv a long sailor; it's a purty scrape yiv led me into. Begor, I thought it was *Fingal* he said, and now I hear it is *Bingal*. Oh! the divil sweep you for navigation; why did I meddle or make with you at all at all! And my curse light on you, Teddy O'Sullivan; why did I iver come across you, you on-



looky vagabone, to put sitch thoughts in my head! An' sc it 's *Bingal*, and not *Fingal*, you 're goin' to, captain?"

"Yes, indeed, Paddy."

"An' might I be howld to ax, captain, is *Bingal* much farther nor *Fingal*?"

"A trifle or so, Paddy."

"Och, thin, millia murther, weirasthru, how 'll I iver get there at all at all?" roared out poor Barny.

"By turning about, and getting back the road you 've come, as fast as you can."

"Is it back? O Queen iv Heaven! an' how will I iver get back?" said the bewildered Barny.

"Then you don't know your course, it appears?"

"Oh, faix, I knew it illigant, as long as your honor was before me."

"But you don't know your course back?"

"Why, indeed, not to say rightly all out, your honor."

"Can't you steer?" said the captain.

"The divil a bettther hand at the tiller in all Kinsale," said Barny, with his usual brag.

"Well, so far so good," said the captain. "And you know the points of the compass—you have a compass, I suppose?"

"A compass!—by my sowl, an' it's not let alone a compass, but a *pair* a compasses I have, that my brother the carpinthir left me for a keepsake whin he wint abroad; but, indeed, as for the points o' thim I can't say much, for the childhren spylt thim intirely, rootin' holes in the flure."

"What the plague are you talking about?"

"Wasn't your honor discoorsin' me about the points o' the compasses?"

"Confound your thick head!" said the captain. "Why, what an ignoramus you must be, not to know what a compass is, and you at sea all your life! Do you even know the cardinal points?"

"The cardinal!—faix, an' it's a great respect I have for them, your honor. Sure, aren't they belongin' to the Pope?"

"Confound you, you blockhead!" roared the captain, in a rage; "'t would take the patience of the Pope and the cardinals, and the cardinal virtues into the bargain, to keep

one's temper with you. Do you know the four points of the wind?"

"By my sowl I do, and more."

"Well, never mind more, but let us stick to four. You're sure you know the four points of the wind?"

"Bedad, it would be a quare thing if a sayfarin' man didn't know somethin' about the wind, anyhow. Why, captain dear, you must take me for a nath'ral intirely to suspect me o' the like o' not knowin' all about the wind. Begor, I know as much o' the wind a'most as a pig."

"Indeed, I believe so," laughed out the captain.

"Oh, you may laugh if you plaze; and I see by the same that you don't know about the pig, with all your edication, captain."

"Well, what about the pig?"

"Why, sir, did you never hear a pig can see the wind?"

"I can't say that I did."

"Oh, thin, he does; and for that rayson, who has a right to know more about it?"

"You don't for one, I dare say, Paddy; and maybe you have a pig aboard to give you information."

"Sorra taste, you honor, not as much as a rasher o' bacon; but it's maybe your honor never seen a pig tossin' up his snout, consaited like, and running like mad afore a storm."

"Well, what if I have?"

"Well, sir, that is when they see the wind a-comin'."

"Maybe so, Paddy; but all this knowledge in piggery won't find you your way home; and, if you take my advice, you will give up all thoughts of endeavoring to find your way back, and come on board. You and your messmates, I dare say, will be useful hands, with some teaching; but, at all events I cannot leave you here on the open sea, with every chance of being lost."

"Why, thin, indeed, and I'm behowlden to your honor; and it's the hoighth o' kindness, so it is, your offer; and it's nothin' else but a gentleman you are, every inch o' you; but I hope it's not so bad wid us yet as to do the likes o' that."

"I think it's bad enough," said the captain, "when you are without a compass, and knowing nothing of your

course, and nearly a hundred and eighty leagues from land."

"An' how many miles would that be, captain?"

"Three times as many."

"I never larned the rule o' three, captain, and may be your honor id tell me yourself."

"That is rather more than five hundred miles."

"Five hundred miles!" shouted Barny. "Oh, the Lord look down on us!—how 'ill we iver get back?"

"That 's what I say," said the captain; "and therefore I recommend you to come aboard with me."

"And where 'ud the hooker be all the time?" said Barny.

"Let her go adrift," was the answer.

"Is it the darlint boat? Oh, bedad, I'll never hear o' that at all."

"Well, then, stay in her and be lost. Decide upon the matter at once; either come on board, or cast off;" and the captain was turning away as he spoke, when Barny called after him: "Arrah, thin, your honor, don't go just for one minit until I ax you one word more. If I wint wid you, whin would I be home agin?"

"In about seven months."

"Oh, thin, that puts the wig an it at wanst. I darn't go at all."

"Why, seven months are not long passing."

"Thru for you, in throth," said Barny, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Faix, it 's myself knows, to my sorrow, the half year comes round mighty suddint, and the lord's agint comes for the thrifle o' rint; and faix, I know by Molly, that nine months is not long in goin' over either," added Barny, with a grin.

"Then what 's your objection as to the time?" asked the captain.

"Arrah, sure, sir, what would the woman that owns me do while I was away?—and maybe it 's break her heart the craythur would, thinkin' I was lost intirely; and who 'd be at home to take care o' the childher, and airn thim the bit and the sup, whin I 'd be away?—and who knows but that it 's all dead they 'd be afore I got back? Och, hone! sure the heart id fairly break in my body, if hurt or harm kem to them through me. So say no more, captain dear; only

give me a thrifle o' directions how I'm to make an offer at gettin' home, and it's myself that will pray for you night, noon, and mornin' for that same."

"Well, Paddy," said the captain, "as you are determined to go back, in spite of all I can say, you must attend to me well while I give you as simple instructions as I can. You say you know the four points of the wind—north, south, east, and west."

"Yis, sir."

"How do you know them?—for I must see that you are not likely to make a mistake. How do you know the points?"

"Why, you see, sir, the sun, God bless it, rises in the aist, and sets in the west, which stands to rayson; and when you stand bechuxt the aist and the west, the north is forninst you."

"And when the north is forninst you, as you say, is the east on your right or your left hand?"

"On the right hand, your honor."

"Well, I see you know that much, however. Now," said the captain, "the moment you leave the ship, you must steer a northeast course, and you will make some land near home in about a week, if the wind holds as it is now, and it is likely to do so; but mind me, if you turn out of your course in the smallest degree, you are a lost man."

"Many thanks to your honor!"

"And how are you off for provisions?"

"Why, thin, indeed, in the regard o' that same, we are in the hight o' distress; for exceptin' the scalpeens, sorra a taste passed our lips for these four days."

"Oh, you poor devils!" said the commander, in a tone of sincere commiseration. "I'll order you some provisions on board before you start."

"Long life to your honor!—and *I'd like to drink the health* of so noble a jintleman."

"I understand you, Paddy;—you shall have grog too."

"Musha, the heaven shower blessin's an you, I pray the Virgin Mary and the twelve apostles, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, not forgettin' St. Pathrick."

"Thank you, Paddy; but keep all your prayers for yourself, for you need them all to help you home again."

"Oh, never fear, whin the thing is to be done, I'll do it,



bedad, wid a heart and a half. And sure, your honor, God is good, an' will mind dissolute craythurs like uz, on the wild ocean as well as ashore."

While some of the ship's crew were putting the captain's benevolent intentions to Barny and his companions into practice, by transferring some provisions to the hooker, the commander entertained himself by further conversation with Barny, who was the greatest original he had ever met. In the course of their colloquy, Barny drove many hard queries at the captain, respecting the wonders of the nautical profession, and at last put the question to him plump.

"Oh, thin, captain dear, and how is it at all at all, that you make your way over the wide says intirely to them furrin' parts?"

"You would not understand, Paddy, if I attempted to explain to you."

"Sure enough, indeed, your honor, and I ask your pardon, only I was curious to know, and sure no wonder."

"It requires various branches of knowledge to make a navigator."

"Branches," said Barny, "begor, I think it id take the *whole three o' knowledge* to make it out. And that place you are going to, sir, that *Bingal* (oh, bad luck to it for a *Bingal*, it's the sore *Bingal* to me), is it so far off as you say?"

"Yes, Paddy, half round the world."

"Is it round in airnest, captain dear? Round about?"

"Ay, indeed."

"Oh, thin, aren't you afeard that whin you come to the top and that you're obleeged to go down, that you'd go sliddherin' away intirely, and never be able to stop, maybe? It's bad enough, so it is, goin' down-hill by land, but it must be the dickens all out by wather."

"But there is no hill, Paddy; don't you know that water is always level?"

"Bedad, it's very *flat*, anyhow; and by the same token, it's seldom I throuble it; but sure, your honor, if the wather is level, how do you make out that it is *round* you go?"

"That is part of the knowledge I was speaking to you about," said the captain.

"Musha, bad luck to you, knowledge, but you're a quare

thing! And where is it Bingal, bad cess to it, would be at all at all?"

"In the East Indies."

"Oh, that is where they make the *tay*, isn't it, sir?"

"No; where the tea grows is farther still."

"Farther!—why, that must be ind of the world intirely. And they don't make it, then, sir, but it grows, you tell me."

"Yes, Paddy."

"Is it like hay, your honor?"

"Not exactly, Paddy; what puts hay in your head?"

"Oh, only because I hear them call it *Bohay*."

"A most logical deduction, Paddy."

"And is it a great deal farther, your honor, the *tay* country is?"

"Yes, Paddy, China it is called."

"That's I suppose, what we call Chaynee, sir?"

"Exactly, Paddy."

"Bedad, I never could come at it rightly before; why, it was nath'ral to dhrink *tay* out o' chaynee. I ax your honor's pardon for bein' throublesome, but I hard tell from the long sailor iv the place they call Japan in them furrin' parts, and *is* it there, your honor?"

"Quite true, Paddy."

"And I suppose it's there the blackin' comes from?"

"No, Paddy, you're out there."

"Oh, well, I thought it stood to rayson, as I heerd of Japan blackin', sir, that it would be there it kem from; besides, as the blacks themselves—the naygurs, I mane—is in thim parts."

"The negroes are in Africa, Paddy, much nearer to us."

"God betune uz and harm; I hope I would not be too near thim," said Barny.

"Why, what's your objection?"

"Arrah, sure, sir, they're hardly mortials at all, but has the mark o' the bastes an thim."

"How do you make out that, Paddy?"

"Why, sure, sir, and didn't nature make thim wid wool on their heads, plainly makin' it undherstood to Chrish-thans that they wur little more nor cattle?"

"I think your head is a wool-gathering now, Paddy," said the captain, laughing.

"Faix, maybe so, indeed," answered Barney, good-humoredly; "but it's seldom I ever went out to look for wool and kem home shorn, anyhow," said he, with a look of triumph.

"Well, you won't have that to say for the future, Paddy," said the captain, laughing again.

"My name's not Paddy, your honor," said Barney, returning the laugh, but seizing the opportunity to turn the joke aside that was going against him; "my name isn't Paddy, sir, but Barney."

"Oh, if it was Solomon, you'll be bare enough when you go home this time: you have not gathered much this trip, Barney."

"Sure, I've been gathering knowledge, anyhow, your honor," said Barney, with a significant look at the captain, and a complimentary tip of his hand to his caubeen, "and God bless you for being so good to me."

"And what's your name besides Barney?" asked the captain.

"O'Reirdon, your honor;—Barney O'Reirdon's my name."

"Well, Barney O'Reirdon, I won't forget your name nor yourself in a hurry, for you are certainly the most original navigator I ever had the honor of being acquainted with."

"Well," said Barney, with a triumphant toss of his head, "I have done out Terry O'Sullivan, at any rate; the divil a half so far he ever was, and that's a comfort. I have muzzled his clack for the rest iv his life, and he won't be comin' over us wid the pride iv his *Fingal*, while I'm to the fore, that was a'most at *Bingal*."

"Terry O'Sullivan—who is he, pray?" said the captain.

"Oh, he's a scut iv a chap that's not worth your axin' for—he's not worth your honor's notice—a braggin' poor craythur. Oh, wait till I get home, and the divil a more braggin' they'll hear out of his jaw."

"Indeed, then, Barney, the sooner you turn your face towards home the better," said the captain; "since you will go, there is no need in losing more time."

"Thru for you, your honor; and sure it's well for me had the luck to meet wid the likes o' your honor, that explained the ins and outs iv it to me, and laid it all down as plain as prent."

"Are you sure you remember my directions?" said the captain.

"Throth, an' I'll niver forget them to the day o' my death, and is bound to pray, more betoken, for you and yours."

"Don't mind praying for me till you get home, Barny; but answer me, how are you to steer when you shall leave me?"

"The *nor-aist coorse*, your honor; that 's the coorse agin the world."

"Remember that! never alter that course till you see land; let nothing make you turn out of a northeast course."

"Throth, an' that id be the dirty turn, seein' that it was yourself that ordhered it. Oh, no, I'll depend my life an the *nor-aist coorse*; and God help any one that comes be-tune me an' it—I'd run him down if he was my father."

"Well, good-bye, Barny."

"Good-bye, and God bless you, your honor, and send you safe."

"That 's a wish you want more for yourself, Barny; never fear for me, but mind yourself well."

"Oh, sure, I'm as good as at home wanst I know the way, barrin' the wind is conthrary; sure, the *nor-aist coorse* 'ill do the business complate. Good-bye, your honor, and long life to you, and more power to your elbow, and a light heart and a heavy purse to you evermore, I pray the Blessed Virgin and all the saints, amin!" and so saying, Barny descended the ship's side, and once more assumed the helm of the "hardy hooker."

The two vessels now separated on their opposite courses. What a contrast their relative situations afforded! Proudly the ship bore away under her lofty and spreading canvas, cleaving the billows before her, manned by an able crew, and under the guidance of experienced officers; the finger of science to point the course of her progress, the faithful chart to warn of the hidden rock and the shoal, the log line and the quadrant to measure her march and prove her position. The poor little hooker cleft not the billows, each wave lifted her on its crest like a sea-bird; but three inexperienced fishermen to manage her; no certain means to guide them over the vast ocean they had to traverse, and the holding of the "fickle wind" the only *chance*



of their escape from perishing in the wilderness of waters. By the one, the feeling excited is supremely that of man's power; by the other, of his utter helplessness. To the one the expanse of ocean could scarcely be considered "trackless," to the other it was a waste indeed.

Yet the cheer that burst from the ship, at parting, was answered as gayly from the hooker as though the odds had not been so fearfully against her; and no blither heart beat on board the ship than that of Barny O'Reirdon.

Happy light-heartedness of my poor countrymen! they have often need of all their buoyant spirits. How kindly have they been fortified by Nature against the assaults of adversity; and if they blindly rush into dangers, they cannot be denied the possession of gallant hearts to fight their way out of them.

But each hurrah became less audible; by degrees the cheers dwindled into faintness, and finally were lost in the eddies of the breeze.

The first feeling of loneliness that poor Barny experienced was when he could no longer hear the exhilarating sound. The plash of the surge, as it broke on the bows of his little boat, was uninterrupted by the kindred sound of human voice; and as it fell upon his ear it smote upon his heart. But he rallied, waved his hat, and the silent signal was answered from the ship.

"Well, Barny," said Jemmy, "what was the captain sayin' to you all the time you wor wid him?"

"Lay me alone," said Barny; "I'll talk to you when I see her out o' sight, but not a word till thin. I'll look afther him, the rale gintleman that he is, while there's a topsail o' his ship to be seen, and thin I'll send my blessin' after him, and pray for his good fortune wherever he goes, for he's the right sort and nothin' else." And Barny kept his word, and when his straining eyes could no longer trace a line of the ship, the captain certainly had the benefit of "a poor man's blessing."

The sense of utter loneliness and desolation had not come upon Barny until now; but he put his trust in the goodness of Providence, and in a fervent mental outpouring of prayer resigned himself to the care of his Creator. With an admirable fortitude, too, he assumed a composure to his companions that was a stranger to his heart; and

we all know how the burden of anxiety is increased when we have none with whom to sympathize. And this was not all. He had to affect ease and confidence, for Barny not only had no dependence on the firmness of his companions to go through the undertaking before them, but dreaded to betray to them how he had imposed on them in the affair. Barny was equal to all this. He had a stout heart, and was an admirable actor; yet, for the first hour after the ship was out of sight, he could not quite recover himself, and every now and then, unconsciously, he would look back with a wistful eye to the point where last he saw her. Poor Barny had lost his leader.

The night fell, and Barny stuck to the helm as long as nature could sustain want of rest, and then left it in charge of one of his companions, with particular directions how to steer, and ordered if any change in the wind occurred that they should instantly awake him. He could not sleep long, however; the fever of anxiety was upon him, and the morning had not long dawned when he awoke. He had not well rubbed his eyes and looked about him, when he thought he saw a ship in the distance approaching them. As the haze cleared away, she showed distinctly bearing down towards the hooker. On board the ship the hooker, in such a sea, caused surprise as before, and in about an hour she was so close as to hail and order the hooker to run under her lee.

"The divil a taste," said Barny; "I'll not quit my *nor-aist coorse* for the king of England, nor Bonyparty into the bargain. Bad cess to you, do you think I've nothin' to do but to plaze you?"

Again he was hailed.

"Oh! bad luck to the toe I'll go to you."

Another hail.

"Spake loudher, you'd bettther," said Barny, jeeringly, still holding on his course.

A gun was fired ahead of him.

"By my sowl, you spoke loudher that time, sure enough," said Barny.

"Take care, Barny!" cried Jemmy and Peter together. "Blur an' agers, man, we'll be kilt if you don't go to them!"

"Well, and we'll be lost if we turn out iv our *nor-aist*

*coorse*, and that's as broad as it's long. Let them hit iz if they like; sure it 'ud be a pleasanther death nor starvin' at say. I tell you again, I 'll turn out o' my *nor-aist coorse* for no man."

A shotted gun was fired. The shot hopped on the water as it passed before the hooker.

"Phew! you missed it, like your mammy's blessin'," said Barny.

"Oh, murther!" said Jemmy, "didn't you see the ball hop aff the wather forninst you? Oh, murther! what 'ud we ha' done if we wor there at all at all?"

"Why, we 'd have taken the ball at the hop," said Barny, laughing, "accordin' to the owld sayin'."

Another shot was ineffectually fired.

"I 'm thinkin' that 's a Connaughtman that 's shootin'," <sup>1</sup> said Barny, with a sneer. The allusion was so relished by Jemmy and Peter, that it excited a smile in the midst of their fears from the cannonade.

Again the report of the gun was followed by no damage.

"Augh! never heed them!" said Barny, contemptuously. "It's a barkin' dog that never bites, as the owld sayin' says;" and the hooker was soon out of reach of further annoyance.

"Now, what a pity it was, to be sure," said Barny, "that I wouldn't go aboard to plaze them. Now, who 's right? Ah, lave me alone always, Jemmy. Did you ivir know me wrong yet?"

"Oh, you may hillow now that you 're out o' the woods," said Jemmy; "but, accordin' to my idays, it was runnin' a grate risk to be contrary wid them at all, and they shootin' balls afther us."

"Well, what matther?" said Barny, "since they wor only blind gunners, *an' I knew it*; besides, as I said afore, I won't turn out o' my *nor-aist coorse* for no man."

"That's a new turn you tuk lately," said Peter. "What 's the rayson you 're runnin' a *nor-aist coorse* now, an' we never hear'd iv it afore at all, till afther you quitted the big ship?"

"Why, then, are you sitch an ignoramus all out," said Barny, "as not for to know that in navigation you must

<sup>1</sup> This is an allusion of Barny's to a prevalent saying in Ireland, addressed to a sportsman who returns home unsuccessful. "So you've killed what the Connaughtman shot at."

lie an a great many different tacks before you can make the port you steer for?"

"Only I think," said Jemmy, "that it's back intirely we're goin' now, and I can't make out the rights o' that at all."

"Why," said Barny, who saw the necessity of mystifying his companions a little, "you see, the captain towld me that I kum around, an' rekimminded me to go th' other way."

"Faix, it's the first I ever heard o' goin' around by say," said Jemmy.

"Arrah, sure, that's part o' the saycrets o' navigation, and the various branches o' knowledge that is requizit for a navigathor; an' that's what the captain, God bless him, and myself was discoorsin' an' aboard; and, like a rale gentleman as he is, 'Barny,' says he; 'Sir,' says I; 'You're come the round,' says he. 'I know that,' says I, 'bekase I like to keep a good bowld offin',' says I, 'in contrhary places.' 'Spoke like a good sayman,' says he. 'That's my prenciples,' says I. 'They're the right sort,' says he. 'But,' says he, '(no offence), I think you were wrong,' says he, 'to pass the short turn in the ladieshooes,'<sup>1</sup> says he. 'I know,' says I, 'you mane beside the threespike headlan'.' 'That's the spot,' says he, 'I see you know it.' 'As well as I know my father,' says I."

"Why, Barny," said Jemmy, interrupting him, "we seen no headlan' at all."

"Whisht, whisht!" said Barny; "bad cess to you, don't thwart me. We passed it in the night, and you couldn't see it. Well, as I was saying, 'I know it as well as I know my father,' says I, 'but I gev the preferince to go the round,' says I. 'You're a good sayman for that same,' says he, 'an' it would be right at any other time than this present,' says he, 'but it's onpossible now, teetotally, on account o' the war,' says he. 'Tare alive,' says I, 'what war?' 'An' didn't you hear of the war?' says he. 'Divil a word,' says I. 'Why,' says he, 'the naygurs has made war on the king o' Chaynee,' says he, 'bekase he refused them any more tay; an' with that, what did they do,' says he, 'but they put a lumbaago on all the vessels, that sails the round, an' that's the rayson,' says he, 'I carry guns, as you may see; and I'd rekimmind you,' says he, 'to go back, for you're

<sup>1</sup> Some attempt Barny is making at "latitudes."



not able for thim, an' that 's jist the way iv it.' An' now, wasn't it looky that I kem acress him at all, or maybe we might be cotched by the naygurs, and ate up alive?"

"Oh, thin, indeed, and that 's thrue," said Jemmy and Peter; "an' when will we come to the short turn?"

"Oh, niver mind," said Barny; "you 'll see it when we get there;—but wait till I tell you more about the captain and the big ship. He said, you know, that he carried guns afeard o' the naygurs, an' in throth it 's the hoight o' care he takes o' them same guns;—and small blame to him, sure they might be the salvation of him. 'Pon my conscience, they 're taken betther care of than any poor man's child. I heer'd him cautionin' the sailors about thim and given thim ordhers about their clothes."

"Their clothes!" said his two companions at once, in surprise; "is it clothes upon cannons?"

"It 's truth I 'm tellin' you," said Barney. "Bad luck to the lie in it, he was talkin' about their aprons and their breeches."

"Oh, think o' that!" said Jemmy and Peter, in surprise.

"An' 't was all iv a piece," said Barny; "that an' the rest o' the ship all out. She was as nate as a new pin. Throth, I was a'most ashamed to put my fut an the deck, it was so clane, and she painted every color in the rainbow; and all sorts o' curiosities about her; and instead iv a tiller to steer her, like this darlin' craythur iv ours, she goes wid a wheel, like a coach all as one; and there 's the quarest thing you iver seen, to show the way, as the captain gev me to understan', a little round rowly-powly thing in a bowl, that goes waddlin' about as if it didn't know its own way much more nor show anybody theirs. Throth, myself thought that if that 's the way they 're obliged to go, that it 's with a great deal of *fear and thrimblin'* they find it out."

Thus it was that Barny continued most marvelous accounts of the ship and the captain to his companions, and by keeping their attention so engaged prevented their being too inquisitive as to their own immediate concerns, and for two days more Barny and the hooker held on their respective course undeviatingly.

The third day Barny's fears for the continuity of his *nor-aist coorse* were excited, as a large brig hove in sight, and

the nearer she approached, the more directly she came athwart Barny's course.

"May the devil sweep you," said Barny; "and will nothin' else sarve you than comin' forninst me that way? Brig, ahoy, there!" shouted Barny, giving the tiller to one of his messmates, and standing at the bow of his boat. "Brig, ahoy, there!—bad luck to you, go 'long out o' my *nor-aist coorse*." The brig, instead of obeying his mandate, hove to, and lay right ahead of the hooker. "Oh, look at this!" shouted Barny, and he stamped on the deck with rage—"look at the blackguards where they're stayin', just a purpose to ruin an unfort'nate man like me. My heavy hathred to you; *quit* this minit, or I'll run down an yez, and if we go to the bottom, we'll hant you for evermore;—go 'long out o' that, I tell you. The curse o' Crummil an you, you stupid vagabones, that won't go out iv a man's *nor-aist coorse*!"

From cursing Barny went to praying as he came closer. "For the tendher marcy o' heavin, lave my way. May the Lord reward you, and get out o' my *nor-aist coorse*! May angels make your bed in heavin, and don't ruin me this away." The brig was immovable, and Barny gave up in despair, having cursed and prayed himself hoarse, and finished with a duet volley of prayers and curses together, apostrophizing the hard case of a man being "*done out of his nor-aist coorse*."

"Ahoy, there!" shouted a voice from the brig, "put down your helm, or you'll be aboard of us. I say, let go you jib and foresheet;—what are you about, you lubbers?"

'T was true that the brig lay so fair in Barny's course that he would have been aboard, but that instantly the maneuver above alluded to was put in practice on board the hooker, as she swept to destruction towards the heavy hull of the brig, and she luffed up into the wind alongside her. A very pale and somewhat emaciated face appeared at the side, and addressed Barny:

"What brings you here?" was the question.

"Throth, thin, and I think I might betther ax what brings *you* here, right in the way o' my *nor-aist coorse*."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Kinsale; and you didn't come from a better place, I go bail."

"Where are you bound to?"

"To Fingal."

"Fingal—where's Fingal?"

"Why, thin, ain't you ashamed o' yourself an' not to know where Fingal is?"

"It is not in these seas."

"Oh, that's all you know about it," says Barny.

"You're a small craft to be so far at sea. I suppose you have provisions on board?"

"To be sure we have;—throth, if we hadn't, this id be a bad place to go a beggin'."

"What have you eatable?"

"The finest o' scalpeens."

"What are scalpeens?"

"Why, you're mighty ignorant, intirely," said Barny; "why, scalpeens is pickled mackerel."

"Then you must give us some, for we have been out of everything eatable these three days; and even pickled fish is better than nothing."

It chanced that the brig was a West India trader, which unfavorable winds had delayed much beyond the expected period of time on her voyage, and though her water had not failed, everything eatable had been consumed, and the crew reduced almost to helplessness. In such a strait the arrival of Barny O'Reirdon and his scalpeens was a most providential succor to them, and a lucky chance for Barny, for he got in exchange for his pickled fish a handsome return of rum and sugar, much more than equivalent to their value. Barny lamented much, however, that the brig was not bound for Ireland, that he might practice his own peculiar system of navigation; but as staying with the brig could do no good, he got himself put into his *nor-aist coorse* once more, and plowed away towards home.

The disposal of his cargo was a great godsend to Barny in more ways than one. In the first place, he found the most profitable market he could have had; and, secondly, it enabled him to cover his retreat from the difficulty which still was before him of not getting to Fingal after all his dangers, and consequently being open to discovery and disgrace. All these beneficial results were not thrown away

upon one of Barny's readiness to avail himself of every point in his favor; and, accordingly, when they left the brig, Barny said to his companions: "Why, thin, boys, 'pon my conscience, but I'm as proud as a horse wid a wooden leg this minit, that we met them poor unfort'nate craythurs this blessed day, and was enabled to extind our charity to them. Sure, an' it's lost they'd be only for our comin' across them, and we, through the blessin' o' God, enabled to do an act of marcy, that is, feedin' the hungry;—and sure every good work we do here is before uz in heavin', and that's a comfort, anyhow. To be sure, now that the scalpeens is sowld, there's no use in goin' to Fingal, and we may jist as well go home."

"Faix, I'm sorry myself," said Jemmy, "for Terry O'Sullivan said it was an iligant place intirely, an' I wanted to see it."

"To the divil with Terry O'Sullivan," said Barny; "how does he know what's an iligant place? What knowledge has he of iligance? I'll go bail, he never was half as far a navigatin' as we;—he wint the short cut, I go bail, and never daar'd for to vinture the round, as I did."

"Bedad we wor a great dale longer, anyhow, than he towld me he was."

"To be sure we wor," said Barny; "he wint skulkin' by the short cut, I tell you; and was afeard to keep a bowld offin' like me. But come, boys, let uz take a dhrop o' that bottle o' sper'ts we got out o' the brig. Begor it's well ye got some bottles iv it; for I wouldn't much like to meddle wid that darlint little kag iv it antil we get home." The rum was put on its trial by Barny and his companions, and in their critical judgment was pronounced quite as good as the captain of the ship had bestowed upon them, but that neither of those specimens of spirit was to be compared to whisky. "Bedad," says Barny, "they may rack their brains a long time before they'll make out a purtier invintion than *potteen*;—that rum may do very well for thim that has the misforthin' not to know betther; but the whisky is a more nath'ral sper't, accordin' to my idays." In this, as in most other of Barny's opinions, Peter and Jemmy coincided.

Nothing particular occurred for the two succeeding days, during which time Barny most religiously pursued his *nor-*



*aist coorse*; but the third day produced a new and important event. A sail was discovered in the horizon, and in the direction Barny was steering, and a couple of hours made him tolerable certain that the vessel in sight was an American; for though it is needless to say that he was not very conversant in such matters, yet from the frequency of his seeing Americans trading to Ireland, his eye had become sufficiently accustomed to their lofty and tapering spars, and peculiar smartness of rig, to satisfy him that the ship before him was of transatlantic build; nor was he wrong in his conjecture.

Barny now determined on a maneuver, classing him amongst the first tacticians at securing a good retreat.

Moreau's highest fame rests upon his celebrated retrograde movement through the Black Forest.

Xenophon's greatest glory is derived from the deliverance of his ten thousand Greeks from impending ruin by his renowned retreat.

Let the ancient and the modern hero "repose under the shadow of their laurels," as the French have it, while Barny O'Reirdon's historian, with a pardonable jealousy for the honor of his country, cuts down a goodly bough of the classic tree, beneath which our Hibernian hero may enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*."

Barny calculated the American was bound for Ireland; and as she lay *almost* as directly in the way of his *nor-aist coorse* as the West Indian brig, he bore up to and spoke to her.

He was answered by a shrewd Yankee captain.

"Faix, an' it's glad I am to see your honor again," said Barny.

The Yankee had never been to Ireland, and told Barny so.

"Oh, throth, I couldn't forget a gintleman so easy as that," said Barny.

"You're pretty considerably mistaken now, I guess," said the American.

"Divil a taste," said Barny, with inimitable composure and pertinacity.

"Well, if you know me so tarnation well, tell me what's my name?" The Yankee flattered himself he had nailed Barny now,

"Your name, is it?" said Barny, gaining time by repeating the question, "why, what a fool you are not to know your own name."

The oddity of the answer posed the American, and Barny took advantage of the diversion in his favor, and changed the conversation.

"Bedad, I've been waitin' here these four or five days, expectin' some of you would be wantin' me."

"Some of us! How do you mean?"

"Sure an' aren't you from Amerikay?"

"Yes;—and what then?"

"Well, I say I was waitin' for some ship or other from Amerikay, that ud be wantin' me. It's to Ireland you're goin' I daresay."

"Yes."

"Well, I suppose you'll be wantin' a pilot?" said Barny.

"Yes, when we get in shore, but not yet."

"Oh, I don't want to hurry you," said Barny.

"What port are you a pilot of?"

"Why, indeed, as for the matther o' that," said Barny, "they're all aigual to me a'most."

"All?" said the American. "Why, I calculate you couldn't pilot a ship into all the ports of Ireland."

"Not all at wanst (once)," said Barny, with a laugh, in which the American could not help joining.

"Well, I say, what ports do you know best?"

"Why, thin, indeed," said Barny, "it would be hard for me to tell; but wherever you want to go, I'm the man that'll do the job for you complate. Where's your honor goin'?"

"I won't tell you that;—but do you tell me what ports you know best?"

"Why, there's Watherford, and there's Youghal, an' Fingal."

"Fingal! Where's that?"

"So you don't know where Fingal is. Oh, I see you're a sthranger, sir;—an' then there's Cork."

"You know Cove, then?"

"Is it the Cove of Cork, why?"

"Yes."

"I was bred an' born there, an' pilots as many ships into Cove as any other two min *out* o' it."

Barny thus sheltered his falsehood under the idiom of his language.

"But what brought you so far out to sea?" asked the captain.

"We wor lyin' out lookin' for ships that wanted pilots, and there kem an the terriblest gale o' wind off the land, an' blew us to say out intirely, an' that 's the way iv it, your honor."

"I calculate we got a share of the same gale; 't was from the nor'east."

"Oh, directly!" said Barny, "faith, you 're right enough, 't was the *nor-aist coorse* we wor an, sure enough; but no matther, now that we 've met wid you;—sure we 'll have a job home, anyhow."

"Well, get aboard, then," said the American.

"I will in a minit, your honor, whin I jist spake a word to my comrades here."

"Why, sure it 's not goin' to turn pilot you are?" said Jemmy, in his simplicity of heart.

"Whisht, you omadhaun!" said Barney, "or I 'll cut the tongue out o' you. Now, mind me, Pether. You don't undherstan' navigashin and the various branches o' knowledge, an' so all you have to do is to folly the ship when I get into her, an' I 'll show you the way home."

Barny then got aboard the American vessel, and begged of the captain, that as he had been out at sea so long, and had gone through a "power o' hardship intirely," that he would be permitted to go below and turn in to take a sleep; "for, in throth, it 's myself and sleep that is sthrayngers for some time," said Barny, "an' if your honor 'll be plazed, I 'll be thankful if you won't let them disturb me antil I 'm wanted, for sure till you see the land there 's no use for me in life; an', throth, I want a sleep sorely."

Barny's request was granted, and it will not be wondered at that, after so much fatigue of mind and body, he slept profoundly for four-and-twenty hours. He then was called, for land was in sight, and when he came on deck the captain rallied him upon the potency of his somniferous qualities, and "calculated" he had never met any one who could sleep "four-and-twenty hours on a stretch before."

"Oh, sir," said Barny, rubbing his eyes, which were

still a little hazy, "whiniver *I* go to sleep *I* pay attintion to it."

The land was soon neared, and Barny put in charge of the ship, when he ascertained the first landmark he was acquainted with; but as soon as the Head of Kinsale hove in sight, Barny gave a "whoo," and cut a caper that astonished the Yankees, and was quite inexplicable to them, though I flatter myself it is not to those who do Barny the favor of reading his adventures.

"Oh! there you are, my darlint owld head!—an' where's the head like you? Throth, it's little I thought I'd ever set eyes an your good-looking faytures agin. But God's good!"

In such half-muttered exclamations did Barny apostrophize each well-known point of his native shore, and when opposite the harbor of Kinsale he spoke the hooker, that was somewhat astern, and ordered Jemmy and Peter to put in there, and tell Molly immediately that he was come back, and would be with her as soon as he could, after piloting the ship into Cove. "But, an your apperl, don't tell Pether Kelly o' the big farm; nor, indeed, don't mintion to man nor mortial about the navigashin we done antil I come home myself and make them sensible of it, bekase, Jemmy and Pether, neither o' yiz is aqual to it, and doesn't undherstan' the branches o' knowledge requizit for discoorsin' o' navigashin."

The hooker put into Kinsale, and Barny sailed the ship into Cove. It was the first ship he had acted the pilot for, and his old luck attended him; no accident befell his charge, and, what was still more extraordinary, he made the American believe he was absolutely the most skillful pilot on the station. So Barny pocketed his pilot's fee, swore the Yankee was a gentleman, for which the republican did not thank him, wished him good-bye, and then pushed his way home with what Barny swore was the easiest made money he ever had in his life. So Barny got himself paid for *piloting* the ship that *showed him the way home*.

All the fishermen in the world may throw their caps at this feat—none but an Irishman, I fearlessly assert, could have executed so splendid a *coup de finesse*.

And now, sweet readers (the ladies I mean), did you ever think Barny would get home? I would give a hundred



of pens to hear all the guesses that have been made as to the probable termination of Barny's adventure. They would furnish good material, I doubt not, for another voyage. But Barny did make other voyages, I can assure you, and perhaps he may appear in his character of navigator once more, if his daring exploits be not held valueless by an ungrateful world, as in the case of his great predecessor, Columbus.

As some *curious* persons (I *don't* mean the ladies) may wish to know what became of some of the characters who have figured in this tale, I beg to inform them that Molly continued a faithful wife and timekeeper, as already alluded to, for many years. That Peter Kelly was so pleased with his share in the profits arising from the trip, in the ample return of rum and sugar, that he freighted a large brig with scalpeens to the West Indies, and went supercargo himself.

All he got in return was the yellow fever.

Barny profited better by his share: he was enabled to open a public-house, which had more custom than any ten within miles of it. Molly managed the bar very efficiently, and Barny "discoarsed" the customers most seductively; in short, Barny, at all times given to the *marvelous*, became a greater romancer than ever, and for years attracted even the gentlemen of the neighborhood who loved fun to his house, for the sake of his magnanimous mendacity.

As for the hitherto triumphant Terry O'Sullivan, from the moment Barny's *Bingal* adventure became known, he was obliged to fly the country, and was never heard of more, while the hero of the hooker became a greater man than before, and never was addressed by any other title afterwards than that of The Commodore.

## KING O'TOOLE AND SAINT KEVIN.

## A LEGEND OF GLENDALOUGH.

"By that lake, whose gloomy shore  
 Skylark never warbles o'er,  
 Where the cliff hangs high and steep,  
 Young Saint Kevin stole to sleep."

—MOORE.

Who has not read of Saint Kevin, celebrated as he has been by Moore in the melodies of his native land, with whose wild and impassioned music he has so intimately entwined his name? Through him, in the beautiful ballad whence the epigraph of this story is quoted, the world already knows that the skylark, through the intervention of the saint, never startles the morning with its joyous note in the lonely valley of Glendalough. In the same ballad, the unhappy passion which the saint inspired, and the "unholy blue" eyes of Kathleen, and the melancholy fate of the heroine by the saint's being "unused to the melting mood," are also celebrated; as well as the superstitious *finale* of the legend, in the spectral appearance of the love-lorn maiden:—

"And her ghost was seen to glide  
 Gently o'er the fatal tide."

Thus has Moore given, within the limits of a ballad, the spirit of two legends of Glendalough, which otherwise the reader might have been put to the trouble of reaching after a more roundabout fashion. But luckily for those coming after him, one legend he has left to be

"—touched by a hand more unworthy"—

and instead of a lyrical essence, the raw material in prose is offered, nearly *verbatim*, as it was furnished to me by that celebrated guide and bore Joe Irwin, who traces his descent in a direct line from the old Irish kings, and warns the public in general that "there's a power of them spalpeens sthravaigin' about, sthrivin' to put their *comether* upon the quol'ty (quality),<sup>1</sup> and callin' themselves Irwin (knowin', the thieves o' the world, how his name had gone far and near, as the rale guide), for to deceave dacent people; but never to b'lieve the likes—for it was only mul-

<sup>1</sup> The Irish peasantry very generally call the higher orders "quality."

vatherin' people they wor." For my part, I promised never to put faith in any but himself; and the old rogue's self-love being satisfied, we set out to explore the wonders of Glendalough.

On arriving at a small ruin, situated on the south-eastern side of the lake, my guide assumed an air of importance, and led me into the ivy-covered remains, through a small square doorway, whose simple structure gave evidence of its early date; a lintel of stone lay across two upright supporters, after the fashion of such remains in Ireland.

"This, sir," said my guide, putting himself in an attitude, "is the chapel of King O'Toole:—av coorse y'iv often heerd o' King O'Toole—your honor?"

"Never," said I.

"Musha, thin, do you tell me so?" said he; "by gor I thought all the world, far and near, heerd o' King O'Toole—well! well! but the darkness of mankind is ontellible. Well, sir, you must know, as you didn't hear it afore, that there was wanst a king, called King O'Toole, who was a fine ould king in the ould ancient times, long ago; and it was him that owned the churches in the airly days."

"Surely," said I, "the churches were not in King O'Toole's time?"

"Oh, by no manes, your honor—throth, it's yourself that's right enough there; but you know the place is called 'The Churches,' bekase they wor built *afther* by Saint Kavin, and wint by the name o' the Churches iver more; and, therefore, av coorse, the place bein' so called, I say that the king owned the Churches—and why not, sir, seein' 't was his birthright, time out o' mind, beyant the flood? Well, the king, you see, was the right sort—he was the *rale* boy, and loved sport as he loved his life, and huntin' in partic'lar; and from the risin' o' the sun, up he got, and away he wint over the mountains beyant afther the deer: and the fine times them wor; for the deer was as plinty thin, aye throth, far plintyer than the sheep is now; and that's the way it was with the king from the crow o' the cock to the song o' the redbreast.

"In this counthry, sir," added he, speaking parenthetically in an undertone, "we think it onlooky to kill the redbreast, for the robin's God's own bird."

Then, elevating his voice to its former pitch, he proceeded:—

“Well, it was all mighty good, as long as the king had his health; but, you see, in coorse o’ time, the king grewould, by raison he was stiff in his limbs, and when he got sthriken in years, his heart failed him, and he was lost intirely for want o’ divarshin, bekase he couldn’t go a huntin’ no longer; and, by dad, the poor king was obleeged at last to get a goose to divart him.”

Here an involuntary smile was produced by this regal mode of recreation, “the royal game of goose.”

“Oh, you may laugh, if you like,” said he, half affronted, “but it’s thruth I’m tellin’ you; and the way the goose divarted him was this-a-way: you see, the goose used for to swim acrass the lake, and go down divin’ for throut (and not finer throut in all Ireland, than the same throut), and cotch fish on a Friday for the king, and flew every other day round about the lake divartin’ the poor king, that you’d think he’d break his sides laughin’ at the frolicksome tricks av his goose, so, in coorse o’ time, the goose was the greatest pet in the counthry, and the biggest rogue, and divarted the king to no end, and the poor king was as happy as the day was long. So that’s the way it was; and all went on mighty well, antil, by dad, the goose got sthriken in years, as well as the king, and grew stiff in the limbs like her masther, and couldn’t divart him no longer; and then it was that the poor king was lost complate, and didn’t know what in the wide world to do, seein’ he was gone out of all divarshin, by raison that the goose was no more in the flower of her blume.

“Well, the king was nigh hand broken-hearted, and melancholy intirely, and was walkin’ one mornin’ by the edge of the lake, lamentin’ his cruel fate, an thinkin’ o’ drownin’ himself, that could get no divarshin in life, when all of a suddint, turnin’ round the corner beyant, who should he meet but a mighty dacent young man comin’ up to him.

“‘God save you,’ says the king (for the king was a civil-spoken gentleman, by all accounts), ‘God save you,’ says he to the young man.

“‘God save you kindly,’ says the young man to him back again; ‘God save you,’ says he, ‘King O’Toole.’

“‘Thrue for you,’ says the king, ‘I am King O’Toole,’



says he, 'prince and plennypennytinchery o' these parts,' says he; 'but how kem ye to know that?' says he.

"'Oh, never mind,' says Saint Kevin.

"For you see," said old Joe, in his under-tone again, and looking very knowingly, "it *was* Saint Kevin, sure enough—the saint himself in disguise, and nobody else. 'Oh, never mind,' says he, 'I know more than that,' says he, 'nor twice that.'

"'And who are you?' said the king, 'that makes so bowld—who are you, at all at all?'

"'Oh, never you mind,' says Saint Kevin, 'who I am; you 'll know more o' me before we part, King O'Toole,' says he.

"'I'll be proud o' the knowledge o' your acquaintance, sir,' says the king, mighty p'lite.

"'Throth, you may say that,' says Saint Kevin. 'And now, may I make bowld to ax, how is your goose, King O'Toole?' says he.

"'Blur-an-agers, how kem you to know about my goose?' says the king.

"'Oh, no matther; I was given to understand it,' says Saint Kevin.

"'Oh, that's a folly to talk,' says the king; 'bekase myself and my goose is private frinds,' says he, 'and no one could tell you,' says he, 'barrin' the fairies.'

"'Oh thin, it wasn't the fairies,' says Saint Kevin; 'for I'd have you to know,' says he, 'that I don't keep the likes o' sitch company.'

"'You might do worse then, my gay fellow,' says the king; 'for it's *they* could show you a crock o' money as aisy as kiss hand; and that's not to be sneezed at,' says the king, 'by a poor man,' says he.

"'Maybe I've a betther way of making money myself,' says the saint.

"'By gor,' says the king, 'barrin' you're a coiner,' says he, 'that's impossible!'

"'I'd scorn to be the like, my lord!' says Saint Kevin, mighty high; 'I'd scorn to be the like,' says he.

"'Then, what are you?' says the king, 'that makes money so aisy, by your own account?'

"'I'm an honest man,' says Saint Kevin.

“ ‘Well, honest man,’ says the king, ‘and how is it you make your money so aisy?’ ”

“ ‘By makin’ ould things as good as new,’ says Saint Kevin. ”

“ ‘Is it a tinker you are?’ says the king. ”

“ ‘No,’ says the saint; ‘I’m no tinker by thrade, King O’Toole; I’ve a betther thrade than a tinker,’ says he;— ‘what would you say,’ says he, ‘if I made your ould goose as good as new?’ ”

“ ‘My dear, at the word o’ making his goose as good as new, you’d think the poor ould king’s eyes was ready to jump out iv his head; ‘and,’ says he,—‘throth thin I’d give you more money nor you could count,’ says he, ‘if you did the like; and I’d be behoulden to you into the bargain.’ ”

“ ‘I scorn your dirty money,’ says Saint Kevin. ”

“ ‘Faith, then, I’m thinkin’ a thrifle o’ change would do you no harm,’ says the king, lookin’ up sly at the old *caubeen* that Saint Kevin had on him. ”

“ ‘I have a vow agin it,’ says the saint; ‘and I am book-sworn,’ says he, ‘never to have goold, silver, or brass in my company.’ ”

“ ‘Barrin’ the thrifle you can’t help,’ says the king, mighty ’cute, and looking him straight in the face. ”

“ ‘You just hot it,’ says Saint Kevin; ‘but though I can’t take money,’ says he, ‘I could take a few acres o’ land, if you’d give them to me.’ ”

“ ‘With all the veins o’ my heart,’ says the king, ‘if you can do what you say.’ ”

“ ‘Thry me!’ says Saint Kevin. ‘Call down your goose here,’ says he, ‘and I’ll see what I can do for her.’ ”

“ ‘With that, the king whistled, and down kem the poor goose, all as one as a hound, waddlin’ up to the poor ould cripple, her masther, and as like him as two *pays*. The minute the saint clapt his eyes an the goose, ‘I’ll do the job for you,’ says he, ‘King O’Toole!’ ”

“ ‘By *Jaminee*,’ says King O’Toole, ‘if you do, bud I’ll say you’re the cleverest fellow in the sivin parishes.’ ”

“ ‘Oh, by dad,’ says Saint Kevin, ‘you must say more nor that—my horn’s not so soft all out,’ says he, ‘as to repair your ould goose for nothin’; what’ll you gi’ me, if I do the job for you?—that’s the chat,’ says Saint Kevin. ”

“ ‘I’ll give you whatever you ax,’ says the king; ‘isn’t that fair?’ ”

“ ‘Divil a fairer,’ says the saint; ‘that’s the way to do business. Now,’ says he, ‘this is the bargain I’ll make with you, King O’Toole: will you gi’ me all the ground the goose flies over, the first offer,<sup>1</sup> afther I make her as good as new?’ ”

“ ‘I will,’ says the king.

“ ‘You won’t go back o’ your word?’ says Saint Kevin.

“ ‘Honor bright!’ says King O’Toole, howldin’ out his fist.”

Here old Joe, after applying his hand to his mouth, and making a sharp, blowing sound (something like “*thp*”), extended it to illustrate the action.<sup>2</sup>

“ ‘Honor bright,’ says Saint Kevin, back agin; ‘it’s a bargain,’ says he. ‘Come here!’ says he to the poor ould goose—‘come here, you unfort’nate ould cripple,’ says he, ‘and it’s *I* that’ll make you the sportin’ bird.’ ”

“ With that, my dear, he tuk up the goose by the two wings. ‘Criss o’ my crass an you,’ says he, markin’ her to grace with the blessed sign at the same minute—and throwin’ her up in the air; ‘whew!’ says he, jist givin’ her a blast to help her; and with that, my jewel, she tuk to her heels, flyin’ like one o’ the aigles themselves, and cuttin’ as many capers as a swallow before a shower of rain. Away she wint down there, right forninst you, along the side o’ the clift, and flew over Saint Kevin’s bed (that is, where Saint Kevin’s bed is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison it wasn’t made, but was contrived afther by Saint Kevin himself, that the women might lave him alone), and on with her undher Lugduff, and round the ind av the lake there, far beyant where you see the watherfall (though indeed it’s no watherfall at all now, but only a poor dhribble iv a thing; but if you seen it in the winther, it id do your heart good, and it roarin’ like mad, and as white as

<sup>1</sup> *Offer*, effort or attempt.

<sup>2</sup> This royal mode of concluding a bargain has descended in its original purity from the days of King O’Toole to the present time, and is constantly practiced by the Irish peasantry. We believe something of *luck* is attributed to this same sharp blowing we have noticed, and which, for the sake of “ears polite,” we have not ventured to call by its right name; for, to speak truly, a slight escapement of saliva takes place at the time. It is thus *hansel* is given and received; and many are the virtues attributed by the lower order of the Irish to “fasting spittle.”—*Author*.

the dhriven snow, and rowlin' down the big rocks before it, all as one as childher playin' marbles)—and on with her thin right over the lead mines o' Luganure (that is, where the lead mines is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they worn't discovered, *but was all goold in Saint Kavin's time*).

Well, over the ind o' Luganure she flew, stout and studdy, and round the other ind av the *little* lake, by the Churches (that is, *av coorse*, where the Churches is *now*, but was not *thin*, by raison they wor not built, but aftherwards by Saint Kavin), and over the big hill here over your head, where you see the big clift—(and that clift in the mountain was made by *Fionn Ma Cool*, where he cut it acrass with a big swoord, that he got made a purpose by a blacksmith out o' Rathdrum, a cousin av his own, for to fight a joyant [giant] that darr'ed him at the Kurragh o' Kildare; and he thried the swoord first an the mountain, and cut it down into a gap, as is plain to this day; and faith, sure enough, it's the same sauce he sarv'd the joyant, soon and suddent, and chopped him in two like a pratie, for the glory of his sowl and ould Ireland)—well, down she flew, over the clift, and fluttherin' over the wood there at Poulanass (where I showed you the purty watherfall—and by the same token, last Thursday was a twelvemonth sence a young lady, Miss Rafferty by name, fell into the same watherfall, and was nigh hand drown'd—and indeed would be to this day, but for a young man that jumped in afther her; indeed a smart slip iv a young man he was—he was out o' Francis-street, I hear, and coorted her sence, and they wor married, I'm given to undherstand—and indeed a purty couple they wor). Well—as I said—afther fluttherin' over the wood a little bit, to *plaze* herself, the goose flew down, and lit at the fut o' the king, as fresh as a daisy, afther flying roun' his dominions, just as if she hadn't flew three perch.

“Well, my dear, it was a beautiful sight to see the king standin' with his mouth open, lookin' at his poor ould goose flyin' as light as a lark, and betther nor ever she was: and when she lit at his fut, he patted her an the head, and ‘*ma vourneen*,’ says he, ‘but you are the *darlint* o' the world.’

“‘And what do you say to me,’ says Saint Kavin, ‘for makin' her the like?’



“ ‘By gor,’ says the king, ‘I say nothin’ bates the art o’ man, barrin’ the bees.’

“ ‘And do you say no more nor that?’ says Saint Kevin.

“ ‘And that I’m behoulden to you,’ says the king.

“ ‘But will you gi’e me all the ground the goose flew over?’ says Saint Kevin.

“ ‘I will,’ says King O’Toole, ‘and you’re welkim to it,’ says he, ‘though it’s the last acre I have to give.’

“ ‘But you’ll keep your word thrue?’ says the saint.

“ ‘As thrue as the sun,’ says the king.

“ ‘It’s well for you,’ says Saint Kevin, mighty sharp— ‘it’s well for you, King O’Toole, that you said that word,’ says he; ‘for if you didn’t say that word, *the devil receave* the bit o’ your goose id ever fly agin,’ says Saint Kevin.

“ ‘Oh, you needn’t laugh,” said old Joe, half offended at detecting the trace of a suppressed smile; “you needn’t laugh, for it’s thruth I’m telling you.

“ ‘Well, whin the king was as good as his word, Saint Kevin was *plazed* with him, and thin it was that he made himself known to the king. ‘And,’ says he, ‘King O’Toole, you’re a dacent man,’ says he, ‘for I only kem here to *thry* you. You don’t know me,’ says he; ‘bekase I’m disguised.’

“ ‘Throth, then, you’re right enough,’ says the king. ‘I didn’t perceave it,’ says he; ‘for indeed I never seen the sign o’ sper’ts an you.’

“ ‘Oh! that’s not what I mane,’ says Saint Kevin; ‘I mane I’m deceavin’ you all out, and that I’m not myself at all.’

“ ‘Musha! thin,’ says the king, ‘if you’re not yourself, who are you?’

“ ‘I’m Saint Kevin,’ said the saint, blessin’ himself.

“ ‘Oh, queen iv heaven!’ says the king, makin’ the sign o’ the crass betune his eyes and fallin’ down on his knees before the saint. ‘Is it the great Saint Kevin,’ says he, ‘that I’ve been discoorsin’ all this time without knowin’ it,’ says he, ‘all as one as if he was a lump iv a *gossoon*?— and so you’re a saint?’ says the king.

“ ‘I am,’ says Saint Kevin.

“ ‘By gor, I thought I was only talking to a dacent boy,’ says the king.

“ ‘Well, you know the differ now,’ says the saint. ‘I’m Saint Kevin,’ says he, ‘the greatest of all the saints.’ ”

“For Saint Kevin, you must know, sir,” added Joe, treating me to another parenthesis, “Saint Kevin is counted the greatest of all the saints, bekase he went to school with the prophet Jeremiah.

“Well, my dear, that’s the way that the place kem, all at wanst, into the hands of Saint Kevin; for the goose flew round every individyial acre o’ King O’Toole’s property, you see, *bein’ let into the saycret* by Saint Kevin, who was mighty ‘cute; and so, when he *done* the ould king out iv his property for the glory of God, he was *plazed* with him, and he and the king was the best o’ frinds iver more afther (for the poor ould king was *doatin’*, you see) and the king had his goose as good as new, to divart him as long as he lived; and the saint supported him afther he kem into his property, as I tould you, until the day iv his death—and that was soon afther; for the poor goose thought he was ketchin’ a throut one Friday; but, my jewel, it was a mistake he made—and instead of a throut, it was a thievin’ horse-eel;<sup>1</sup> and, by gor, instead iv the goose killin’ a throut for the king’s supper, by dod, the eel killed the king’s goose—and small blame to him; but he didn’t ate her, bekase he darn’t ate what Saint Kevin laid his blessed hands on.

“Howsumdever, the king never recovered the loss iv his goose, though he had her stuffed (I don’t mane stuffed with pratees and inyans, but as a curiosity), and presarved in a glass case for his own divarshin; and the poor king died on the next Michaelmas-day, which was remarkable. —*Throth, it’s thruth I’m tellin’ you*;—and when he was gone, Saint Kevin gev him an illigant wake and a beautiful berrin’; and more betoken, he said *mass for his sowl and tuk care av his goose*.”

<sup>1</sup> *Horse-eel*, eels of uncommon size, are said to exist in the upper lake of Glendalough: the guides invariably tell marvelous stories of them; they describe them of forbidding aspect, with a mane as large as a horse’s. One of these “slippery rogues” is said to have amused himself by entering a pasture on the borders of the lake, and eating a cow—maybe it was a bull.—*Author*.

## PADDY THE PIPER.

“*Dogberry*.—Marry, sir, they have committed false reports, moreover they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixthly and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.” —*Much Ado About Nothing*.

The only introduction I shall attempt to the following “*extravaganza*” is to request the reader to suppose it to be delivered by a frolicking Irish peasant, in the richest brogue and most dramatic manner.

“I tell you, sir, a mighty quare story, and it’s as thrue as I’m standin’ here, and that’s no lie:—

“It was in the time of the *ruction*,<sup>1</sup> whin the long summer days, like many a fine fellow’s precious life, was cut short by raison of the martial law—that wouldn’t let a dacent boy be out in the evenin’, good or bad; for whin the day’s work was over, divil a one of uz dar go to meet a friend over a glass, or a girl at the dance, but must go home, and shut ourselves up, and never budge, nor rise latch, nor dhraw boult, antil the morning kem agin.

“Well, to come to my story:—’T was afther nightfall, and we wor sittin’ round the fire, and the praties wor bilin’, and the noggins of butthermilk was standin’ ready for our suppers, whin a knock kem to the door.

“‘Whisht!’ says my father, ‘here’s the sojers come upon us now,’ says he; ‘bad luck to thim, the villains, I’m afear’d they seen a glimmer of the fire through the crack in the door,’ says he.

“‘No,’ says my mother, ‘for I’m afther hangin’ an ould sack and my new petticoat agin it, a while ago.’

“‘Well, whisht, anyhow,’ says my father, ‘for there’s a knock agin;’ and we all held our tongues till another thump kem to the door.

“‘Oh, it’s a folly to purtind any more,’ says my father—‘they’re too cute to be put off that-a-way,’ says he. ‘Go, Shamus,’ says he to me, ‘and see who’s in it.’

“‘How can I see who’s in it in the dark?’ says I.

“‘Well,’ says he, ‘light the candle thin, and see who’s in it, but don’t open the door, for your life, barrin’ they brake it in,’ says he, ‘exceptin’ to the sojers, and spake thim fair, if it’s thim.’

<sup>1</sup> *Ruction*, insurrection.

"So with that I wint to the door, and there was another knock.

"'Who 's there?' says I.

"'It 's me,' says he.

"'Who are you?' says I.

"'A friend,' says he.

"'Baithershin,' says I,—'who are you at all?'

"'Arrah! don't you know me?' says he.

"'Divil a taste,' says I.

"'Sure I 'm Paddy the Piper,' says he.

"'Oh thunder an' turf,' says I, 'is it you, Paddy, that 's in it?'

"'Sorra one else,' says he.

"'And what brought you at this hour?' says I.

"'By gar,' says he, 'I didn't like goin' the roun' by the road,' says he, 'and so I kem the short cut, and that 's what delayed me,' says he.

"'Oh, murther!' says I—'Paddy, I wouldn't be in your shoes for the king's ransom,' says I; 'for you know yourself it 's a hangin' matther to be cotched out these times,' says I.

"'Sure I know that,' says he, 'and that 's what I kem to you for,' says he; 'so let me in for ould acquaintance's sake,' says poor Paddy.

"'Oh, by this and that,' says I, 'I darn't open the door for the wide world; and sure you know it; and throth, if the Hussians or the Yeos<sup>1</sup> ketches you,' says I, 'they 'll murther you, as sure as your name 's Paddy.'

"'Many thanks to you,' says he, 'for your good intin-tions; but plaze the pigs, I hope it 's not the likes o' that is in store for me, anyhow.'

"'Faix then,' says I, 'you had betther lose no time in hidin' yourself,' says I; 'for, throth I tell you, it 's a short thrial and a long rope the Hussians would be afther givin' you—for they 've no justice, and less marcy, the villians!'

"'Faith, thin, more 's the raison you should let me in, Shamus,' says poor Paddy.

"'It 's a folly to talk,' says I, 'I darn't open the door.'

"'Oh, then, millia murther!' says Paddy, 'what 'll become of me at all at all?' says he.

"'Go aff into the shed,' says I, 'behin' the house, where the cow is, and there there 's an iligant lock o' straw, that

<sup>1</sup> Yeos, yeomen.



you may go sleep in,' says I, 'and a fine bed it id be for a lord, let alone a piper.'

"So aff Paddy set to hide in the shed, and throth it wint to our hearts to refuse him, and turn him away from the door, more by token when the praties was ready—for sure the bit and the sup is always welkim to the poor thraveler. Well, we all wint to bed, and Paddy hid himself in the cow-house; and now I must tell you how it was with Paddy:—

"You see, afther sleeping for some time, Paddy wakened up, thinkin' it was mornin', but it wasn't mornin' at all, but only the light o' the moon that desaved him; but at all evints, he wanted to be stirrin' airly, bekase he was goin' aff to the town hard by, it bein' fair day, to pick up a few ha'pence with his pipes—for the divil a betther piper was in all the counthry round, nor Paddy; and every one gave it up to Paddy that he was iligant an the pipes, and played 'Jinny banged the Weaver' beyant tellin', and the 'Hare in the Corn,' that you 'd think the very dogs was in it, and the horsemen ridin' like mad.

"Well, as I was sayin', he set off to go to the fair, and he wint meandherin' along through the fields, but he didn't go far antil, climbin' up through a hedge, when he was comin' out at t' other side his head kem plump agin somethin' that made the fire flash out iv his eyes. So with that he looks up—and what do you think it was, Lord be marciful to uz, but a corpse hangin' out of a branch of a three.

"'Oh, the top o' the mornin' to you, sir,' says Paddy, 'and is that the way with you, my poor fellow? throth you tuk a start out o' me,' says poor Paddy; and 't was throe for him, for it would make the heart of a stouter man nor Paddy jump to see the like, and to think of a Chrishtan crathur being hanged up, all as one as a dog.

"Now, 't was the rebels that hanged this chap—bekase ye see the corpse had good clothes an him, and that's the raison that one might know it was the rebels—by raison that the Hussians and the Orangemen never hanged anybody wid *good* clothes an him, but only the poor and definceless crathurs, like uz; so as I said before, Paddy knew well it was the *boys* that done it; 'and,' says Paddy, eyein' the corpse, 'by my sowl, thin, but you have a beautiful pair o' boots an you,' says he, 'and it's what I'm thinkin' you

won't have any great use for thim no more; and sure it's a shame for the likes o' me,' says he, 'the best piper in the sivin counties, to be trampin' wid a pair of ould brogues not worth three *thraneens*, and a corpse with such an iligant pair o' boots, that wants some one to wear thim.'

"So with that, Paddy lay houl't of him by the boots, and began a pullin' at thim, but they wor mighty stiff; and whether it was by raison of their bein' so tight, or the branch of the three a jiggin' up an down, all as one as a weighdee buckettee, an' not lettin' Paddy cotch any right houl't o' thim—he could get no *advantage* o' thim at all—and at last he giv it up, and was goin' away, whin lookin' behind him agin, the sight of the iligant fine boots was too much for him, and he turned back, detarmined to have the boots anyhow, by fair means or foul; and I'm loath to tell you now how he got thim—for indeed it was a dirty turn, and throth it was the only dirty turn I ever knew Paddy to be guilty av; and you see it was this a-way; 'pon my sowl, he pulled out a big knife, and by the same token it was a knife with a fine buck-handle, and murtherin' big blade, that an uncle o' mine, that was a gardener at the lord's, made Paddy a prisint av; and, more by token, it was not the first mischief that knife done, for it cut love between thim, that was the best of frinds before; and sure 't was the wondher of every one, that two knowledgeable men, that ought to know betther, would do the likes, and give and take sharp steel in frindship; but I'm forgettin'—well, he outs with his knife, and what does he do, but he cuts aff the legs of the corpse; 'and,' says he, 'I can take aff the boots at my convaynience;' and throth it was, as I said before, a dirty turn.

"Well, sir, he tucked the legs undher his arms, and at that minit the moon peeped out from behind a cloud—'Oh! is it there you are?' says he to the moon, for he was an impident chap—and thin, seein' that he made a mistake, and that the moonlight deceived him, and that it wasn't the early dawn, as he conceived; and bein' freken'd for fear himself might be cotched and thrated like the poor corpse he was afther a malthreating, if *he* was found walking the counthry at that time—by gar, he turned about, and walked back agin to the cow-house, and hidin' the corpse's legs in the sthraw, Paddy wint to sleep agin. But what do

you think? Paddy was not long there antil the sojers came in airnest, and, by the powers, they carried off Paddy—and faith it was only sarvin' him right for what he done to the poor corpse.

“Well, whin the mornin' kem, my father says to me, ‘Go, Shamus,’ says he, ‘to the shed, and bid poor Paddy come in, and take share o’ the praties, for, I go bail, he’s ready for his breakquest by this, anyhow.’

“Well, out I wint to the cow-house, and called out ‘Paddy!’ and afther callin’ three or four times, and gettin’ no answer, I wint in, and called agin, and dickins an answer I got still. ‘Tatther-an-agers!’ says I, ‘Paddy, where are you at all at all?’ and so, castin’ my eyes about the shed, I seen two feet sticking out from undher the hape o’ sthraw. —‘Musha! thin,’ says I, ‘bad luck to you, Paddy, but you’re fond of a warm corner, and maybe you haven’t made yourself as snug as a flay in a blanket? but I’ll disturb your dhrames, I’m thinkin’,’ says I, and with that I laid houlth of his heels (as I thought, God help me), and givin’ a good pull to waken him, as I intinded, away I wint, head over heels, and my brains was a’most knocked out agin the wall.

“Well, whin I recovered myself, there I was, an the broad o’ my back, and two things stickin’ out o’ my hands like a pair o’ Husshian’s horse-pist’ls—and I thought the sight id lave my eyes, when I seen they wor two mortal legs.

“My jew’l, I threw them down like a hot pratee, and jumpin’ up, I roared out millia murther. ‘Oh, you murtherin villian,’ says I, shakin’ my fist at the cow—‘Oh, you unnath’ral *baste*,’ says I, ‘you’ve ate poor Paddy, you thievin’ canible, you’re worse than a neygar,’ says I; ‘and bad luck to you, how dainty you are, that nothin’ id sarve you for your supper, but the best piper in Ireland. *Weirasthru! weirasthru!* what’ll the whole counthry say to such an unnath’ral murther? and you lookin’ as innocent there as a lamb, and atin’ your hay as quite as if nothin’ happened.’ With that, I run out—for, throth, I didn’t like to be near her and, goin’ into the house, I tould them all about it.

“‘Arrah! be aisy,’ says my father.

“‘Bad luck to the lie I tell you,’ says I.

“ ‘Is it ate Paddy?’ says they.

“ ‘Divil a doubt of it,’ says I.

“ ‘Are you sure, Shamus?’ says my mother.

“ ‘I wish I was as sure of a new pair of brogues,’ says I.  
‘Bad luck to the bit she has left iv him but his two legs.’

“ ‘And do you tell me she ate the pipes too?’ says my father.

“ ‘By gor, I b’lieve so,’ says I.

“ ‘Oh, the divil fly away wid her,’ says he, ‘what a cruel taste she has for music!’

“ ‘Arrah!’ says my mother, ‘don’t be cursin’ the cow, that gives the milk to the childher.’

“ ‘Yis I will,’ says my father, ‘why shouldn’t I curse sich an unnath’ral baste?’

“ ‘You oughtn’t to curse any livin’ thing that’s undher your roof,’ says my mother.

“ ‘By my sowl, thin,’ says my father, ‘she shan’t be undher my roof any more; for I’ll sind her to the fair this minit,’ says he, ‘and sell her for whatever she’ll bring. Go aff,’ says he, ‘Shamus, the minit you’ve ate your break-quest, and dhrive her to the fair.’

“ ‘Throth I don’t like to dhrive her,’ says I.

“ ‘Arrah, don’t be makin’ a gommoch of yourself,’ says he.

“ ‘Faith, I don’t,’ says I.

“ ‘Well, like or no like,’ says he, ‘you must dhrive her.’

“ ‘Sure, father,’ says I, ‘you could take more care iv her yourself.’

“ ‘That’s mighty good,’ says he, ‘to keep a dog, and bark myself; and, faith, I rec’llected the sayin’ from that hour; —‘let me have no more words about it,’ says he, ‘but be aff wid you.’

“ ‘So, aff I wint—and it’s no lie I’m tellin’, whin I say it was sore agin my will I had anything to do with sich a villian of a baste. But, howsomever, I cut a brave long wattle, that I might dhrive the man-ater iv a thief, as she was, without bein’ near her, at all at all.

“ ‘Well, away we wint along the road, and mighty throng it was wid the boys and the girls—and, in short all sorts, rich and poor, high and low, crowdin’ to the fair.

“ ‘God save you,’ said one to me.

“ ‘God save you kindly,’ says I.



“‘That’s a fine baste you ’re dhrivin,’ says he.

“‘Throth she is,’ says I; though it wint agin my heart to say a good word for the likes of her.

“‘It’s to the fair, you ’re goin’, I suppose,’ says he, ‘with the baste?’ (He was a snug-lookin’ farmer, ridin’ a purty little gray hack.)

“‘Faith, thin, you ’re right enough,’ says I, ‘it is to the fair I ’m goin’.’

“‘What do you expec’ for her?’ says he.

“‘Faith, thin, mysel doesn’t know,’ says I—and that was throe enough, you see, bekase I was bewildhered like about the baste entirely.

“‘That’s a quare way to be goin’ to market,’ says he, ‘and not to know what you expec’ for your baste.’

“‘Och,’ says I—not likin’ to let him suspect there was anything wrong wid her—‘Och,’ says I, in a careless sort of a way, ‘sure no one can tell what a baste ’ill bring antil they come to the fair,’ says I, ‘and see what price is goin’.’

“‘Indeed, that’s nath’ral enough,’ says he. ‘But if you wor bid a fair price before you come to the fair, sure you might as well take it,’ says he.

“‘Oh, I ’ve no objection in life,’ says I.

“‘Well, thin, what ’ll you ax for her?’ says he.

“‘Why, thin, I wouldn’t like to be onraysonable,’ says I —(for the thruth was, you know I wanted to get rid of her) —‘and so I ’ll take four pounds for her,’ says I, ‘and no less.’

“‘No less?’ says he.

“‘Why, sure that’s chape enough,’ says I.

“‘Throth it is,’ says he; ‘and I ’m thinking it’s too chape it is,’ says he; ‘for if there wasn’t somethin’ the matter, it’s not for that you ’d be sellin’ the fine milch cow, as she is to all appearance.’

“‘Indeed thin,’ says I, ‘upon my conscience, she is a fine milch cow.’

“‘Maybe,’ says he, ‘she’s gone off her milk, in regard that she doesn’t feed well?’

“‘Och, by this and that,’ says I, ‘in regard of feedin’ there’s not the likes of her in Ireland; so make your mind aisy—and if you like her for the money, you may have her.’

“‘Why, indeed, I ’m not in a hurry,’ says he, ‘and I ’ll wait to see how they go in the fair.’

“ ‘With all my heart,’ says I, purtendin’ to be no ways consarned—but in throth I began to be afeared that the people was seein’ somethin’ unnath’ral about her, and that we ’d never get rid of her, at all at all. At last we kem to the fair, and a great sight o’ people was in it—troth, you ’d think the whole world was there, let alone the standin’s o’ gingerbread and iligant ribbins, and makin’s o’ beautiful gownds, and pitch-and-toss, and merry-go-roun’s, and tints with the best av dhrink in thim, and the fiddles playin’ up t’ incourage the boys and girls; but I never minded thim at all, but detarmint to sell the thievin’ rogue av a cow afore I ’d mind any divarshin in life; so an I dhrive her into the thick av the fair, whin all of a suddint, as I kem to the door av a tint, up sthruck the pipes to the tune av ‘Tather-Jack-Welsh,’ and my jew’l, in a minit the cow cock’d her ears, and was makin’ a dart at the tint.

“ ‘Oh, murther!’ says I, to the boys standin’ by, ‘hould her,’ says I, ‘hould her—she ate one piper already, the vagabone, and, bad luck to her, she wants another now.’

“ ‘Is it a cow for to ate a piper?’ says one o’ thim.

“ ‘Not a word o’ a lie in it, for I seen his corpse myself, and nothin’ left but the two legs,’ says I; ‘and it’s folly to be sthrivin’ to hide it for I *see* she ’ll never lave it aff—as poor Paddy Grogan knows to his cost, Lord be merciful to him.’

“ ‘Who’s that takin’ my name in vain?’ says a voice in the crowd; and with that, shovin’ the throng a one side, who should I see but Paddy Grogan, to all appearance!

“ ‘Oh, hould him too,’ says I; ‘keep him av me, for it’s not himself at all, but his ghost,’ says I, ‘for he was kilt last night to my sartin knowledge, every inch av him, all to his legs.’

“ ‘Well, sir, with that, Paddy—for it *was* Paddy himself, as it kem out afther—fell a laughin,’ that you ’d think his sides ’ud split; and whin he kem to himself, he ups and he tould uz how it was, as I towld you already; and the likes av the fun they made av me was beyant tellin’, for wrongfully misdoubtin’ the poor cow, and layin’ the blame iv atin’ a piper an her. So we all wint into the tint to have it explained, and by gor it took a full gallon o’ sper’ts t’ explain it; and we dhrank health and long life to Paddy and the cow, and Paddy played that day beyant all tellin’,

and many a one said the likes was never heerd before nor sence, even from Paddy himself—and av coorse the poor slandhered cow was druv home agin, and many a quiet day she had wid uz afther that; and whin she died, throth my father had sitch a regard for the poor thing, that he had her skinned, and an iligant pair of breeches make out iv her hide, and it's in the family to this day: and isn't it mighty remarkable it is, what I'm goin' to tell you now, but it's as thrue as I'm here, that from that day out, any one that has thim breeches an the minit a pair o' pipes sthrikes up, they can't rest, but goes jiggin' and jiggin' in their sate, and never stops as long as the pipes are playin'—and there," said he, slapping the garment in question that covered his sinewy limbs, with a spank of his brawny hand that might have startled nerves more tender than mine—"there, them is the very breeches that's an me now, and a fine pair they are this minit."

The foregoing story I heard related by a gentleman, who said he was not aware to whom the original authorship was attributable.—*Author.*

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## THE GRIDIRON.

A certain old gentleman in the west of Ireland, whose love of the ridiculous quite equaled his taste for claret and fox-hunting, was wont, upon festive occasions, when opportunity offered, to amuse his friends by *drawing out* one of his servants, exceedingly fond of what he termed his "thravels," and in whom a good deal of whim, some queer stories, and, perhaps more than all, long and faithful services had established a right of loquacity. He was one of those few trusty and privileged domestics who, if his master unheedingly uttered a rash thing in a fit of passion, would venture to set him right. If the squire said, "I'll turn that rascal off," my friend Pat would say, "Throth ye won't, sir;" and Pat was always right, for if any altercation arose upon the "subject-matter in hand," he was sure to throw in some good reason, either from former services—general good conduct—or the delinquent's "wife and children," that always turned the scale.

But I am digressing. On such merry meetings as I

have alluded to, the master after making certain "approaches," as a military man would say, as the preparatory steps in laying siege to some *extravaganza* of his servant, might, perchance, assail Pat thus: "By the by, Sir John" (addressing a distinguished guest), "Pat has a very curious story, which something you told me to-day reminds me of. You remember, Pat" (turning to the man, evidently pleased at the notice thus paid to himself)—"you remember that queer adventure you had in France?"

"Throth I do, sir," grins forth Pat.

"What!" exclaims Sir John, in feigned surprise, "was Pat ever in France?"

"Indeed he was," cries mine host; and Pat adds, "Ay, and farther, plase your honor."

"I assure you, Sir John," continues mine host, "Pat told me a story once that surprised me very much, respecting the ignorance of the French."

"Indeed!" rejoined the baronet; "really, I always supposed the French to be a most accomplished people."

"Throth, then, they're not, sir," interrupts Pat.

"Oh, by no means," adds mine host, shaking his head emphatically.

"I believe, Pat, 't was when you were crossing the Atlantic?" says the master, turning to Pat with a seductive air, and leading into the "full and true account" (for Pat had thought fit to visit *North Amerikay*, for "a raison he had," in the autumn of the year ninety-eight).

"Yes, sir," says Pat, "the broad Atlantic"—a favorite phrase of his, which he gave with a brogue as broad, almost, as the Atlantic itself.

"It was the time I was lost in crassin' the broad Atlantic, a-comin' home," began Pat, decoyed into the recital; "whin the winds began to blow, and the sae to rowl, that you'd think the Colleen Dhas (that was her name) would not have a mast left but what would rowl out of her.

"Well, sure enough, the masts went by the board, at last, and the pumps were choked (divil choke them for that same), and av coorse the wather gained an us; and, throth, to be filled with wather is neither good for man or baste; and she was sinkin' fast, settlin' down, as the sailors call it; and, faith, I never was good at settlin' down in my life, and I liked it then less nor ever. Accordingly we pre-



pared for the worst, and put out the boat, and got a sack o' bishkits and a cask o' pork and a kag o' wather and a thrifle o' rum aboard, and any other little matthers we could think iv in the mortal hurry we wor in—and, faith, there was no time to be lost, for, my darlint, the Colleen Dhas went down like a lump o' lead afore we wor many sthrokes o' the oar away from her.

“Well, we dhrifted away all that night, and next mornin' we put up a blanket an the end av a pole as well as we could, and then we sailed ilegant; for we darn't show a stitch o' canvas the night before, bekase it was blowin' like bloody murther, savin' your presence, and sure it's the wondher of the world we worn't swally'd alive by the ragin' sae.

“Well, away we wint, for more nor a week, and nothin' before our two good-lookin' eyes but the canophy iv heaven and the wide ocean—the broad Atlantic; not a thing was to be seen but the sae and the sky; and though the sae and the sky is mighty purty things in themselves, throth, they're no great things when you've nothin' else to look at for a week together; and the barest rock in the world, so it was land, would be more welkim. And then, soon enough, throth, our provisions began to run low, the bishkits and the wather and the rum—throth, *that* was gone first of all—God help uz!—and oh! it was thin that starvation began to stare us in the face. ‘O murther, murther, Captain darlint,’ says I, ‘I wish we could land anywhere,’ says I.

“‘More power to your elbow, Paddy, my boy,’ says he, ‘for sitch a good wish, and, throth, it's myself wishes the same.’

“‘Och,’ says I, ‘that it may plase you, sweet queen iv heaven, supposing it was only a *dissolute* island,’ says I, ‘inhabited wid Turks, sure they wouldn't be such bad Chrishtans as to refuse us a bit and a sup.’

“‘Whisht, whisht, Paddy,’ says the captain, ‘don't be talking bad of any one,’ says he; ‘you don't know how soon you may want a good word put in for yourself, if you should be called to quarters in th' other world all of a suddint,’ says he.

“‘Thrue for you, Captain darlint,’ says I—I called him darlint, and made free with him, you see, bekase disthress

makes us all equal—‘thru for you, Captain jewel—God betune uz and harm, I owe no man any spite’—and, throth, that was only thruth. Well, the last bishkit was sarved out, and, by gor, the *wather itself* was all gone at last, and we passed the night mighty cowld. Well, at the brake o’ day the sun riz most beautifully out o’ the waves, that was as bright as silver and as clear as chrystal. But it was only the more cruel upon us, for we wor beginnin’ to feel *terrible* hungry; when all at wanst I thought I spied the land. By gor, I thought I felt my heart up in my throat in a minit, and ‘Thunder an’ turf, Captain,’ says I, ‘look to leeward,’ says I.

“‘What for?’ says he.

“‘I think I see the land,’ says I.

“So he ups with his bring-’em-near (that’s what the sailors call a spy-glass, sir), and looks out, and, sure enough, it was.

“‘Hurrah!’ says he, ‘we’re all right now; pull away, my boys,’ says he.

“‘Take care you’re not mistaken,’ says I; ‘maybe it’s only a fog-bank, Captain darlint,’ says I.

“‘Oh no,’ says he; ‘it’s the land in airnest.’

“‘Oh, then, whereabouts in the wide world are we Captain?’ says I; ‘maybe it id be in *Roosia*, or *Proosia*, or the Garmant Ocean,’ says I.

“‘Tut, you fool,’ says he, for he had that consaited way wid him, thinkin’ himself cleverer nor any one else—‘tut, you fool,’ says he, ‘that’s *France*,’ says he.

“‘Tare an ouns,’ says I, ‘do you tell me so? and how do you know it’s France it is, Captain dear?’ says I.

“‘Bekase this is the Bay o’ Bishky we’re in now,’ says he.

“‘Throth, I was thinkin’ so myself,’ says I, ‘by the rowl it has; for I often heerd av it in regard of that same; and throth, the likes av it I never seen before nor since, and, with the help of God, never will.’

“Well, with that, my heart began to grow light; and when I seen my life was safe, I began to grow twice hungrier nor ever; so says I, ‘Captain jewel, I wish we had a gridiron.’

“‘Why, then,’ says he, ‘thunder an’ turf,’ says he, ‘what puts a gridiron into your head?’

“ ‘Bekase I ’m starvin’ with the hunger,’ says I.

“ ‘And, sure, bad luck to you,’ says he, ‘you couldn’t eat a gridiron,’ says he, ‘barrin’ you were a *pelican o’ the wildherness*,’ says he.

“ ‘Ate a gridiron!’ says I. ‘Och, in throth, I ’m not such a gommoch all out as that, anyhow. But, sure, if we had a gridiron we could dress a beefsteak,’ says I.

“ ‘Arrah! but where ’s the beefsteak?’ says he.

“ ‘Sure, couldn’t we cut a slice aff the pork?’ says I.

“ ‘By gor, I never thought o’ that,’ says the captain. ‘You ’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says he, laughin’.

“ ‘Oh, there ’s many a thrue word said in joke,’ says I.

“ ‘Thru for you, Paddy,’ says he.

“ ‘Well, then,’ says I, ‘if you put me ashore there beyant’ (for we were nearin’ the land all the time), ‘and sure, I can ax them for to lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I.

“ ‘Oh, by gor, the butther ’s comin’ out o’ the stirabout in airnest now,’ says he; ‘you gommoch,’ says he, ‘sure I told you before that ’s France—and, sure, they ’re all furriners there,’ says the captain.

“ ‘Well,’ says I, ‘and how do you know but I ’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim?’

“ ‘What do you mane?’ says he.

“ ‘I mane,’ says I, ‘what I towld you, that I ’m as good a furriner myself as any o’ thim.’

“ ‘Make me sinsible,’ says he.

“ ‘By dad, maybe that ’s more nor me, or greater nor me, could do,’ says I; and we all began to laugh at him, for I thought I would pay him off for his bit o’ consait about the Garmant Ocean.

“ ‘Lave aff your humbuggin’,’ says he, ‘I bid you, and tell me what it is you mane at all at all.’

“ ‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’ says I.

“ ‘Oh, your humble sarvant,’ says he; ‘why, by gor, you ’re a scholar, Paddy.’

“ ‘Troth, you may say that,’ says I.

“ ‘Why, you ’re a clever fellow, Paddy,’ says the captain, jeerin’ like.

“ ‘You ’re not the first that said that,’ says I, ‘wether you joke or no.’

“ ‘Oh, but I ’m in airnest,’ says the captain; ‘and do you tell me, Paddy,’ says he, ‘that you spake Frinch?’

“ ‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’ says I.

“ ‘By gor, that bangs Banagher, and all the world knows Banagher bangs the divil. I never met the likes o’ you, Paddy,’ says he. ‘Pull away, boys, and put Paddy ashore, and maybe we won’t get a good bellyfull before long.’

“ ‘So with that, it wos no sooner said nor done. They pulled away, and got close into shore in less than no time, and run the boat up in a little creek; and a beautiful creek it was, with a lovely white sthrand—an iligant place for ladies to bathe in the summer; and out I got; and it ’s stiff enough in the limbs I was, afther bein’ cramped up in the boat, and perished with the cowl and hunger; but I contrived to scramble on, one way or t’ other, tow’rd a little bit iv a wood that was close to the shore, and the smoke curlin’ out iv it, quite timptin’ like.

“ ‘By the powdhers o’ war, I ’m all right,’ says I; ‘there ’s a house there.’ And, sure enough, there was, and a parcel of men, and women, and childher, ating their dinner round a table, quite convanient. And so I wint up to the door, and I thought I ’d be very civil to them, as I heerd the Frinch was always mighty p’lite intirely, and I thought I ’d show them I knew what good manners was.

“ ‘So I took aff my hat, and, making a low bow, says I, ‘God save all here,’ says I.

“ ‘Well, to be sure, they all stapt ating at wanst, and began to stare at me, and, faith, they almost looked me out of countenance; and I thought to myself, it was not good manners at all, more betoken from furriners which they call so mighty p’lite. But I never minded that, in regard o’ wantin’ the gridiron; and so says I, ‘I beg your pardon,’ says I, ‘for the liberty I take, but it ’s only bein’ in disthress in regard of ating,’ says I, ‘that I made bowld to throuble yez, and if you could lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘I ’d be intirely obleeged to ye.’

“ ‘By gor, they all stared at me twice worse nor before, and with that, says I (knowing what was in their minds), ‘Indeed, it ’s thrue for you,’ says I. ‘I ’m tatthered to pieces, and God knows I look quare enough; but it ’s by raison of the storm,’ says I, ‘which dhruv us ashore here below, and we ’re all starvin’,’ says I.



"So then they began to look at each other again; and myself seeing at once dirty thoughts was in their heads, and that they tuk me for a poor beggar coming to crave charity, with that says I, 'Oh, not at all,' says I, 'by no manes—we have plenty of mate ourselves there below, and we 'll dhress it,' says I, 'if you would be plased to lind us the loan of a gridiron,' says I, makin' a low bow.

"Well, sir, with that, throth, they stared at me twice worse nor ever, and, faith, I began to think that maybe the captain was wrong, and that it was not France at all at all; and so says I, 'I beg pardon, sir,' says I to a fine ould man, with a head of hair as white as silver; 'maybe I'm under a mistake,' says I, 'but I thought I was in France, sir; arn't you furriners?' says I. '*Parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron,' says I, 'if you plase?'

"Oh, it was thin that they stared at me as if I had seven heads; and, faith, myself began to feel flushed like and onaisy; and so says I, makin' a bow and scrape ag'in, 'I know it's a liberty I take, sir,' says I, 'but it's only in the regard of bein' cast away; and if you plase, sir,' says I, '*parly voo frongsay?*'

"'We, munseer,' says he, mighty sharp.

"'Then would you lind me the loan of a gridiron?' says I, 'and you 'll obleege me.'

"Well, sir, the ould chap began to munseer me; but the divil a bit of a gridiron he 'd gi' me; and so I began to think they wor all neygars, for all their fine manners; and, throth, my blood begun to rise, and says I, 'By my sowl, if it was you was in disthress,' says I, 'and if it was to ould Ireland you kem, it's not only the gridiron they 'd give you, if you axed it, but something to put an it, too, and the dhrop o' dhrink into the bargain, and *cead mile failte*.'

"Well, the word *cead mile failte* seemed to sthreck his heart, and the ould chap cocked his ear, and so I thought I 'd give him another offer, and make him sinsible at last; and so says I, wanst more, quite slow, that he might understand, '*Parly—voo—frongsay*, munseer?'

"'We, munseer,' says he.

“ ‘Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘and bad scram to you.’

“ ‘Well, bad win to the bit of it he ’d gi’ me, and the ould chap begins bowin’ and scrapin’, and said something or other about a long tongs.<sup>1</sup>

“ ‘Phoo!—the divil swape yourself and your tongs,’ says I; ‘I don’t want a tongs at all at all; but can’t you listen to raison?’ says I. ‘*Parly voo frongsay?*’

“ ‘We munseer.’

“ ‘Then lind me the loan of a gridiron,’ says I, ‘and howld your prate.’

“ ‘Well, what would you think, but he shook his old noddle as much as to say he wouldn’t; and so says I, ‘Bad cess to the likes o’ that I ever seen! Throth, if you wor in my counthry, it’s not that a way they’d use you. The curse of the crows an you, you ould sinner,’ says I; ‘the divil a longer I’ll darken your door.’

“ ‘So he seen I was vexed; and I thought, as I was turnin’ away, I seen him begin to relint, and that his conscience troubled him; and says I, turnin’ back, ‘Well, I’ll give you one chance more, you ould thief. Are you a Chrishtan at all? Are you a furriner,’ says I, ‘that all the world calls so p’lite? Bad luck to you, do you understand your own language? *Parly voo frongsay?*’ says I.

“ ‘We, munseer,’ says he.

“ ‘Then, thunder an’ turf,’ says I, ‘will you lind me the loan of a gridiron?’

“ ‘Well, sir, the divil resa’ve the bit of it he ’d gi’ me; and so, with that, ‘The curse o’ the hungry an you, you ould neygarly villian,’ says I; ‘the back o’ my hand and the sowl o’ my foot to you, that you may want a gridiron yourself yit,’ says I. And with that I left them there, sir, and kem away; and, in throth, it’s often sense that I thought that it was remarkable.”

<sup>1</sup> Some mystification of Paddy’s touching the French *n’entend*. —*Author*.

## IRISH LITERATURE















## IRISH WIT AND HUMOR.

THE deservedly great reputation of the Irish people for wit and humor is one of the things upon which there is universal agreement. This humor is no recent growth, as may be seen by the folk lore, the proverbs, and the other traditional matter of the country. It is one of Ireland's ancient characteristics, as some of its untranslated early literature conclusively proves. The curious twelfth-century story of 'The Vision of McConglinne' is a sample of this early Celtic humor. The melancholy side of the older Celtic literature having been most often emphasized and referred to, it is usually thought that the most striking feature of that literature is its sadness. Irish proverbs, some of which are very ancient, are characteristic enough to show that the early Irish were, as a primitive people should be, of a naturally joyous turn; for sadness generally comes with civilization and knowledge; and the fragments of folk lore which have been rescued impress us with the idea that its originators were homely, cheerful, and mirthful. The early humor of the Irish Celts is amusing both in conception and in expression, and, when it was soured into satire, was frequently of marvelous power and efficacy.

Those who possessed the gift of saying galling things were much dreaded, and it is not altogether surprising that Aengus O'Daly and other satirists met with a terrible retribution from those whom they had rendered wild with anger. In the early native literature the Saxon of course came in for his share of ridicule and scorn; but there is much less of this racial feeling than might have been fairly expected, and if the bards railed at the invader, they quite as often assailed their own countrymen.

One reason for the undoubted existence of a belief in some quarters that the old Celts had little or no humor is that the reading of Irish history suggests it, and people may perhaps be forgiven for presuming the impossibility of preserving humor under the doleful circumstances recorded by historians. And, indeed, if there was little to laugh at even before the English invasion, there was assuredly less after it. Life suddenly became tragic for the

bards and the jesters. In place of the primitive amusements, the elementary pranks of the first ages, more serious matters were forced upon their attention; but, appearances notwithstanding, the humorist thrived, and probably improved in the gloom overcasting the country; at any rate, the innate good humor of the Irish refused to be completely stifled or restricted. Personalities were not always the most popular subjects for ridicule, and the most detested characters, though often attacked in real earnest, were not the favorite themes with the wits. Cromwell's name suggested a curse rather than a joke, and it is only the modern writers who make a jest of him.

As it is impossible to define humor or wit exactly, it is hardly wise to add another to the many failures. But Irish humor, properly speaking, is, one may venture to say, more imaginative than any other. And it is probably less ill-natured than that of any other nation, though the Irish have a special aptness in the saying of things that wound, and the most illiterate of Irish peasants often puts more scorn into a retort than the most highly educated of another race. There is sometimes a half-pathetic strain in the best Irish humorous writers, and just as in their saddest moments the people are inclined to joke, so in many writings where pathos predominates there gleams forth native humor. If true Irish humor is not easily defined with precision, it is at least easily recognizable—there is so much buoyancy and movement in it, and usually so much expansion of heart. An eminent French writer has described humor as a fusion of smiles and tears, but clearly that defines only one kind, and there are many varieties; almost as many, one might say, as there are humorists.

The distinguishing between wit and humor is not so simple a matter as it looks, but one might hazard the opinion that while the one expresses indifference and irreverence, the other is redolent of feeling and sincerity. Humor and satire are at opposite extremes—the more barbed and keen a shaft, the more malicious and likely to hurt, whereas the genuine quality of humor partakes of tenderness and gentleness. Sheridan is an admirable example of a wit, while Lover represents humor in its most confiding aspect. There are intermediate kinds, however, and

the malice of Curran's repartees is not altogether akin to the rasping personalities of "Father Prout."

Irish humor is mainly a store of merriment pure and simple, without much personal taint, and it does not profess to be philosophical. Human follies or deformities are rarely touched upon, and luckily Irish humorous writers do not attempt the didactic. In political warfare, however, the bitterest taunts are heard, and it is somewhat regrettable that Irish politics should have absorbed so great a part of Irish wit, and turned what might have been pleasant reading into a succession of biting sarcasms.

The Irish political satirists of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have often put themselves out of court by the ephemerality nature of their gibes no less than by the extra-ferocious tone they adopted. There is no denying the *verve* and point in the writings of Watty Cox, Dr. Brennan, J. W. Croker, and so on, but who can read them to-day with pleasure? Eaton Stannard Barrett's 'All the Talents,' after giving a nickname to a ministry, destroyed it; it served its purpose, and would be out of place if resurrected and placed in a popular collection, where the student of political history—to whom alone it is interesting and amusing—will hardly meet with it. His 'The Heroine,' however, which deals with an evil as familiar in our day as when he wrote, may well be quoted as an example of his style.

Besides what has been wasted from a literary point of view in the way above mentioned, a good deal of the native element of wit has been dissipated as soon as uttered. After fulfilling its mission in enlivening a journey or in circling the festive board, it is forgotten and never appears in print. How many of Lysaght's and Curran's best quips are passed beyond recall? It cannot be that men like these obtained their great fame as wits on the few sample witticisms that have been preserved for us. Their literary remains are so scanty and inconsiderable, and their reputation is so universal, that one can only suppose them to have been continuously coining jokes and squandering them in every direction.

Irish humor has been and is so prevalent, however, that in spite of many losses, there is abundant material for many volumes. Biographies and books of recollections

abound with it, the pages of countless books of travel and descriptions of Irish life are studded with it, and it is imported into almost every incident and detail of Irish life—it overflows in the discussions of the local boards, is bandied about by car men (who have gained a perhaps undeserved repute among tourists), comes down from the theater galleries, is rife in the law courts, and chronic in the clubs, at the bar dinners, and wherever there is dulness to be exorcised. Jokes being really as plentiful as blackberries, no one cares to hoard so common a product.

A proof of the contempt into which the possession of wit or humor has fallen may be observed in the fact that no professedly comic paper has ever been able to survive for long the indifference of the Irish public. There have been some good ones in Dublin—notably *Zoz*, *Zozimus*, *Pat*, and *The Jarvey*—but they have pined away in a comparatively short time, the only note of pathos about their brief existence being the invariable obituary announcement in the library catalogues—"No more published." But their lives, if short, were merry ones. It was not their fault if the people did not require such aids to vivacity, being in general able as they are to strike wit off the corners of any topic, no matter how unpromising it might appear.

Naturally enough, the chief themes of the Irish humorist have been courting and drinking, with the occasional relief of a fight. The amativeness of the humorous poets is little short of marvelous. Men like Lover (who has never been surpassed, perhaps, as a comic love-poet) usually confined their humor in that groove; others, like Maginn, held religiously to the tradition that liquor is the chief attraction in life, and the only possible theme for a wit after exhausting his pleasantries about persons. Maginn, however, was very much in earnest and did not respect the tradition simply because it was one, but solely on account of his belief in its excellence. There can be no question, it seems to me, of Ireland's supremacy in the literature devoted to Bacchus. Whether any credit attaches to the distinction is, of course, another matter. All the bards were not so fierce as Maginn in their likes and dislikes when the liquor was on the table. It may indeed be said of them in justice that their enthusiasm for the god of wine was often enough



mere boastfulness. It is difficult to believe Tom Moore's raptures about the joys of the bowl. He was no roysterer, and there is wanting in his Bacchanalian effusions, as in others of his light and graceful school, that reckless abandon of the more bibulous set. The lives of the Irish poets show that a goodly number of them lived up to their professions of attachment to the bottle. The glorification of its joys by so many of our poets, their implication that from no other source is genius to be drawn, suggests that wit was induced by drinking long and deep. Sallies flowed therefrom, and the taciturn man without an idea developed under the genial influence into a delightful conversationalist. The bards all declare of the brown jug that "there's inspiration in its foaming brim"—and what more natural than that they should devote the result to eulogy of the source? It may be somewhat consoling to reflect that often they were less reckless than they would have us believe. Something else besides poetic inspiration comes from the bowl, which, after all, only brings out the natural qualities.

As a rule, Irish poets have not extracted a pessimistic philosophy from liquor; they are "elevated," not depressed, and do not deem it essential to the production of a poem that its author should be a cynic or an evil prophet. One of the best attributes of Irish poetry is its constant expression of the natural emotions. Previous to the close of the seventeenth century, drunkenness, it is said, was not suggested by the poets as common in Ireland—the popularity of Bacchanalian songs since that date seems to prove that the vice soon became a virtue. Maginn is the noisiest of modern revelers, and easily roars the others down.

Not a small portion of the humor of Ireland is the unconscious variety in the half-educated local poets. Sometimes real wit struggles for adequate expression in English with ludicrous and unlooked-for results. A goodly number of the street ballads are very comic in description, phraseology, or vituperation, and 'Nell Flaherty's Drake' may be taken as a fair specimen of the latter class. Occasionally there is coarseness, usually absent from genuine Irish songs; sometimes a ghastly sort of *grotesquerie*, as in 'The Night Before Larry Was Stretched.' Only a

few examples of such are necessary to form an idea of the whole.

Maginn's great service in exposing the true character of the wretched rubbish often palmed off on the English public as Irish songs deserves to be noticed here. He proved most conclusively that the stuff thus styled Irish, with its unutterable refrains of the "Whack Bubbaboo" kind, was of undoubted English origin; topography, phraseology, rhymes, and everything else being utterly un-Irish. The internal evidence alone convicts their authors. No Irishman would rhyme *O'Reilly* to *bailie*, for instance, and certainly he would never introduce a priest named "Father Quipes" into a song, even if driven to desperation for rhymes to "swipes."

In this connection it may be pointed out that not only in songs, but in many stories and other writings purporting to be Irish, the phraseology is anything but Irish. Irishmen do not, and never did, speak of their spiritual guardian as the *praste*. The Irishman never mispronounces the sound of *ie*, and if he says *tay* for tea and *mate* for meat he is simply conforming to the old and correct English pronunciation, as may be seen by consulting the older English poets, who always rhymed *sea* with *day*, etc. To this hour, the original sound is preserved by English people in *great* and *break*.

To leave the anonymous, the hybrid, and the spurious, it will be well to consider the continuity of the humor of Ireland. The long line of humorous writers who have appeared in our literary history has never been broken, despite many intervals of tribulation. In Anglo-Irish literature they commence practically with Farquhar, whose method of treating the follies of fine ladies and "men of honor" is anticipatory of that of *The Spectator*.

Swift's irony, unsurpassable as it is, is cruel to excess, and has little that is Irish about it. A contemporary and countryman, Dean Smedley, said he was "always in jest, but most so in prayer"; but that is an exaggeration, for Swift was mostly in grim earnest. The charge implies that many of his contemporaries, like several moderns, had a difficulty in satisfying themselves as to when he joked and when he did not. Smedley is also responsible for another poem directed against Swift, which was posted upon

the door of St. Patrick's, Dublin, when the great writer was appointed its Dean, and of which the following is the best stanza:—

“ This place he got by wit and rhyme,  
And many ways most odd,  
And might a bishop be in time,  
Did he believe in God.”

The impassive and matter-of-fact way in which Swift, using the deadliest of weapons, ridicule, reformed the abuses of his time, deceived a good many. He never moved a muscle, and his wit shone by contrast with his moody exterior as a lightning-flash illuminates a gloomy sky. It has that element of unexpectedness which goes far to define the nature of wit.

Real drollery in Anglo-Irish literature seems to have begun with Steele. In Steele there is rarely anything to offend modern taste. His tenderness is akin to Goldsmith's, and the natural man is clearly visible in his writings. A direct contrast is seen in Sterne, who was more malicious and sly, full of unreality and misplaced sentiment, and depending chiefly upon his constant supply of *phrases à double entente* and the morbid tastes of his readers.

Writers like Derrick and Bickerstaff were hardly witty in the modern sense, but rather in the original literal meaning of the term. There are many wits, highly popular in their own day, who are no longer readable with any marked degree of pleasure. Wit depends so largely upon the manner of its delivery for the effect produced that the dramatists do not yield so much as might be expected from the special fecundity and excellence of the Irish in that branch of literature. To extract the wit or humor from some of the eighteenth-century plays is no very easy task. In men like Sheridan,

“ Whose wit, in the combat, as gentle as bright,  
Ne'er carried a heart stain away on its blade,”

it is superabundant, over-luxuriant, and easily detachable; but it is difficult to bring to a focus the wit of such men as Kane O'Hara, Hugh Kelly, William O'Brien, James Kenney, and others, whose plays were famous at one time and are not yet forgotten.

There never was a writer, perhaps, concerning whose merits there has been less dispute than Goldsmith. Sheridan, with all his brilliance, has not been so fortunate. Lysaght and Millikin were and are both greatly overrated as poets and wits, if we are to judge by the fragments they have left. Lysaght, however, must have been considered a genuine wit, for we find a number of once popular songs wrongly attributed to him. He most unquestionably did not write 'The Sprig of Shillelagh,' 'Donnybrook Fair,' 'The Rakes of Mallow,' or 'Kitty of Coleraine,' though they have all been put down as his. The first two were written by H. R. Code and Charles O'Flaherty respectively. Millikin's fame is due to one of those literary accidents which now and then occur. Henry Luttrell in his verse had something of the sprightliness and point of Moore.

Of parodists, Maginn may be considered the best. He was a great humorist in every way, and may be claimed as the earliest writer who showed genuine rollicking Irish humor. He could be both coarse and refined; and his boisterous praise of the bottle was not a sham. But his occasional apparent delight in savage personal criticism was really quite foreign to his character, as he was a most amiable man, much loved by those who knew him. It was different with "Father Prout," who was one of the venomous order of wits, and certainly not a personal favorite with his colleagues. His frequent and senseless attacks on O'Connell and other men, dragged into all his essays, are blots on his work. His wit is too often merely abusive, like that of Dr. Kenealy, who, almost as learned as "Prout," was quite as unnecessarily bitter.

It is from Lover that we get the cream, not the curds, of Irish humor. He is the Irish arch-humorist, and it is difficult to exaggerate the excellence of his love songs. Others may be more classical, more polished, more subtle, but there is no writer more irresistible. Among his earlier contemporaries Ettingsall was his nearest counterpart in one notable story. It must not be forgotten, either, that 'Darby Doyle's Voyage to Quebec' appeared in print before Lover's 'Barney O'Reirdon.' Carleton and Lever were admirable humorists, but only incidentally so; whereas Lover was nothing if not a humorist before all.

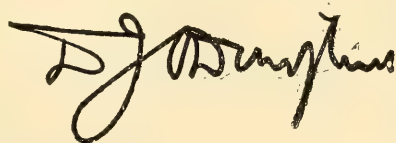


There are many excellent comic passages in the novels of both, as also in one or two of Le Fanu's works.

O'Leary and the other Bacchanalians who came after Maginn were worthy followers of the school which devoted all its lyrical enthusiasm to the praise of drink, while Marmion Savage showed rather the sub-acid wit of Moore. Ferguson and Wade are better known by their verse than as humorous story-tellers. We find true Irish humor again in Kickham and Halpine.

The treatment of sacred subjects by Irish wits is similar to that in most Catholic countries. Saint Patrick is hardly regarded by Irish humorists as a conventional saint, and it is curious that Saint Peter is accepted by wits of all nationalities as a legitimate object of pleasantry. If, however, Irish writers occasionally seem to lack reverence for things which in their eyes are holy, "it is only their fun," as Lamb would say. Only those who are in the closest intimacy with sacred objects venture to treat them familiarly, and the Irish peasant often speaks in an offhand manner of that which is dearest to him.

Few nations, it may finally be said, could have produced such a harvest of humor under such depressing and unfavorable influences as Ireland has experienced. And it may be asserted with truth that many countries with far more reason for uninterrupted good-humor, with much less cause for sadness, would be hard put to it to show an equally valuable contribution to the world's lighter literature.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "J. J. O'Rourke". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a large, sweeping initial "J" and a long, trailing flourish at the end.



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Five or six miles from Cork, embosomed in foliage, is the village of Blarney, which has some little reputation for tweed manufactures, but far more for that wonderful stone "that whoever kisses, oh! he never misses to grow eloquent," especially with the fair sex. There are two claimants to this wonderful power—both part of Blarney Castle, built by the McCarthys in the fifteenth century. The one usually received as genuine is in the outer wall of the square tower, twenty feet below the top of the parapet; to reach it, therefore, the pilgrim must be lowered by a rope, a task of some difficulty and danger. The other is inside the building, and is much worn away by the lips of the faithful; for it is a fact that thousands of tourists annually pay their devotion to the magic stone.	
A STREET SCENE IN DUBLIN ABOUT 1830. (The Post Office) . . . . .	2107
After a drawing by George Petrie, R.H.A.	
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From a photograph.	
MICHAEL MACDONAGH . . . . .	2193
From a photograph by Ogden, Liverpool.	
CAPE CLEAR . . . . .	2222
From a photograph.	
Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear? Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?	
Thank God 'tis the Sun that now reddens the sky, I shall see, I shall see, my own land ere I die. 'Death of the Homeward bound.'	
DESERTED CABINS . . . . .	2267
Oh, the cabins long deserted!—Olden memories awake— Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush the blackbird in the brake! Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts are fain to ache. From 'The Passing of the Gael,' By <i>Mrs. Seamus Macmanus</i> .	
WILLIAM MAGINN . . . . .	2300
From a pen-and-ink sketch.	
THE ROCK AND RUINS OF CASHEL . . . . .	2334
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FRANCIS MAHONY (Father Prout) . . . . .	2337
From an engraving.	
JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN . . . . .	2350
From the sketch made after his death by Sir Frederick Burton. An idealized portrait in oil by Paul Wood.	
The silky blanched hair, which in life hung loosely over the forehead, is here brushed back. The mild blue eye, the ala- baster complexion with the slight hectic flush are remarkably vivid in the original from which this reproduction is made.	
By the courtesy of the Rev. James H. Gavan, Sharon Hill, Pa.	
LOUGH SWILLY . . . . .	2427
From a photograph.	

SAMUEL LOVER—(*Continued*).

NEW POTATOES.—AN IRISH MELODY.

Enter Katty with a gray cloak, a dirty cap, and a black eye; a sieve of potatoes on her head, and a trifle o' sper'ts in it. Katt. meanders down Patrick-street.

KATTY. *My new pittayatees!—My-a-new pittayatees!—My new—(Meeting a friend.)* Sally, darlin', is that you?

SALLY. Throth, it's myself; and what's the matther?

KATTY. 'Deed my heart's bruk, cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)—crying afther that vagabone.

SALLY. Is it Mike?

KATTY. Throth, it's himself indeed.

SALLY. And what is it he done?

KATTY. Och! he ruined me with his—(*New pittayatees!*)—with his goin-an—the owld thing, my dear—

SALLY. Throwin' up his little finger,<sup>1</sup> I suppose?

KATTY. Yis, my darlint: he kem home th' other night, blazin' blind dhrunk, cryin' out—(*New pittay-a-tees!*)—roarin' and bawlin', that you'd think he'd rise the roof.

“Bad luck attend you; bad cess to you, you pot-wallopin' varmint,” says he (maynin' me, i' you plaze),—“wait till I ketch you, you sthrap, and it's I'll give you your fill iv—(*New pittayatees!*)—your fill iv a lickin', if ever you got it,” says he.

So, with that, I knew the villain was *mulvathered*;<sup>2</sup> let alone the heavy fut o' the miscrayint an the stairs, that a child might know he was done for—(*New pittayatees!*)

SALLY. Musha! God help you, Katty.

KATTY. Oh, wait till you hear the ind o' my—(*New pittayatees!*)—o' my troubles, and it's then you'll open your eyes—(*My new pittayatees!*)—

SALLY. Oh, bud I pity you.

KATTY. Oh, wait—wait, my jewel—(*My new pittayatees!*)—wait till I tell you the ind of it. Where did I lave aff? Oh, ay, at the stairs.

<sup>1</sup> Throwing . . . finger, getting drunk.

<sup>2</sup> *Mulvathered*, intoxicated.

Well, as he was comin' upstairs (knowin' how it ud be), I thought it best to take care o' my—(*New pittayatees!*)—to take care o' myself; so with that I put the bowlt an the door, betune me and danger, and kep' listnin' at the key-hole; and sure enough, what should I hear but—(*New pittayatees!*)—but the vagabone gropin' his way round the cruked turn in the stair, and tumblin' afther into the hole in the flure an the landin', and whin he come to himself he gev a thunderin' thump at the door. "Who's there?" says I: says he—(*New pittayatees!*)—"Let me in," says he, "you vagabone" (swarin' by what I wouldn't mintion), "or by this and that, I'll *massacray* you," says he, "within an inch o'—(*New pittayatees!*)—within an inch o' your life," says he. "Mikee, darlint," says I, sootherin' him.

SALLY. Why would you call sitch a 'tarnal vagabone, darlint?

KATTY. My jew'l, didn't I tell you I thought it best to soother him with—(*New pittayatees!*)—with a tindher word? So, says I, "Mikee, you villain, you 're disguised," says I, "you 're disguised, dear."

"You lie," says he, "you impident sthrap, I'm not disguised, but if I'm disguised itself," says he, "I'll make you know the differ," says he.

Oh! I thought the life id lave me, when I heerd him say the word; and with that I put my hand an—(*My new pittayatees!*)—an the latch o' the door, to purvint it from slip-pin'; and he ups and he gives a wicked kick at the door, and says he, "If you don't let me in this minit," says he, "I'll be the death o' you—(*New pittayatees!*)—o' yourself and your dirty breed," says he. Think o' that, Sally dear, to abuse my relations.

SALLY. Oh, the ruffin.

KATTY. Dirty breed indeed! By my sowkins, they 're as good as his any day in the year, and was never behoulden to—(*New pittayatees!*)—to go a beggin' to the mendicity for their dirty—(*New pittayatees!*)—their dirty washin' o' pots, and sarvints' lavins, and dogs' bones, all as one as that cruked disciple of his mother's cousin's sisther, the owld drunken aper-se-and, as she is.

SALLY. No, in troth, Katty dear.

KATTY. Well, where was I? Oh, ay, I left off at—(*New*



*pittayatees!*)—I left off at my dirty breed. Well, at the word “dirty breed,” I knew full well the bad dhrop was up in him—and, faith it’s soon and suddint he made me sensible av it, for the first word he said was—(*New pittayatees!*)—the first word he said was to put his shoulder to the door, and in he bursted the door, fallin’ down in the middle o’ the flure, cryin’ out—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin’ out, “Bad luck attind you,” says he, “how dar’ you refuse to lit me into my own house, you sthrap?” says he, “agin the law o’ the land,” says he, scramblin’ up on his pins agin, as well as he could, and as he was risin’, says I—(*New pittayatees!*)—says I to him (screeching out loud, that the neighbors in the flure below might hear me), “Mikee, my darlint,” says I.

“Keep the pace, you vagabone,” says he; and with that, he hits me a lick av a—(*New pittayatees!*)—a lick av a stick he had in his hand, and down I fell (and small blame to me), down I fell on the flure, cryin’—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin’ out, “Murther! murther!”

SALLY. Oh, the hangin’ bone villian!

KATTY. Oh, that’s not all! As I was risin’, my jew’l, he was goin’ to sthrek me agin; and with that I cried out—(*New pittayatees!*)—I cried out, “Fair play, Mikee,” says I, “don’t sthrek a man down;” but he wouldn’t listen to rayson, and was goin’ to hit me agin, when I put up the child that was in my arms betune me and harm. “Look at your babby, Mikee,” says I. “How do I know that, you flag-hoppin’ jade?” says he. Think o’ that, Sally jew’l—misdoubtin’ my vartue, and I an honest woman, as I am. God help me!

SALLY. Oh! bud you’re to be pitied, Katty dear.

KATTY. Well, puttin’ up the child betune me and harm, as he was risin’ his hand—“Oh!” says I, “Mikee, darlint, don’t sthrek the babby;” but, my dear, before the word was out o’ my mouth, he sthruk the babby. (I thought the life ’id lave me). And, iv coorse, the poor babby that never spuk a word began to cry—(*New pittayatees!*)—began to cry and roar, and bawl, and no wondher.

SALLY. Oh! the haythen, to go sthrek the child.

KATTY. And, my jew’l, the neighbors in the flure below, hearin’ the skrimmage, kem runnin up the stairs, cryin’ out—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin’ out “watch, watch!

Mikee M'Evoy," says they, "would you murther your wife, you villian?" "What's that to you?" says he; "isn't she my own?" says he, "and if I plaze to make her feel the weight o' my—(*New pittayatees!*)—the weight o' my fist, what's that to you?" says he; "it's none o' your business, anyhow, so keep your tongue in your jaw, and your toe in your pump, and 't will be betther for your—(*New pittayatees!*)—'t will be betther for your health, I'm thinkin'," says he; and with that he looked cruked at thim, and squared up to one o' thim—(a poor definceless craythur, a tailor).

"Could you fight your match?" says the poor innocent man.

"Lave my sight," says Mike, "or, by jingo, I'll put a stitch in your side, my jolly tailor," says he.

"Yiv put a stitch in your wig already," says the tailor "and that'll do for the present writin'."

And with that, Mikee was goin' to hit him with a—(*New pittayatees!*)—a lift-hander; but he was cotch howld iv before he could let go his blow; and who should stand up forinist him, but—(*My new pittayatees!*)—but the tailor's wife; (and, by my sowl, it's she that's the sthrapper, and more's the pity she's thrown away upon one o' the sort;) and says she, "Let me at him," says she, "it's I that used to give a man a lickin' every day in the week; you're bowld an the head now, you vagabone," says she; "but if I had you alone," says she, "no matter if I wouldn't take the consait out o' your—(*New pittayatees!*)—out o' your braggin' heart;" and that's the way she wint an ballyraggin' him, and by gor, they all tuk patthern afther her, and abused him, my dear, to that degree, that I vow to the Lord, the very dogs in the street wouldn't lick his blood.

SALLY. Oh, my blessin' an thim.

KATTY. And with that, one and all, they began to cry—(*New pittayatees!*)—they began to cry him down; and, at last they all swore out, "Hell's bells attind your berrin'," says they, "you vagabone," as they just tuk him up by the scruff o' the neck, and threw him down the stairs; every step he'd take you'd think he'd brake his neck (glory be to God!) and so I got rid o' the ruffin; and then they left me cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin' afther the vagabone—though the angels knows well he wasn't desarvin' o'

one precious drop that fell from my two good-lookin' eyes:—and, oh! but the condition he left me in.

SALLY. Lord look down an you!

KATTY. And a purty sight it id be, if you could see how I was lyin' in the middle of the flure, cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)—cryin' and roarin' and the poor child, with his eye knocked out, in the corner cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)—and, indeed, every one in the place was cryin'—(*New pittayatees!*)

SALLY. And no wondher, Katty dear.

KATTY. Oh, bud that's not all. If you seen the condition the place was in afther it; it was turned upside down, like a beggar's breeches. Throth, I'd rather be at a bull-bait than at it—enough to make an honest woman cry—(*New pittayatees!*)—to see the daycent room rack'd and ruin'd, and my cap tore aff my head into tatthers—throth, you might riddle bulldogs through it; and bad luck to the hap'orth he left me, but a few—(*New pittayatees!*)—a few coppers; for the morodin' thief spint all his—(*New pittayatees!*)—all his wages o' the whole week in makin' a baste iv himself; and God knows but that comes aisy to him! and divil a thing had I to put inside my face, nor a dhrop to dhrink, barrin' a few—(*New pittayatees!*)—a few grains o' tay, and the ind iv a quarter o' sugar, and my eyes as big as your fist, and as black as the pot (savin' your presence,) and a beautiful dish iv—(*New pittayatees!*)—dish of delf, that I bought only last week in Templebar, bruk in three halves, in the middle o' the ruction—and the rint o' the room not ped—and I dipindin' only an—(*New pittayatees!*)—an cryin' a sieve-ful o' pratees, or schreechin' a lock o' savoys, or the like.

But I'll not brake your heart any more, Sally dear;—God's good, and never opens one door but he shuts another, and that's the way iv it; an' strinthins the wake with—(*New pittayatees!*)—with his protection—and may the widdy and the orphin's blessin' be an his name, I pray!—And my thrust is in Divine Providence, that was always good to me—and sure I don't despair; but not a night that I kneel down to say my prayers, that I don't pray for—(*New pittayatees!*)—for all manner o' bad luck to attind that vagabone, Mikee M'Evoy. My curse light an him this blessid minit; and—

[*A voice at a distance calls, "Potatoes!"*]

KATTY. Who calls?—(*Perceives her customer.*)—Here, ma'am,—Good bye, Sally darlint—good bye. (*New pit-tay-a-tees!*)

[*Exit Katty by the Cross Poddle.*]

### MOLLY CAREW.

Och hone! and what will I do?  
     Sure my love is all crost  
     Like a bud in the frost;  
 And there's no use at all in my going to bed,  
 For 't is *dhramas* and not sleep comes into my head,  
     And 't is all about you,  
     My sweet Molly Carew—  
 And indeed 't is a sin and a shame;  
     You're complater than Nature  
     In every feature,  
     The snow can't compare  
     With your forehead so fair,  
 And I rather would see just one blink of your eye  
 Than the purtiest star that shines out of the sky;  
     And by this and by that,  
     For the matter o' that,  
 You're more distant by far than that same!  
     Och hone! *weirasthru!*  
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! but why should I spake  
     Of your forehead and eyes  
     When your nose it defies  
 Paddy Blake, the schoolmaster, to put it in rhyme?  
 Though there's one Burke, he says, that would call it *snu*blime.  
     And then for your cheek!  
     Throth, 't would take him a week  
 Its beauties to tell, as he'd rather.  
     Then your lips! oh, *machree!*  
     In their beautiful glow,  
     They patthern might be  
     For the cherries to grow.  
 'T was an apple that tempted our mother, we know,  
 For apples were *scarce*, I suppose long ago;  
     But at this time o' day,



'Pon my conscience I'll say  
 Such cherries might tempt a man's father!  
 Och hone! *weirasthru!*  
 I'm alone in this world without you.

Och hone! by the man in the moon,  
 You *tase* me all ways  
 That a woman can plaze,  
 For you dance twice as high with that thief, Pat Magee,  
 As when you take share of a jig, dear, with me,  
 Though the piper I bate,  
 For fear the owld chate  
 Wouldn't play you your favorite tune;  
 And when you're at mass  
 My devotion you crass,  
 For 't is thinking of you  
 I am, Molly Carew,  
 While you wear, on purpose, a bonnet so deep,  
 That I can't at your sweet purty face get a peep:—  
 Oh, lave off that bonnet,  
 Or else I'll lave on it  
 The loss of my wandherin' sowl!  
 Och hone! *weirasthru!*  
 Och hone! like an owl,  
 Day is night, dear, to me, without you!

Och hone! don't provoke me to do it;  
 For there's girls by the score  
 That love me—and more,  
 And you'd look very quare if some morning you'd meet  
 My weddin' all marchin' in pride down the sthreet;  
 Throth, you'd open your eyes,  
 And you'd die with surprise,  
 To think 't wasn't you was come to it!  
 And faith Katty Naile,  
 And her cow, I go bail,  
 Would jump if I'd say,  
 "Katty Naile, name the day."  
 And though you're fair and fresh as a morning in May,  
 While she's short and dark like a cowld winter's day,  
 Yet if you don't repent  
 Before Easter, when Lent  
 Is over I'll marry for spite!  
 Och hone! *weirasthru!*  
 And when I die for you,  
 My ghost will haunt you every night.

## WIDOW MACHREE.

Widow Machree, it 's no wonder you frown,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree,  
 Faith it ruins your looks, that same dirty black gown,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 How altered your air  
 With that close cap you wear,  
 'T is destroying your hair  
 That should be flowing free;  
 Be no longer a churl  
 Of its black silken curl,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, now the summer is come,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree,  
 When everything smiles, should a beauty look glum?  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 See, the birds go in pairs,  
 And the rabbits and hares—  
 Why, even the bears  
 Now in couples agree—  
 And the mute little fish,  
 Though they can't spake, they wish—  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

Widow Machree, and when winter comes in,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree,  
 To be poking the fire all alone is a sin,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 Sure the shovel and tongs  
 To each other belongs,  
 While the kettle sings songs  
 Full of family glee!  
 Yet alone with your cup,  
 Like a hermit you sup,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.

And how do you know, with the comforts I've towld,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree,  
 But you 're keeping some poor fellow out in the cowl'd?  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 With such sins on your head  
 Sure your peace would be fled,  
 Could you sleep in your bed

Without thinking to see  
 Some ghost or some sprite  
 That would wake you at night,  
 Crying, "Och hone! Widow Machree!"

Then take my advice, darling Widow Machree,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree.  
 And, with my advice, faith, I wish you 'd take me.  
 Och hone! Widow Machree!  
 You 'd have me to desire  
 Then to stir up the fire;  
 And sure Hope is no liar  
 In whisp'ring to me  
 That the ghosts would depart  
 When you 'd me near your heart,  
 Och hone! Widow Machree!

---

#### THE LOW-BACKED CAR.

When first I met sweet Peggy,  
 'T was on a market day,  
 A low-backed car she drove, and sat  
 Upon a truss of hay.  
 But when that hay was blooming grass,  
 And decked with flowers of spring,  
 No flower was there that could compare  
 With the blooming girl I sing.  
 As she sat in the low-backed car,  
 The man at the turnpike bar  
 Never asked for the toll,  
 But just rubbed his owld poll,  
 And looked after the low-backed car.

In battle's wild commotion,  
 The proud and mighty Mars  
 With hostile scythes demands his tithes  
 Of death—in warlike cars;  
 While Peggy, peaceful goddess,  
 Has darts in her right eye,  
 That knock men down in the market town,  
 As right and left they fly,—  
 While she sits in her low-backed car,  
 Than battle more dangerous far,  
 For the doctor's art  
 Cannot cure the heart  
 That is hit from that low-backed car.

Sweet Peggy round her car, sir,  
 Has strings of ducks and geese,  
 But the scores of hearts she slaughters  
 By far outnumber these,  
 While she among her poultry sits,  
 Just like a turtle-dove,  
 Well worth the cage, I do engage,  
 Of the blooming god of love!  
 While she sits in her low-backed car  
 The lovers come near and far,  
 And envy the chicken  
 That Peggy is pickin',  
 As she sits in the low-backed car.

O, I'd rather own that car, sir,  
 With Peggy by my side,  
 Than a coach and four, and gold galore,  
 And a lady for my bride.  
 For the lady would sit fornenst me  
 On a cushion made with taste,  
 While Peggy would sit beside me  
 With my arm around her waist,—  
 While we drove in the low-backed car  
 To be married by Father Mahar.  
 O, my heart would beat high  
 At her glance and her sigh,  
 Though it beat in a low-backed car!

---

#### BARNEY O'HEA.

Now let me alone, though I know you won't,  
 Impudent Barney O'Hea!  
 It makes me outrageous  
 When you're so contagious,  
 And you'd better look out for the stout Corney Creagh;  
 For he is the boy  
 That believes I'm his joy,  
 So you'd better behave yourself, Barney O'Hea!  
 Impudent Barney,  
 None of your blarney,  
 Impudent Barney O'Hea!

I hope you're not going to Bandon Fair,  
 For indeed I'm not wanting to meet you there,



Impudent Barney O'Hea!  
 For Corney's at Cork,  
 And my brother's at work,  
 And my mother sits spinning at home all the day,  
 So no one will be there  
 Of poor me to take care,  
 So I hope you won't follow me, Barney O'Hea!  
 Impudent Barney,  
 None of your blarney,  
 Impudent Barney O'Hea!

But as I was walking up Bandon Street,  
 Just who do you think that myself should meet,  
 But impudent Barney O'Hea!  
 He said I looked killin',  
 I called him a villain,  
 And bid him that minute get out of the way.  
 He said I was joking,  
 And grinned so provoking,  
 I couldn't help laughing at Barney O'Hea!  
 Impudent Barney,  
 None of your blarney,  
 Impudent Barney O'Hea!

He knew 't was all right when he saw me smile,  
 For he was the rogue up to ev'ry wile,  
 Impudent Barney O'Hea!  
 He coaxed me to choose him,  
 For if I'd refuse him  
 He swore he'd kill Corney the very next day;  
 So, for fear 't would go further,  
 And just to save murther,  
 I think I must marry that madcap, O'Hea!  
 Bothering Barney,  
 'T is he has the blarney  
 To make a girl Mistress O'Hea.

---

### THE WHISTLIN' THIEF.

When Pat came over the hill,  
 His colleen fair to see,  
 His whistle low, but shrill,  
 The signal was to be.  
 (*Pat whistles.*)

“ Mary,” the mother said,  
 “ Some one is whistling sure.”  
 Says Mary, “ ’T is only the wind  
 Is whistling through the door.”  
*(Pat whistles “ Garryowen.”)*

“ I ’ve lived a long time, Mary,  
 In this wide world, my dear,  
 But a door to whistle like *that*  
 I never yet did hear.”

“ But, mother, you know the fiddle  
 Hangs close beside the chink,  
 And the wind upon the strings  
 Is playing the tune, I think.”  
*(The pig grunts.)*

“ Mary, I hear the pig,  
 Unaisy in his mind.”  
 “ But, mother, you know, they say  
 The pigs can see the wind.”

“ That ’s true enough *in the day*,  
 But I think you may remark  
 That pigs, no more nor we,  
 Can see anything in the dark.”  
*(The dog barks.)*

“ The dog is barking now,  
 The fiddle can’t play the tune.”  
 “ But, mother, the dogs will bark  
 Whenever they see the moon.”

“ But how could he see the moon,  
 When, you know, the dog is blind?  
 Blind dogs won’t bark at the moon,  
 Nor fiddles be played by the wind.

“ I ’m not such a fool as you think,  
 I know very well it is Pat:—  
 Shut your mouth, you whistlin’ thief,  
 And go along home out o’ that!

“ And you be off to your bed,  
 Don’t play upon me your jeers;  
 For though I have lost my eyes,  
 I haven’t lost my ears!”

## I'M NOT MYSELF AT ALL!

O I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
     I'm not myself at all!  
 Nothin' carin', nothin' knowing, 't is after you I'm goin',  
 Faith, your shadow 't is I'm growin', Molly dear,  
     And I'm not myself at all!  
 Th' other day I went confessin', and I asked the father's  
     blessin',  
 "But," says I, "don't give me one entirely,  
 For I fretted so last year but the half of me is here,  
 So give the other half to Molly Brierley."  
     O I'm not myself at all!

O I'm not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
     My appetite's so small.  
 I once could pick a goose, but my buttons is no use,  
 Faith my tightest coat is loose, Molly dear,  
     And I'm not myself at all!  
 If thus it is I waste, you'd better, dear, make haste,  
     Before your lover's gone away entirely;  
 If you don't soon change your mind, not a bit of me you'll  
     find—  
 And what 'ud you think o' that, Molly Brierley?  
     O I'm not myself at all!

O my shadow on the wall, Molly dear, Molly dear;  
     Isn't like myself at all.  
 For I've got so very thin, myself says 't isn't him,  
 But that purty girl so slim, Molly dear,  
     And I'm not myself at all!  
 If thus I smaller grow, all fretting, dear, for you,  
     'T is you should make me up the deficiency;  
 So just let Father Taaffe make you my better-half,  
     And you will not the worse of the addition be—  
     O I'm not myself at all!

I'll be not myself at all, Molly dear, Molly dear,  
     Till you my own I call!  
 Since a change o'er me there came, sure you might change your  
     name—  
 And 't would just come to the same, Molly dear,  
     'T would just come to the same;  
 For if you and I were one, all confusion would be gone,  
     And 't would simplify the matter entirely;

And 't would save us so much bother when we 'd both be one  
another—

So listen now to reason, Molly Brierley.

O I 'm not myself at all!

### RORY O'MORE.

Young Rory O'More courted Kathleen bawn,  
He was bold as a hawk, and she soft as the dawn;  
He wished in his heart pretty Kathleen to please,  
And he thought the best way to do that was to tease.  
"Now, Rory, be aisy," sweet Kathleen would cry,  
Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye;  
"With your tricks I don't know, in troth, what I 'm about;  
Faith, you 've teased till I 've put on my cloak inside out."  
"Oh! jewel," says Rory, "that same is the way  
You 've thrated my heart for this many a day,  
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?  
For 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Indeed, then," says Kathleen, "don't think of the like,  
For I half gave a promise to soothing Mike;  
The ground that I walk on he loves, I 'll be bound."  
"Faith," says Rory, "I 'd rather love you than the ground."  
"Now, Rory, I 'll cry, if you don't let me go;  
Sure I dream every night that I 'm hating you so!"  
"Oh!" says Rory, "that same I 'm delighted to hear,  
For dhramas always go by contrairies, my dear!  
Oh! jewel, keep dreaming that same till you die,  
And bright morning will give dirty night the black lie;  
And 't is plazed that I am, and why not, to be sure?  
Since 't is all for good luck," says bold Rory O'More.

"Arrah, Kathleen, my darlint, you 've teased me enough,  
Sure I 've thrashed, for your sake, Dinny Grimes and Jim  
Duff;  
And I 've made myself, drinking your health, quite a baste,  
So I think, after that, I may talk to the priest."  
Then Rory, the rogue, stole his arm round her neck,  
So soft and so white, without freckle or speck,  
And he looked in her eyes that were beaming with light,  
And he kissed her sweet lips,—don't you think he was right?  
"Now, Rory, leave off, sir; you 'll hug me no more;  
That 's eight times to-day that you 've kissed me before."  
"Then here goes another," says he, "to make sure,  
For there 's luck in odd numbers," says Rory O'More.



## WHAT WILL YOU DO, LOVE?

"What will you do, love, when I am going,  
With white sail flowing,

The seas beyond?—

What will you do, love, when waves divide us,  
And friends may chide us

For being fond?"

"Though waves divide us, and friends be chiding,  
In faith abiding,

I'll still be true!

And I'll pray for thee on the stormy ocean,  
In deep devotion—

That's what I'll do!"

"What would you do, love, if distant tidings  
Thy fond confidings

Should undermine?—

And I, abiding 'neath sultry skies,  
Should think other eyes

Were as bright as thine?"

"Oh, name it not!—though guilt and shame  
Were on thy name,

I'd still be true:

But that heart of thine—should another share it—  
I could not bear it!

What would I do?"

"What would you do, love, when home returning,  
With hopes high-burning,

With wealth for you,

If my bark, which bounded o'er foreign foam,  
Should be lost near home—

Ah! what would you do?"

"So thou wert spared—I'd bless the morrow  
In want and sorrow,

That left me you;

And I'd welcome thee from the wasting billow,  
This heart thy pillow—

That's what I'd do!"

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 THE WAR-SHIP OF PEACE.

The Americans exhibited much sympathy toward Ireland when the famine raged there in 1847. A touching instance was then given how the better feelings of our nature may employ even the en-

ginery of destruction to serve the cause of humanity: an American frigate (the Jamestown I believe) was dismantled of all her warlike appliances, and placed at the disposal of the charitable to carry provisions.—*Author.*

Sweet Land of Song! thy harp doth hang  
 Upon the willows now,  
 While famine's blight and fever's pang  
 Stamp misery on thy brow;  
 Yet take thy harp, and raise thy voice,  
 Though faint and low it be,  
 And let thy sinking heart rejoice  
 In friends still left to thee!

Look out—look out—across the sea  
 That girds thy emerald shore,  
 A ship of war is bound for thee,  
 But with no warlike store;  
 Her thunder sleeps—'t is Mercy's breath  
 That wafts her o'er the sea;  
 She goes not forth to deal out death,  
 But bears new life to thee!

Thy wasted hand can scarcely strike  
 The chords of grateful praise;  
 Thy plaintive tone is now unlike  
 Thy voice of former days;  
 Yet, even in sorrow, tuneful still,  
 Let Erin's voice proclaim  
 In bardic praise, on every hill,  
 Columbia's glorious name!

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#### THE ANGEL'S WHISPER.

A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,  
 For her husband was far on the wild raging sea,  
 And the tempest was swelling, round the fisherman's dwelling,  
 And she cried, "Dermot, darling, oh! come back to me."

Her beads while she numbered, the baby still slumbered,  
 And smiled in her face as she bended her knee;  
 "Oh! blest be that warning, my child, thy sleep adorning,  
 For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.

“And while they are keeping bright watch o’er thy sleeping,  
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—  
And say thou wouldst rather, they’d watch o’er thy father,  
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.”

The dawn of the morning saw Dermot returning,  
And the wife wept with joy her babe’s father to see,  
And closely caressing her child, with a blessing  
Said, “I knew that the angels were whispering with thee!”

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### MY MOTHER DEAR.

There was a place in childhood that I remember well,  
And there a voice of sweetest tone bright fairy-tales did tell,  
And gentle words and fond embrace were giv’n with joy to me,  
When I was in that happy place—upon my mother’s knee.

When fairy-tales were ended, “Good-night,” she softly said,  
And kissed and laid me down to sleep within my tiny bed;  
And holy words she taught me there—methinks I yet can see  
Her angel eyes, as close I knelt beside my mother’s knee.

In the sickness of my childhood—the perils of my prime—  
The sorrows of my riper years—the cares of every time—  
When doubt and danger weighed me down—then pleading all  
for me,  
It was a fervent prayer to Heaven that bent my mother’s knee.

## HANNAH LYNCH.

(— 1904.)

HANNAH LYNCH was born in Dublin. She lived much in Spain, in Greece, and in France, and published many novels, including 'Prince of the Glades,' 'Dr. Vermont's Fantasy,' 'Denys D'Anvrillac,' 'Through Troubled Waters,' 'Daughters of Men,' 'Rosni Harvey,' 'Jinny Blake,' 'An Odd Experiment,' 'Clare Monroe,' and 'The Autobiography of a Child,' which excited great interest when it ran in *Blackwood's*. It has since, in a French dress, appeared in one of the principal French reviews. Miss Lynch was a well-known contributor to the monthly reviews, Paris correspondent of *The Academy*, and wrote 'Toledo' in the series of 'Mediæval Towns' and 'French Life in Town and Country.' She died in Paris, Jan. 9, 1904.

### A VILLAGE SOVEREIGN.

Her inches were hardly proportionate to her years, and these measured three. She balanced the deficiency by breadth, and toddled about on the fattest of short legs. She was not pretty after the angelic pattern, and was all the more engaging.

It would be difficult for her biographer to say which were the more adorable; her smile, that raced like a pink radiance from the soft little chin to the crystal blue eyes, or the two perpendicular lines of thought and fearful anxiety that sometimes sprang between the mobile brows, and generally furnished the occasion for stamping her foot at some refractory subject, or were brought into play by an earnest insistence on having the unanswerable answered without delay.

As most of her hours were spent out-of-doors, and hats were antipathetic to her, it followed that few of her subjects enjoyed sight of the carefully combed and curled little poll that left her mother's hands every morning. Instead, they had the more disturbing, if less elegant, picture of fine brown silk rolling and shaking, like the floss of a King Charles, in the dearest confusion imaginable round and about the bright little face. The invasion of curls just permitted the pretty upward play of brown eyelashes against the protruding arch of brow, so that the big blue



eyes looked out from a forest of winter shade. She had the divinest of mouths, an arched rosy bud, formed as a child's mouth rarely is, sweet and perfectly shaped, with an imperious claim upon kisses. Not to wish to kiss her, was to prove yourself inhuman. She was never dirty, though not exactly a precisian in the matter of raiment. It would not be safe to trust her with an orange, if it were intended she should sit upon the chairs of civilization, an emblem of spotless childhood; but she could be relied upon any day to pass a neighborhood where mud-pies were being manufactured and not succumb to the burning temptation to bemire herself.

Such was Norry, the uncrowned queen of a remote little town on the edge of a glorious Irish lake. Like the Oriental philanthropist, she loved her fellow-men. Her existence was based on the first law of Christianity, with such a surprising result that her fellows of all classes, creeds, sexes, and ages worshiped her.

She was not of the order of female infant that is content to stay indoors and play with dolls. Nor were outdoor games the chief delight of her life. What she liked was the making and sustaining of universal acquaintances.

She woke with the dawn preoccupied with the fortunes of Tommy This and Molly That, and chattered about them while she graciously submitted to the encroachments of soap, water, bath-towel, and brush; and she was still discoursing of them in passionate interludes while Marcella fed her upon bread and milk and porridge in the kitchen.

She it was who welcomed all new-comers into the town—tramps, travelers, and visitors. Her formula was as rigid and unchanging as royal etiquette. She drew no line between beggars and noblemen, but simply said to the trousered male: "Man, what's your name?" If there were any geniality in the reply (and there usually was), she as invariably added: "The blessings of Dod on you. Kiss me!" Upon her lips, however, the command took the form of *tish*. The person in petticoats she addressed as "'oman," and if the 'oman happened to be accompanied by a baby, it was an exciting moment for Norry.

Babies, puppies, and kittens constituted the most interesting portion of humanity in her eyes. They were all

*doaty*, as she called them. She insisted on kissing every baby that crossed her path, even on occasional visits to the thronged city where her grandmother lived, to the dismay and discomfort of her handsome young aunts. Whatever she had in her hand she needs must bestow upon the long-frocked creature, not infrequently to repent her of her generosity five minutes later, and demand restitution of the gift.

When she had, so to speak, conferred the freedom of the town upon the stranger, Norry instantly toddled off with eager intent to acquaint the world that Johnny Murphy or Biddy Magrath had been welcomed to her dominions.

The episode of Norry and the Marquis is a tale in which the town takes much pride. The idlers round the bar still tell it to one another with unabated glee; and Norry's kindness to the big man is one of the reasons why the town has lately begun to look with less open disfavor upon that haughty aristocrat. For the lord of the soil is not a genial person. He is distant, high-handed, and ungenerous. He takes no inconsiderable income from an impoverished land with never so much as a *thank you*, a humane inquiry into the prosperity of his tenants, or a single evidence of thought for their welfare; and he spends it to the last farthing, along with his good manners and smiles, in England. There we hear of him as a delightful type of the Irish gentleman, off-handed, witty, and a capital host; in Norry's town (which ought to be his) he is known as a morose, close-fisted, and overbearing Saxon. So much may a man differ in his attitude toward one race and another.

A wave of universal joy passed over the town the day Kitty Farrell publicly rebuked him for his lack of manners among his own people. Kitty keeps the newspaper-shop, and an Irish daily paper being one of the few things the Marquis could not import from England, it followed that he ran up a small account with Kitty during his last sojourn before Norry was born. Driving through the town on his way to the station, the lord of the soil stopped his carriage and called out from the window to Kitty to know the amount due.

"Half-a-crown, me lord," said Kitty, dropping an ele-

gant curtsy that quite carried off the inelegance of bare feet and tattered skirts.

"There, girl," cried the Marquis, flinging a silver piece on the ground.

Kitty did not move so much as an eyelash in direction of the fallen coin, but as the carriage began to roll on again, my lord lying back as proud as an invader, she ran after it, shrieking at the top of her voice: "Me lord, me lord, I telled ye ye owe me half-a-crown."

"It's on the ground," the Marquis retorted, frowning. "I threw it out of the window."

"Oh, me lord, I have nothing to do with your throwings. Maybe 't is your diversion; 't is no affair of mine anyway. What I want is me money paid into me own hand, as between Christian and Christian. Your driver is welcome to the other bit of silver, if he likes, but I must be paid in me own fashion."

It was chanted in the sing-song brogue all over the town that evening, how grand a sight it was to see the Marquis take a half-crown out of his pocket, and submissively place it on Kitty's extended palm.

But a smaller flower of her sex was to subdue the haughty Marquis in quite another way. He had not visited his Irish estates since the appearance of Norry on the scene, and in consequence could not be aware that, in comparison with this pinaforesd autocrat, he was a personage of no influence or prestige whatever. On the other hand, Norry had never heard of the lord of the soil, and was under the impression that the beautiful park formed, like everything else around her, a suitable environment and background for her own individuality.

While her mother dawdled over the breakfast-table, believing Norry still engaged upon her bread and milk in the kitchen with Marcella, the child was toddling up the main street, hatless, the brown floss on her head blown about in every direction. After her straggled a band of admiring children to whom she discoursed lispingly in her ardent, imperious, and wholly delightful fashion. They obeyed her because they loved her, but they would have had to obey her in any case. Disobedience and dissent were things she neither comprehended nor tolerated. She went towards the park, and at the top of the street commanded

her guard of honor to await her return; not because she yearned to breathe awhile in the fresh morning air the privacy of incognito, for she was unacquainted with shyness as she was with fear; but she said she wanted to see Jacky Molloy's puppy, and Jacky was an invalid living in a cottage close to the park avenue.

Her intention was suddenly diverted as she turned the corner by the sight of an imposing stranger in a shooting-jacket. The park gate had swung behind him, and he was advancing rapidly in her direction. Norry put up a pink finger and laid it against her lovely mouth. With her this signified grave perplexity, and the gesture was rendered still more quaint by the lines of intense mental effort that so deliciously corrugated her forehead, and vested her in a fascinating aspect of worry. Even at so young an age are the cares of sovereignty apparent, and a regal mind is none the less uneasy because the emblem of royalty happens not to be visible. Here was a stranger entering Norry's dominions with an air of command, while she herself was not acquainted with him. She did not puzzle out the situation upon lines quite so clear perhaps, but she eyed the imposing stranger questioningly, and promptly made up her mind. It is possible she had a preference for ragged humanity, but she was quite above such meanness as drawing the line in the matter of tailoring. After all the lonely, unhappy stranger could not help being well dressed, she may have supposed, and it was really no reason why he should not be greeted as well as her favorite tramps and idlers. So she walked unhesitatingly up to him, and barred his way with one of her imperious gestures.

The stranger cast a casual glance upon her. She was not effectively pretty, and you had to look twice until you knew her, to realize how adorable she was. He was moving on in his cold ungenial mood,—for children as mere children did not appeal to him, above all the children of his Irish tenants—when her lisped demand and frown of ecstatic seriousness arrested him. “Man, what’s your name?”

The stranger stared at the little creature, at first in something like dismay; then the frown and the imperative glance that revealed a nature not to be trifled with, amused



him, and finally captivated him. He thought it the oddest thing in the world, and smiled almost pleasantly as he answered, "Grandby."

"Dood-morrow, Dandby; I am dad to see you, and the blessings of Dod on you, Dandby."

There was a whiff of royal favor in the greeting on her side, a sense of duty accomplished and a generous feeling that this different kind of man had as much claim upon her goodwill as Murphy the tramp. The Marquis of Grandby, on his side, was convulsed with the comicality of it; for he was not so saturnine that he had no sense of humor. You see, he was born on Irish soil, by which we explain any virtue there might be in him, while the vices we good-naturedly lay to the account of his Saxon training. Anyhow, if he did get out of bed that morning on the wrong side, her Majesty Queen Norry soon set him right. He showed his entertainment in the situation by baring his teeth under a heavy gray mustache; then he drew himself up, lifted his hat, and thanked her with a gravity no less superb than her own.

Norry, I have said, had no salient marks of beauty; there was nothing about her either of princess or fairy, and she wore no more picturesque raiment than a little red woolen frock and a plain pinafore. But she stirred the heart of the Marquis to an unwonted softness. He was about to ask her name when she continued in her broken eagerness of voice: "Have you tum to stay with us, Dandby?"

Norry included the whole town in her definition of family, and the man living at the other end of the street was only a man occupying another room, and apt at any moment to drop into the family circle.

"May I not know your name too, little madam?"

"Norry," she said impatiently, as if in reply to an irrelevant question.

"And Mamma's name?" asked the Marquis.

"Mother's name is O'Neill. She lives down there; we all live down there," she jerked, chopping up in her excitement her lisping syllables upon the click of tiny teeth. "Wouldn't you like to see Jack Molloy's puppy,—a doaty little dog? The Sergeant gave it to him."

"Let us go and look at Jacky Molloy's puppy, by all

means," said the amused Marquis. "But first, Norry, I think you ought to give me a kiss."

Norry held up her rosebud mouth without a smile upon her perplexed and shadowed countenance. This was part of her duty, to kiss mankind, and the moment she felt to be a very serious one. The Marquis lifted her in his arms, and marveled at himself as he did so. When he had kissed her, an irresistible impulse seized him. He did not set her down again on her fat short legs, but just dropped her on his broad shoulder. Norry shrieked with delight. Here was virtue triumphantly rewarded! She had done a good turn by an acquaintance worth making,—a man who could hoist a little girl so easily and jolt her at a swinging pace through the air.

She indicated the direction of Jacky's house with a dimpled hand, and concluded her information with the assurance that she was glad she had met him. At the cottage-door the Marquis rapped, and said to the white-capped woman whom he summoned: "Norry and I have come to see Jacky's puppy." The woman at once curtsied in a flutter of recognition and surprise. "I met this little lady near my gates, and she was kind enough to make acquaintance with me. She proposed to take me here to see a puppy in the light of a favor, and I see she is accustomed to have her way," he explained.

"Sure 't is our own Miss Norry, blessings on her," cried Mrs. Molloy, gazing tenderly after the child, who had already made her way into the inner room, where Jacky lay in bed nursing his puppy. "Sure 't is herself we love, me lord; she's like sunshine on a wet day."

"Tum in here, Dandby; tum!" Norry shouted imperiously. "Watch me pull the puppy's tail."

Mrs. Molloy's face wrinkled in a frightened smile. It was nothing less than awful to her to hear the great man addressed as *Grandby*.

The Marquis submissively went inside, and satisfied Norry by kissing Jacky Molloy and taking the puppy into his arms. It was one thing to kiss Norry, but he really felt that, had any choice been left to him, he would have preferred not to kiss poor white-cheeked Jacky. He had no sentiment for children, but having accepted Norry's protection, he knew when it was becoming to yield.

Now Norry could not stay long in one place, and when she entered a house she felt it an obligation to visit every living member thereof, so while the Marquis, for mere form's sake, was putting a few casual questions to Jacky and his mother, she raced into the kitchen to greet the tabby.

Mrs. Molloy took the opportunity to follow her, and whispered quickly to her: "You mustn't call that gentleman Grandby, Miss Norry. 'Tis he as is himself the Markiss."

Norry caught the word, and, still strangling the tabby in her arms, returned to Jacky's room. "Dandby," she burst out in her passionate way, "Mrs. Molloy she says you isn't Dandby but the Marskiss. Are you the Marskiss or Dandby?"

"Some big people call me a Marskiss, Norry, it is true; but you must please call me Dandby,—unless you fall out with me."

"Norry never falls out with anybody," Jacky cried with enthusiastic emphasis.

"I'll tum a-morrow and see you adain, Jacky," said Norry, taking his championship as her due. "Now I'm doing up the town to see lots of people,—my aunt Mary, and the Doctor, and Father Luke, and Biddy Malone's goat. Dood-bye, Jacky; I'll tum a-morrow, Mrs. Molloy. Tum, Dandby! He isn't the Marskiss, Mrs. Molloy."

The Marquis slipped a silver coin under Jacky's pillow, and went out in obedience to his superior's order.

Outside Norry spied her guard of honor straggling down toward her. She bethought herself that her duty to the stranger was accomplished, and that she had her friends to look after. He, she concluded, might be trusted to find his way about the place. Releasing his hand, she gave him a bright explanatory nod, and shouted out: "I'm tumin', Kitty and Tommy, pre'ntly. Wait for me, wait for me," and waddled on at a running pace extremely diverting to watch.

The lonely stranger, thus abandoned to his own devices, found occupation for the day; but he remembered to question his agent about Norry. The subsidiary parents were naturally mentioned only to drop into insignificance. Norry's parents might belong to her, and as such receive

some slight attention; but no living soul dreamed of believing that Norry belonged to them. They were excellent people, it was generally affirmed,—he a gentleman in every sense of the word, she a very charming young lady—but their fame rested mainly on the fact that they belonged to Norry. When they traveled up to town and left the child behind them, all the idlers and tramps of the place were constituted her nurses,—Marcella not being regarded as sufficiently ubiquitous to have an eye upon majesty of so vagabond a disposition. When she voyaged out of sight, a group of ruffians, engaged in supporting the town-walls between the pauses of refreshing exhausted nature, would forsake bar and gossip, and dawdle in her wake with their hands in their pockets, whistling as they went along. Like so many big mastiffs, each one felt upon his honor to protect her.

She had a word for all; not the meanest of her subjects went unrewarded. She felt as a princess feels, without any vanity, that she was the center of universal attraction, and that the person who attempted to quarrel with her was bound by this very fact, as by an inevitable natural law, to get the worst of it. This perhaps was the unconscious meaning of her splendid generosity to her play-mates, whatever their sex or class might be. If she insisted on their obedience,—and this, I am afraid, she did in no half-hearted way—at least she never told tales of them, or procured them punishment or blame, and always gave more than she received. The result was that there was not one rebel in her train, and I solemnly believe not one was jealous of her. Hers was a very equable and magnanimous disposition; and her reign was pacific, when, such was her power, it might have led to civil war.

The Marquis left the town next morning. From his carriage he caught sight of Norry clutching a slice of bread and jam at which she took bites in the intervals of voluble chatter with the parish priest, who had stopped to talk to her. The jam had made big red blotches on her pinafore, and her face and fingers were in a lamentable state. Nevertheless, this second vision of her revealed her as more bewitching to the Marquis than the first. There was no wind, so her curls were in a more orderly confusion, and as she was less excited, her lisping chatter flowed on



with a quainter fluency. The Marquis pulled the check-string, and the carriage stopped in front of Norry and Father Sullivan. "Good-bye, Norry," he called out.

"Dood-bye, Dandby," Norry cried, remembering his name without any hesitation. "Tum a-morrow adain; I'se sorry you're doing away."

Father Sullivan wheeled round in profound amazement and quickly uncovered. The Marquis gave him a curt nod, and before he could recover his wits and make proffer of an elegant greeting, the carriage was rolling down to the broad open road.

"Mrs. Molloy called him the Marskiss," Norry said contemptuously, with as much bitterness as her genial little heart was capable of harboring toward a fellow-creature. The word *Marskiss* being an unknown quantity in her ears, she conceived it as a term of obloquy, and resented its application to the amiable stranger who appeared so properly grateful for her kindness and condescension. Now, if he had been called a Sergeant it would be quite another thing. *That* would have been the highest compliment, for was not the Sergeant of her own town one of her very dearest friends,—Pat Maguire, a splendid specimen of the Irish Constabulary, who was ready any day to risk his life for her?

The story of Norry and the Marquis was round the town before the morning papers from Dublin were distributed. It was told in every shop, at every bar, and recounted in various ways to that bird of passage, the bagman; it was droned over fires in the bewitching sing-song brogue of the country, mellowed and adorned with the people's imaginative art, as it passed from mouth to mouth. Larry Reilly had his version from Father Sullivan; the Doctor had a more detailed and highly colored account from the Marquis's agent, who in turn received it direct from the noble lord himself. The agent, as fine a fellow as ever crossed a bog and rolled the Irish r, was the only popular person in the Grandby establishment, and the Marquis lost nothing in his version of the tale. Then there was Mrs. Molloy's account; and here the unpopular person, by his attitude of bland submission to the autocrat of the village and his positively human behavior, quite captivated the rustic heart. He wasn't, you see, such a black-hearted vil-

lain after all, or at least Norry had charmed the fiend out of him; shouldn't wonder if after this he reduced the rents twenty-five per cent all round. The Marquis did not reduce the rents, or accomplish any other act of virtue that we have heard of; but he returned to Ireland after a shorter interval than was yet known of since his marriage with a hard-faced and disagreeable Saxon.

Meanwhile Norry lived her life of *al fresco* sovereignty. Her mother had taken her up to the city once in what Norry described to us afterwards as "the bogey puff-puff," and there she had won hearts and broken them in about equal proportion.

She had a disconcerting habit of stopping every policeman she met, under the impression he must be related to her friend the Sergeant, with a quaint "Dood-morrow, Sergeant; the blessings of Dod on ye, Sergeant." She would insist on darting away from aunt or mother in a crowded street, to kiss the latest baby, or pat a stray dog, or strive gallantly in her enthusiasm to strangle a terrified cat; she wanted to stop and make acquaintance with the horses as well, and greeted every stranger that crossed her path with a reassuring smile, when she was forcibly restrained from asking his or her name. Once there was a fearful accident, outside her grandmother's gate. A mastiff was lying on the path irritable from heat and thirst. In any other mood, I am sure so large an animal would be gifted with sufficient sagacity to recognize a friend; but he panted and glowered in a sullen and angry temper, and when Norry stooped down to place two fat arms round "the doaty dog," the ill-humored brute bit her arm furiously. That was a bad moment for her aunts. The child's arm bled, but Norry herself never cried; she was afraid the dog would be scolded if it were known how much she suffered. In the garden, without waiting to go inside, an aunt knelt down and sucked the arm till the bleeding stopped; and within ten minutes the magnificent dog was shot. An hour afterwards Norry was running about as bright and well as ever, though anxious eyes dwelt upon her for some days.

Her aunts wisely felt that a dead country town, with no traffic to speak of and a prevailing sense of brotherhood, formed a more suitable and picturesque background

for such a disturbing individuality as Norry's, and were not sorry to see her safely ensconced behind the railway carriage window shaking her little fat fist at them, with the smiling assurance that she would "Tum a-morrow adain in the bogey puff-puff to see them."

It was not long after her return that we noticed her bright color beginning to fade, and shadowy blue circles forming under her eyes. Soon it was whispered, as a universal calamity, that Norry was not well. She lay at home on the sofa and cried a good deal, or made her mother hold her in her lap beside the fire. Poor Norry was not an angel, as I have said, and she was a very fretful and exacting little invalid. Her occupation, like Othello's, was gone, and she could not reconcile herself to the dullness of the sick-room. Only the touch of her mother's hand comforted her; that withdrawn, she at once fell upon wild sobbing.

No such fuss would have been made over the Marquis himself, or even the parish priest. Lifelong enemies encountered on their way to inquire for her two or three times a day. People not on speaking terms with her parents sent to ask every morning how she had passed the night. Marcella had to call in the services of a slip of a girl to open the door to the tramps and idlers from the nearest villages who came for news of her. Every morning and evening a bulletin was issued verbally and ran from house to house, from cottage to cottage. On her way to the telegraph office, Marcella was waylaid by a crowd of rough and tattered youths. "Troth an' she's very bad indeed," the maid replied tearfully. "We don't like to think of it at all, at all."

"Glory be to God, girl, but 't isn't thrue. Sure what 'ud we do at all, at all, without her? 'T is lost the town 'ud be if anything happened her."

"She's just the drawingest child the Almighty ever sent on earth," one fellow exclaimed, ramming the corner of his sleeve into his eyes.

That night the Marquis's carriage drove through the town, but no one had eyes or thought for it. The agent was summoned late to the Hall, for the Marquis meant to start by the earliest train for his son's estates in a neighboring county.

Business done, gossip was a natural relaxation, and the Marquis had not forgotten his friend Norry, and asked if she still ruled the town. The agent told the dismal tale, and the great man looked really distressed. "What, my little friend! Great heavens, it's not possible! I'll go off at once and inquire for her."

The Marquis and the agent walked together as far as the O'Neills' pretty house. Here the agent lifted his hat and departed, and the Marquis rapped loudly. The tremendous peal rang through the whole house, and the parents of the sick child upstairs started angrily. The Marquis, as befits a big man, spoke in a big voice; there was no need to go out of the room to ask who had made such an intolerable noise. The message ascended in the deliverer's own voice up the stairs and into the half-opened door of the room where sick Norry lay in her mother's arms, while the father stood measuring out some nauseous medicine.

"Tell Mrs. O'Neill that the Marquis of Grandby has called to inquire for her little daughter. If possible, he would be grateful for the privilege of seeing his little friend."

Young O'Neill gave the spoon and glass into his wife's hand, and went downstairs. The Marquis greeted him quite cordially. "Ah, Mr. O'Neill—so sorry—can't be true—temporary child's complaint, of course—assure you, quite looked forward to seeing my delightful little friend, Norry—monstrous, 'pon my word, to think of her as sick."

Tears were in the poor father's eyes, and he sobbed out something or other in which *My lord* was just audible. Young parents with an only child ill, perhaps dying, and that child at the age of three already regarded as a public personage! Is it to be expected that they should keep their heads or talk coherently, when even all the outside world was plunged in grief because of their private woe?

The Marquis slipped his arm into the stricken fellow's, and soothingly murmured: "Come, come, Mr. O'Neill, courage! Let's go up and see her. We must have the best of advice; little girls like her can't be snuffed out like candles."

At the door the Marquis was the first to cross the thresh-



old unbidden. Young O'Neill slipped into his own room to work off a fit of increasing emotion. Norry was gathered against her mother's breast, white and querulous. She moaned ever since she had been forced to swallow her nasty medicine.

"Do you know this friend who has come to see you, Norry?" asked the mother, with a tragic upward glance of greeting for the Marquis.

Norry opened her eyes, and stayed her peevish whimper. She did not recognize him after eight months, and she was too oppressed by the atmosphere of the sick-room to smile. Looking down upon the wan and piteous little visage with the curls brushed back from the protuberant arch of brow and the blue eyes dulled and large and dark, the Marquis himself had some ado to recognize the vivid face with its sunny glance and rosy lips that some months ago had drawn the heart of him as never child had drawn it before. "Norry, don't you remember your friend Grandby, whom you took to see Jacky Molloy's puppy?" he asked, dropping into her father's chair, and taking the white baby hand in his.

Norry stared at him in an effort of memory. To the healthy eye there is a world of difference between daylight and candle-light, and small wonder so little about the stranger struck a reminiscent chord. She frowned crossly and turned to her mother for explanation.

"You remember the gentleman Mrs. Molloy called the Marskiss, Norry?" whispered her mother. And suddenly Norry remembered. Her sick small face wrinkled and quivered in one of the old bright smiles as faint as the echo of a melody. "Oh, yes, Dandby, I remember; and stupid Mrs. Molloy says ever since that he's the Marskiss."

The mother's heart overflowed with gratitude for that sweet smile. To her it seemed a promise of recovery, a presage of health and merriment, and the dear vagabond days restored. She kissed her child, and held her close to her sobbing breast.

"She'll get well, Mrs. O'Neill; she must. By heavens, we can't let her go! I'll send a messenger off this very instant for Sir Martin Bunbury."

The Marquis stooped and kissed the child, and strode

away to post one of the Hall servants up to town by the last train for the great doctor. He broke his appointment with his son, and stayed on, calling every day at the O'Neills'. He was quite a humanized figure for his tenants by this. He was bound to them by a common tie, for he, too, acknowledged their queen and hung upon her whims. Because she spoke of the lake and wished she had a boat, he telegraphed for the loveliest boat that money could buy. She soon grew to know him as well as Father Sullivan, or the Curate, or the Doctor. But she was faithful to old friends, and preferred Murphy the Tramp and Pat Maguire the big Sergeant.

The great man from overseas, summoned at the Marquis's expense, was at first dubious, then convinced that nothing could save the child. His words ran across the town, and knots of rustics and shop-boys gathered to shake their heads and bemoan their fate. The clouds had burst and sent rivers of muddy liquid along the street, and drove a gray pall over the earth sheer to the somber horizon. It was a picture of dense immeasurable gloom; Norry's own town in tears, large hissing tears, tearing at the roots of her friendly trees and splashing into her magnificent lake, till it swelled beneath the sense of universal sorrow.

The Marquis was seen coming down the street from the park avenue, and it was decided to question him after his visit like an ordinary fellow-mortal. His hat was tilted over his eyes, and there was an air of sadness about him that stirred the spectators to a belief in some latent virtue in him. He was a hard landlord, true, but then Norry liked him, and he had grown fond of the child. Surely he might be pardoned not having reduced their rents.

His knock now was not so self-assertive as on the first visit. The young father was downstairs, with his head on the table, shaken by terrible sobs. Sir Martin Bunbury had delivered his appalling opinion. The Marquis silently closed the door and stole upstairs. Outside the sick-room there was no sound. He peeped in, and saw it empty. Much amazed, he wandered down again, and met Marcella crossing the hall with a cup in her hand; the back of the other she held against her eyes. "Where's the child?" asked the astounded Marquis.

"She's down here, sir. She wanted a change, and the

mistress carried her to the drawing-room." As she spoke she opened the door, and the Marquis marched in. Mrs. O'Neill sat near the fire with a bundle of flannels in her arms, and out of this two tired blue eyes gazed at him.

"Dood-morrow, Dandby," said Norry, with a touch of the old spirit. The mother pressed her lips against the brown floss curls and smiled wanly at her landlord. "A-morrow," Norry went on, lifting her head willfully and striking out a thin arm in her eagerness, "I'll be better, and I'll take you to the lake, Dandby, with my boat; won't I, mother?"

"Yes, darling," said the courageous young mother.

"And papa'll tum, too,—won't he, Dandby?"

"If it is fine, Norry; but you know papa and I couldn't go out if it rained. We'd catch cold," said the Marquis, stroking her head.

She wrinkled her little marble face in a ghost of her sweet pink smile. It had the old light but not the color, and she spoke with some of her quaint ardor and broken lisp. "Little children don't mind the wain, do they, mother? Me and Tommy O'Brien used to wun out in the wain to grow big. But 't isn't the same wif big people, I s'pose."

She had not spoken so much for a long while, and her mother hardly knew whether to hope or be afraid. "Norry mustn't tire herself if she wants to get well," she ventured to suggest.

"Oh, mother, Norry isn't tired a bit. I fink she is better. Mother, do play the piano for Norry."

"What shall mother play?"

"Play 'Polly Perkins;' you know, mother, the fink the Sergeant sings. Do you know 'Polly Perkins,' Dandby?"

"If you like to gratify her, Mrs. O'Neill, I'll take her," said the Marquis reddening.

With a desperate glance Mrs. O'Neill deposited the whimsical baby in his arms, and after she had complied with her despot's command for a *tish*, half staggered over to the piano, blinded by her tears, to play the wretched vulgar tune just imported from the London music-halls.

Never was 'Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay' played in an atmosphere more tragic. The degraded jingle rose in the astonished silence nothing less discordant and inappropriate

than if it had been played in a church. For Norry alone it was not out of place. She remembered her friend the Sergeant, and made a gallant effort to sing his parody. In a thin hurried voice she quavered, with painful earnestness:

“ Polly Perkins had no sense,  
She bought a fiddle for eighteen pence;  
And all the tunes that she could play  
Was *Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*.”

She closed her eyes with the violence of her effort to finish the verse, and nestled her little brown head against the Marquis's arm.

Marcella came in with something for her to take, but the mother and Lord Grandby held up an arresting hand. There was a drowsy look upon the child's face that promised slumber. She muttered something vaguely, and the Marquis bent down to catch the words, feeling that he could never forgive the Sergeant if it proved to be “*Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*.” “He isn't a Marskiss at all,” she said. In spite of the heavy feelings of the moment, Lord Grandby involuntarily smiled.

He sat on there in the darkened little drawing-room, holding Norry asleep in his arms, while her parents and Marcella hung over him, sometimes kneeling on either side of him to inspect her and measure their chances of hope. Not for worlds dared he stir so burdened. The scene recalled a nursery episode at the beginning of his own married life. Somehow he had taken it less to heart in those days. A child then, even his own, had not seemed to him so precious a charge; it was the heir of his estates he thought of, not of the matchless sunniness of childhood. Now it seemed to him that the opening and closing of baby lids held all the mystery, the gravity, the import of the universe. And when at last the blue eyes opened, and unfevered sleep had given a faint tinge to the wan cheeks, he instinctively held out his hand to the father, and cried cheerily: “There, Mr. O'Neill, she's better already! You'll find she has passed the crisis in that light sleep.”

The Marquis proved a prophet. Sir Martin Bunbury stopped on his way to the station, and this time announced the grand news that Nature had accomplished one of her mysteries. By some unaccountable freak the child had



turned the critical point, and there was nothing now to do but to feed her up and keep her amused.

Imagine how she was fed, and how remorselessly amused! She might have emptied the single confectioner's shop daily, and daily have consumed the entire contents of the glass jars at Mrs. Reilly's gratis. Toys poured in upon her in the oddest confusion, and the town throve and sparkled and glowed upon the news that the "drawing-est" child on earth was getting well.

As for the Marquis of Grandby, he was regarded in the light of a public benefactor. Had he not been the means of restoring their sovereign to them, and was he not one of her devoted servants? Who could dare challenge his perfections now? Bother the rents! He might raise them any day if he liked, and be sure he wouldn't be shot. Bless you, there he goes along the street, the best-hearted gentleman in Ireland. Three cheers, boys, for the Marquis of Grandby.

## EDWARD LYSAGHT.

(1763—1810.)

EDWARD LYSAGHT was the son of John Lysaght of Brickhill, County Clare, and was born Dec. 21, 1763. The romantic associations that surrounded his father's home made the names of the ancient heroes and princes of his country familiar in his mouth as household words. He went to the academy in Cashel conducted by the Rev. Patrick Hare, where he had for schoolfellow the future Dr. John Lanigan.

He soon began to distinguish himself by his wit and humor as well as by his personal courage, earning for himself the name of "Pleasant Ned Lysaght." In 1779 he entered Trinity College, Dublin. While he was at Trinity his father died, and Lysaght returned home to his mother. With her he remained for some time, and in 1784 he was admitted a student of the Middle Temple, London. Before long he gained some of the best prizes, and in 1797, having taken his degree of M.A. at Oxford, was called to the English and Irish bars.

Though his practice was small, he married while in London. Sir Jonah Barrington says that his father-in-law, whom he had believed to be a wealthy Jew, was a bankrupt Christian. Under financial pressure, Lysaght returned to Dublin, where he was better known as a *bon vivant*, a poet, and a wit, than as a lawyer. His jests and *bon mots* used to set the table in a roar, but there was no Boswell to record them; and many of his verses which delighted those who were privileged to read them have been lost. On the other hand, many good sayings and clever songs were attributed to him which were not his. 'The Sprig of Shillelah,' 'The Rakes of Mallow,' 'Kitty of Coleraine,' and 'Donnybrook Fair' have all been credited to him without any justification. The following specimen of his wit may, however, be considered authentic.

He met Mr. La Touche, the Dublin banker, and, knowing the extreme particularity of this descendant of the Huguenots respecting the character of his bank officials, startled the staid banker by saying that "when a situation among the officers of the house on Corkhill was vacant, he, Mr. Lysaght, would be ready to fill it."

"You, my dear Lysaght," said the banker, "what situation in my establishment could possibly suit you?"

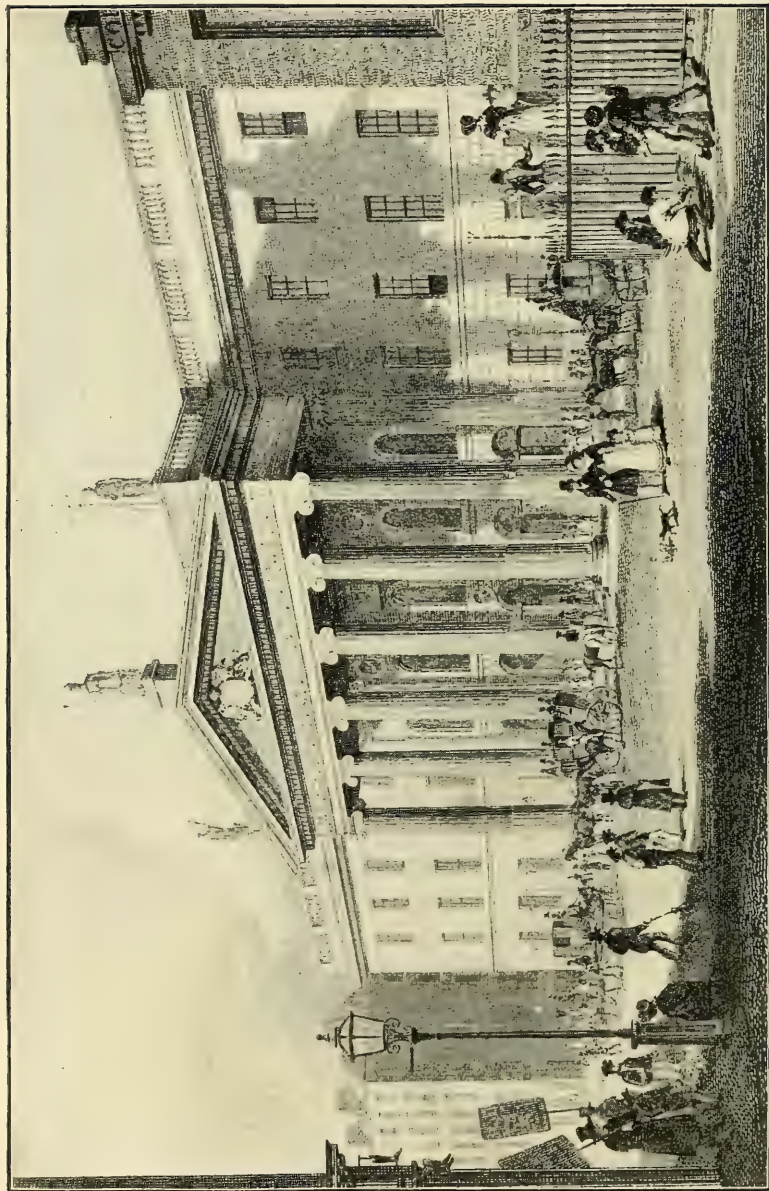
"Not only one, but two," replied the wit.

"Pray, what are they?" asked the banker.

"If you make me cashier for one day, I'll become runner the next," was the wit's reply.

He took a prominent and active part in the Volunteer movement; opposed the Union with all his power, and, though repeatedly tempted, remained to the last unbribable and patriotic. In 1810, when he had come to believe that Ireland would never more take her place among the nations of the earth, he died, regretted by all





A STREET SCENE IN DUBLIN ABOUT 1830  
(THE POST OFFICE)



who knew him, or who had listened to his wit either in the court or at the table.

The respect of the bench and bar in Ireland for Lysaght's memory was shown by their donation of £2,520 (\$10,600) for his widow and daughters.

A volume of 'Poems by the late Edward Lysaght, Esq.,' was published in Dublin in 1811.

### A PROSPECT.

*Air*—'Let the Toast Pass.'

In this song Lysaght prefigures, in a vein of bitter mirth, the impending ruin of Dublin by the projected measure of the Union.

How justly alarmed is each Dublin cit  
 That he'll soon be transformed to a clown, sir!  
 By a magical move of that conjurer Pitt,  
 The country is coming to town, sir!  
 Give Pitt, and Dundas, and Jenky a glass,  
 Who'd ride on John Bull, and make Paddy an ass.

Thro' Capel Street soon as you'll rurally range,  
 You'll scarce recognize it the same street,  
 Choice turnips shall grow in your Royal Exchange,  
 And fine cabbages down along Dame Street.<sup>1</sup>  
 Give Pitt, etc.

Wild oats in the college won't want to be tilled;  
 And hemp in the Four-Courts may thrive, sir!  
 Your markets again shall with muttons be filled—  
 By Saint Patrick, they'll graze there alive, sir!  
 Give Pitt, etc.

In the Parliament House, quite alive, shall there be  
 All the vermin the island e'er gathers;  
 Full of rooks, as before, Daly's club-house you'll see,  
 But the pigeons won't have any feathers.  
 Give Pitt, etc.

Our Custom House quay, full of weeds, oh, rare sport!  
 But the Minister's minions, kind elves, sir!  
 Will give us free leave all our goods to export,<sup>2</sup>  
 When we've got none at home for ourselves, sir!  
 Give Pitt, etc.

<sup>1</sup> Dame Street and Capel Street, two great thoroughfares. The former was then the "Fifth Avenue" of Dublin.

<sup>2</sup> Limitation of exports and imports was a source of great discontent.

Says an alderman—"Corn will soon grow in your shops;  
 This Union must work our enslavement."  
 "That's true," says the Sheriff, "for plenty of crops<sup>1</sup>  
 Already I've seen on the pavement."  
 Give Pitt, etc.

Ye brave loyal yeomen dressed gaily in red,  
 This Ministers' plan must elate us;  
 And well may John Bull, when he's robbed us of bread,  
 Call poor Ireland "the land of potatoes."  
 Give Pitt, etc.

### KATE OF GARNAVILLA.

*Air*—"Roy's Wife."

Have you been at Garnavilla?  
 Have you seen at Garnavilla  
 Beauty's train trip o'er the plain  
 With lovely Kate of Garnavilla?  
 Oh! she's pure as virgin snows  
 Ere they light on woodland hill-O;  
 Sweet as dew-drop on wild rose  
 Is lovely Kate of Garnavilla!

Philomel, I've listened oft  
 To thy lay, nigh weeping willow:  
 Oh! the strain more sweet, more soft,  
 That flows from Kate of Garnavilla.  
 Have you been, etc.

As a noble ship I've seen  
 Sailing o'er the swelling billow,  
 So I've marked the graceful mien  
 Of lovely Kate of Garnavilla.  
 Have you been, etc.

If poets' prayers can banish cares,  
 No cares shall come to Garnavilla;  
 Joy's bright rays shall gild her days,  
 And dove-like peace perch on her pillow.

<sup>1</sup> Those of the democratic party wore short hair—hence they were called "crops" or "croppies." The Croppy of Ireland was equivalent to the English "Roundhead" of a century and a half before. In both these cases the people cut short their hair and their allegiance together.

Charming maid of Garnavilla!  
Lovely maid of Garnavilla!  
Beauty, grace, and virtue wait  
On lovely Kate of Garnavilla.

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## SWEET CHLOE.

Sweet Chloe advised me, in accents divine,  
The joys of the bowl to surrender;  
Nor lose, in the turbid excesses of wine,  
Delights more ecstatic and tender;  
She bade me no longer in vineyards to bask,  
Or stagger, at orgies, the dupe of a flask,  
For the sigh of a sot's but the scent of the cask,  
And a bubble the bliss of the bottle.

To a soul that's exhausted, or sterile, or dry,  
The juice of the grape may be wanted;  
But mine is revived by a love-beaming eye,  
And with fancy's gay flow'rets enchanted.  
Oh! who but an owl would a garland entwine  
Of Bacchus's ivy—and myrtle resign?  
Yield the odors of love, for the vapors of wine,  
And Chloe's kind kiss for a bottle!

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## MY AMBITION.

*Ease* often visits shepherd-swains,  
Nor in the lowly cot disdains  
To take a bit of dinner;  
But would not for a turtle-treat,  
Sit with a miser or a cheat,  
Or cankered party sinner.

*Ease* makes the sons of labor glad,  
*Ease* travels with the merry lad  
Who whistles by his wagon;  
With me she prattles all day long,  
And choruses my simple song,  
And shares my foaming flagon.

The lamp of life is soon burnt out;  
Then who'd for riches make a rout,  
Except a doating blockhead?

When Charon takes 'em both aboard,  
Of equal worth's the miser's hoard  
And spendthrift's empty pocket.

In such a scurvy world as this  
We must not hope for perfect bliss,  
And length of life together;  
We have no moral liberty  
At will to live, at will to die,  
In fair or stormy weather.

Many, I see, have riches plenty—  
Fine coaches, livery, servants twenty;—  
Yet envy never pains me;  
My appetite's as good as theirs,  
I sleep as sound, as free from fears;  
I've only what maintains me!

And while the precious joys I prove  
Of Tom's true friendship—and the love  
Of bonny black-eyed Jenny,—  
Ye gods! my wishes are confined  
To—health of body, peace of mind,  
Clean linen, and a guinea!



## D. A. MAC ALEESE.

(1833 —)

D. A. MAC ALEESE was born in 1833 at Randalstown, County Antrim. He worked for some time at his father's trade—that of a shoemaker—but his taste for letters led him into journalism, and he began his career as a printer's reader on a Belfast paper.

He is now editor and proprietor of *The People's Advocate*, Monaghan, and was returned to Parliament for North Monaghan in 1895. Soon after 1848 he began to contribute verse to *The Nation*, signing himself "Ossian" and "Ruadh." He also wrote for other journals, but has not published any separate volume of verse.

### A MEMORY.

Adown the leafy lane we two,  
One brown October eve, together sped;  
The clustered nuts were hanging overhead,  
And ever and anon, the deep woods through,  
The gray owl piped his weird "Tu whut! tu whoo!"

Adown the leafy lane we two  
Strolled on and on, till sank the setting sun  
In sapphire beauty round Tyleden dun,  
And shadows long and longer round us grew;  
Had earth a pair so happy as we two?

Adown the leafy lane we two  
Loitered and laughed, and laughed and loitered more,  
And talked of "gentle folk" and fairy lore.  
Till, one by one, from out the vaulted blue,  
The diamonds stars came softly forth to view.

Adown the leafy lane we two  
Saw figures flitting 'mong the quicken trees,  
Tall Finian forms, holding high revelries,  
And dogs, like Bran in sinew and in thew,  
Chased shadowy deer the vista'd woodlands through.

Adown the leafy lane we two  
Heard fairy pipes play fairy music sweet,  
And now and then the tramp of fairy feet,  
And screams of laughter 'mong the fairy crew—  
The elves and fays that haunt old Corradhu.

Adown the leafy lane no more

We two go loitering in the Autumn eves,  
When merry reapers tie the golden sheaves,  
And kine come lowing to the cottage door,  
Where ready pails await the milky store.

*Astoireen*, no, far, far away,

Secluded lies that golden-memored lane,  
Where ceaseless flows the bright and sparkling Main  
Through scenes of beauty to the storied Neagh—  
Here by the Hudson's banks we two grow gray.

## WILLIAM B. MCBURNEY.

WILLIAM B. MCBURNEY, said to have been a doctor in Belfast, was an early contributor to *The Nation*. He is said to have died about 1902 in this country. He wrote under the name of "Caroll Malone," but very little is known of him beyond these meager details. Even his real name is in doubt. Sometimes he is called M. McBurney and at others James McKernie.

### THE GOOD SHIP CASTLE DOWN.

A REBEL CHAUNT, A.D. 1776.

Oh, how she plowed the ocean, the good ship Castle Down,  
That day we hung our colors out, the Harp without the Crown!  
A gallant barque, she topped the wave, and fearless hearts were  
we,

With guns and pikes and bayonets, a stalwart company.

'T was a sixteen years from THÚROT; and sweeping down the  
bay

The 'Siege of Carrickfergus' so merrily we did play:

And by the old castle's foot we went, with three right hearty  
cheers,

And waved aloft our green cockades, for we were Volunteers,  
Volunteers!

Oh, we were in our prime that day, stout Irish Volunteers.

'T was when we heaved our anchor on the breast of smooth  
Garmoyle

Our guns spoke out in thunder: "Adieu, sweet Irish soil!"

At Whiteabbey and Greencastle, and Holywood so gay,

Were hundreds waving handkerchiefs and many a loud huzza.

Our voices o'er the water struck the hollow mountains round—

Young Freedom, struggling at her birth, might utter such a  
sound.

By that green slope beside Belfast, we cheered and cheered it  
still—

For they had changed its name that year, and they called it  
Bunker's Hill—

Bunker's Hill!

Oh, were our hands but with our hearts in the trench at Bun-  
ker's Hill!

Our ship cleared out for Quebec; but thither little bent,  
Up some New England river, to run her keel we meant;

So we took a course due north as round the old Black Head  
we steered,  
Till Ireland bore south-west by south, and Fingal's rock ap-  
peared.

Then on the poop stood Webster, while the ship hung flutter-  
ingly,

About to take her tack across the wide, wide ocean sea—  
He pointed to th' Atlantic: "Sure, yon 's no place for slaves:  
Haul down these British badges, for Freedom rules the waves—  
Rules the waves!"

Three hundred strong men answered, shouting, "Freedom rules  
the waves!"

Then all together rose and brought the British ensign down,  
And up we hauled our Irish Green, without the British Crown.  
Emblazoned there a Golden Harp like a maiden undefiled,  
A shamrock wreath around her head, looked o'er the sea and  
smiled.

A hundred days, with adverse wind, we kept our course afar,  
On the hundredth day came bearing down a British sloop of  
war.

When they spied our flag they fired a gun, but as they neared  
us fast,

Old Andrew Jackson went aloft and nailed it to the mast—  
To the mast!

A soldier was old Jackson, and he made our colors fast.

Patrick Henry was our captain, as brave as ever sailed.  
"Now we must do or die," said he, "for the Green Flag is  
nailed."

Silently came the sloop along; and silently we lay  
Flat, till with cheers and loud broadside the foe began the fray.  
Then the boarders o'er the bulwarks, like shuttlecocks, we cast;  
One close discharge from all our guns cut down the tapering  
mast.

"Now, British tars! St. George's Cross is trailing in the sea—  
How d' ye like the greeting and the handsel of the Free?—  
Of the Free!

How like you, lads, the greeting of the men who will be free?"

They answered us with cannon, as befitted well their fame;  
And to shoot away our Irish flag each gunner took his aim;  
They ripped it up in ribbons till it fluttered in the air,  
And riddled it with shot-holes till no Golden Harp was there;  
But through the ragged holes the sky did glance and gleam in  
light,



Just as the twinkling stars shine through God's unfurled flag  
at night.

With dropping fire we sang, "Good-night, and fare ye well,  
brave tars!"

Our Captain looked aloft: "By Heaven! the flag is Stripes and  
Stars!"

Stripes and Stars!

So into Boston port we sailed, beneath the Stripes and Stars.

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### THE CROPPY BOY.

"Good men and true! in this house who dwell,  
To a stranger *bouchal*, I pray you tell  
Is the Priest at home? or may he be seen?  
I would speak a word with Father Green."

"The Priest's at home, boy, and may be seen;  
'T is easy speaking with Father Green;  
But you must wait, till I go and see  
If the holy Father alone may be."

The youth has entered an empty hall—  
What a lonely sound has his light foot-fall!  
And the gloomy chamber's chill and bare,  
With a vested Priest in a lonely chair.

The youth has knelt to tell his sins.  
"*Nomine Dei*," the youth begins:  
At "*mea culpa*" he beats his breast  
And in broken murmurs he speaks the rest.

"At the siege of Ross did my father fall,  
And at Gorey my loving brothers all.  
I alone am left of my name and race;  
I will go to Wexford and take their place.

"I cursed three times since last Easter Day—  
At Mass-time once I went to play;  
I passed the churchyard one day in haste,  
And forgot to pray for my mother's rest.

"I bear no hate against living thing;  
But I love my country above my King.  
Now, Father! bless me, and let me go  
To die, if God has ordained it so."

The Priest said nought, but a rustling noise  
Made the youth look above in wild surprise;  
The robes were off, and in scarlet there  
Sat a yeoman captain with fiery glare.

With fiery glare and with fury hoarse,  
Instead of blessing, he breathed a curse:  
“ ’T was a good thought, boy, to come here and shrive;  
For one short hour is your time to live.

“ Upon yon river three tenders float;  
The Priest ’s in one, if he isn’t shot;  
We hold his house for our Lord the King,  
And—‘ Amen ’ say I—may all traitors swing!”

At Geneva barrack that young man died,  
And at Passage they have his body laid.  
Good people who live in peace and joy,  
Breathe a prayer and a tear for the Croppy boy.

## PATRICK J. McCALL.

(1861 —)

PATRICK J. McCALL was born in Dublin March 6, 1861. His father was a member of an old Tyrone family, driven out by the plantation of Ulster. Mr. McCall was educated at St. Joseph's Monastery, Harold's Cross, and at the Catholic University school in his native city. He has published 'Irish Noinins' (Daisies), a volume of verse, 1894; 'The Fenian Nights' Entertainment, a volume of stories, 1897; and 'Songs of Erin,' 1899.

He is a constant and welcome contributor to the Dublin press. His poetry is racy and original, and chiefly descriptive of peasant life in County Wexford. The half-serious, half-mocking love-making of the Irish peasant is faithfully and simply pictured by him. His 'Fenian Nights' Entertainment' is a series of Ossianic legends compiled from various sources,—written in peasant dialect, with a view to making the old pre-Christian legends of Erin known and attractive to the peasants themselves.

### FIONN MACCUMHAIL AND THE PRINCESS.

From the 'Fenian Nights' Entertainments.'

Wance upon a time, when things was a great 'le better in Ireland than they are at present, when a rale king ruled over the counthry wid four others undher him to look afther the craps an' other indushtries, there lived a young chief called Fan MaCool. Now, this was long afore we gev up bowin' and scrapin' to the sun an' moon an' sich like *raumash*;<sup>1</sup> an' signs an it, there was a powerful lot ov witches an' Druids, an' enchanted min an' wimen goin' about, that med things quare enough betimes for ivery wan.

Well, Fan, as I sed afore, was a young man when he kem to the command, an' a purty likely lookin' boy, too—there was nothin' too hot or too heavy for him; an' so ye needn't be a bit surprised if I tell ye he was the mischief entirely wid the *colleens*. Nothin' delighted him more than to disguise himself wid an ould *coatamore*<sup>2</sup> thrawn over his showlder, a lump ov a *kippeen* in his fist an' he mayanderin' about unknownst, *rings around* the counthry, lookin' for fun an' *foosther*<sup>3</sup> ov all kinds.

Well, one fine mornin', whin he was on *the shaughraun*,

<sup>1</sup> *Raumash*, nonsense.

<sup>2</sup> *Coatamore*, coat.

<sup>3</sup> *Foosther*, diversion,

he was *waumasin*<sup>1</sup> about through Leinster, an' near the royal palace ov Glendalough he seen a mighty throng ov grand lords an' ladies, an', my dear, they all dressed up to the nines, wid their jewels shinin' like dewdrops ov a May mornin', and laughin' like the tinkle ov a *deeshy*<sup>2</sup> mountain strame over the white rocks. So he cocked his beaver, an' stole over to see what was the matther.

Lo an' behold ye, what were they at but houldin' a race-meetin' or *foysh*<sup>3</sup>—somethin' like what the quality calls *ataléticks* now! There they were, jumpin', and runnin', and coorsin', an' all soorts ov fun, enough to make the trouts—an' they're mighty fine leppers enough—die wid envy in the river benaith them.

The fun wint on fast an' furious, an' Fan, consaled betune the *trumauns*<sup>4</sup> an' *brushna*,<sup>5</sup> could hardly keep himself quiet, seein' the thricks they wor at. Peepin' out, he seen, jist forninst him on the other bank, the prencess herself, betune the high-up ladies ov the coort. She was a fine, bouncin' *geersha*<sup>6</sup> with goold hair like the furze an' cheeks like an apple blossom, an' she brakin' her heart laughin' an' clappin' her hands an' turnin' her head this a-way an' that a-way, jokin' wid this wan an' that wan, an' commiseratin', *moryah*!<sup>7</sup> the poor *gossoons* that failed in their leps. Fan liked the looks ov her well, an' whin the boys had run in undher a bame up to their knees an' jumped up over another wan as high as their chins, the great trial ov all kem on. Maybe you'd guess what that was? But I'm afeerd you won't if I gev you a hundhered guesses! It was to lep the strame, forty foot wide!

List'nin' to them whisperin' to wan another, Fan heerd them tellin' that whichever ov them could manage it wud be med a great man intirely ov; he wud get the Prencess Maynish in marriage, an' ov coorse wud be med king ov Leinster when the ould king, Garry, her father, cocked his toes an' looked up through the butts ov the daisies at the skhy. Well, whin Fan h'ard this, he was put to a *nonplush* to know what to do! With his ould *duds* on him, he was ashamed ov his life to go out into the open, to have the eyes ov the whole wurruld on him, an' his heart wint down to his big toe as he watched the boys makin' their offers at

<sup>1</sup> *Waumasin*, strolling.<sup>2</sup> *Deeshy*, small.<sup>3</sup> *Foysh*, festival.<sup>4</sup> *Trumauns*, elder trees.<sup>5</sup> *Brushna*, furze.<sup>6</sup> *Geersha*, girl.<sup>7</sup> *Moryah*, forsooth.



the lep. But no wan ov them was soople enough for the job, an' they kep on tumblin', wan afther the other, into the strame; so that the poor prencess began to look sorryful whin her favorite, a big hayro wid a *coolyeen* a yard long—an' more betoken he was a boy o' the Byrnes from Imayle—jist tipped the bank forninst her wid his right fut, an' then twistin', like a crow in the air scratchin' her head with her claw, he spraddled wide open in the wather, and splashed about like a hake in a mudbank! Well, me dear, Fan forgot himself, an' gev a screech like an aigle; an' wid that, the ould king started, the ladies all screamed, an' Fan was surrounded. In less than a minit an' a half they dragged me bould Fan be the collar ov his coat right straight around to the king himself.

"What ould *geochagh*<sup>1</sup> have we now?" sez the king, lookin' very hard at Fan.

"I'm Fan MaCool!" sez the thief ov the wurruld, as cool as a frog.

"Well, Fan MaCool or not," sez the king, mockin' him, "ye'll have to jump the sthrame yander for freckenin' the lives clane out ov me ladies," sez he, "an' for disturbin' our spoort generally," sez he.

"An' what 'll I get for that same?" sez Fan, *lettin' on* he was afeerd.

"Me daughter, Maynish," sez the king, wid a laugh; for he thought, ye see, Fan would be drowned.

"Me hand on the bargain," sez Fan; but the owld chap gev him a rap on the knuckles wid his *specktre* (scepter) an' towld him to hurry up, or he'd get the *ollaves*<sup>2</sup> to put him in the Black Dog pres'n or the Marshals—I forgets which—it's so long gone by!

Well, Fan peeled off his *coatamore*, an' threw away his *bottheen* ov a stick, an' the prencess seein' his big body an' his long arums an' legs like an oaktree, couldn't help remarkin' to her comerade, the craythur—

"Bedad, *Cauth*," sez she, "but this beggarman is a fine bit ov a *bouchal*," sez she; "it's in the arumy he ought to be," sez she, lookin' at him agen, an' admirin' him, like.

So, Fan, purtendin' to be fixin' his shoes be the bank, jist pulled two *lusmores*<sup>3</sup> an put them anunder his heels; for thim wor the fairies' own flowers that works all soort

<sup>1</sup> *Geochagh*, beggar.

<sup>2</sup> *Ollaves*, judges.

<sup>3</sup> *Lusmores*, foxgloves.

ov inchantment, an' he, ov coorse, knew all about it; for he got the wrinkle from an owld *lenaun*<sup>1</sup> named Cleena, that nursed him when he was a little stand-a-loney.

Well, me dear, ye'd think it was on'y over a little *creepie*<sup>2</sup> stool he was leppin' whin he landed like a thrish jist at the fut ov the prencess; an' his father's son he was, that put his two arums around her, an' gev her a kiss—faith, ye'd hear the smack ov it at the Castle o' Dublin. The ould king groaned like a corncrake, an' pulled out his hair in hatfuls, an' at last he ordhered the bowld beggarman off to be kilt; but, begorrah, when they tuk off his weskit an' seen the collar ov goold around Fan's neck the ould chap became delighted, for he knew thin he had the commandher ov Airyun for a son-in-law.

"Hello!" sez the king, "who have we now?" sez he, seein' the collar. "Begonnys," sez he, "you're no *boccagh*<sup>3</sup> anyways!"

"I'm Fan MaCool," sez the other, as impident as a cock sparra'; "have you anything to say agen me?" for his name wasn't up, at that time, like afther.

"Ay, lots to say agen you. How dar' you be comin' round this a-way, dressed like a playactor, takin' us in?" sez the king, lettin' on to be vexed; "an' now," sez he, "to annoy you, you'll have to go an' jump back agen afore you gets me daughter for *puttin' on* us in such a manner."

"Your will is my pleasure," sez Fan; "but I must have a word or two with the girl first," sez he, an' up he goes an' commences talkin' soft to her, an' the king got as mad as a hatther at the way the two were *croosheenin'* an' *colloquin'*,<sup>4</sup> an' not mindin' him no more than if he was the man in the moon, when who comes up but the Prence ov Imayle, afther dryin' himself, to put his pike in the hay, too.

"Well, *avochal*,"<sup>5</sup> sez Fan, "are you dry yet?" an' the prencess laughed like a bell round a cat's neck.

"You think yourself a smart lad, I suppose," sez the other; "but there's one thing you can't do wid all your prate!"

"What's that?" sez Fan. "Maybe not," sez he.

<sup>1</sup> *Lenaun*, fairy guardian.    <sup>2</sup> *Creepie*, three-legged.    <sup>3</sup> *Boccagh*, beggar.

<sup>4</sup> *Croosheenin'* an' *colloquin'*, whispering and talking.

<sup>5</sup> *Avochal*, my boy.

"You couldn't whistle an' chaw oatenmale," sez the Prence ov Imayle, in a pucker. "Are you any good at throwin' a stone?" sez he, then.

"The best!" sez Fan, an' all the coort gother round like to a cock-fight. "Where'll we throw to?" sez he.

"In to'ards Dublin," sez the Prence ov Imayle; an' be all accounts he was a great hand at *cruistin*.<sup>1</sup> "Here goes pink!" sez he, an' he ups with a stone, as big as a castle, an' sends it flyin' in the air like a cannon ball, and it never stopped till it landed on top ov the Three Rock Mountain.

"I'm your masther!" sez Fan, pickin' up another *clochaun*<sup>2</sup> an' sendin' it a few perch beyant the first.

"That you're not," sez the Prence ov Imayle, an' he done his best, an' managed to send another finger stone beyant Fan's throw; an' shure, the three stones are to be seen, be all the world, to this very day.

"Well, me lad," says Fan, stoopin' for another as big as a hill, "I'm sorry I have to bate you; but I can't help it," sez he, lookin' over at the Prencess Maynish, an' she as mute as a mouse watchin' the two big men, an' the ould king showin' fair play, as delighted as a child. "Watch this," sez he, whirlin' his arm like a windmill, "and now put on your spectacles," sez he; and away he sends the stone, buzzin' through the air like a peggin'-top, over the other three *clochauns*, and then across Dublin Bay, an' scrapin' the nose off ov Howth, it landed with a swish in the say beyant it. That's the rock they calls Ireland's Eye now!

"Be the so an' so!" sez the king, "I don't know where that went to, at all, at all! What *direct* did you send it?" sez he to Fan. "I had it in view, till it went over the say," sez he.

"I'm bet!" sez the Prence ov Imayle. "I couldn't pass that, for I can't see where you put it, even—good-bye to yous," sez he, turnin' on his heel an' makin off; "an' may yous two be as happy as I can wish you!" An' back he went to the butt ov Lugnaquilla, an' took to fret, an' I undherstand shortly afther he died ov a broken heart; an' they put a turtle-dove on his tombstone to signify that he died for love; but I think he overstrained himself, throwin', though that's nayther here nor there with me story!

<sup>1</sup> *Cruistin*, throwing.    <sup>2</sup> *Clochaun*, stone.

“Are you goin’ to lep back agen?” sez ould King Garry, wantin’ to see more sport; for he tuk as much delight in seein’ the like as if he was a lad ov twenty.

“To be shure I will!” sez Fan, ready enough, “but I’ll have to take the girl over with me this time!” sez he.

“Oh, no, Fan!” sez Maynish, afeerd ov her life he might stumble, an’ that he’d fall in with her; an’ then she’d have to fall out with him—“take me father with you,” sez she; an’, egonnys, the ould king thought more about himself than any ov them, an’ sed he’d take the will for the deed, like the lawyers. So the weddin’ went on; an’ maybe that wasn’t the grand *blow out*. But I can’t stay to tell yous all the fun they had for a fortnit; on’y, me dear, they all went into *kinks* ov laughin’, when the ould king, who tuk more than was good for him, stood up to drink Fan’s health, an’ forgot himself.

“Here’s to’ards your good health, Fan MaCool!” sez he, as grand as you like—“an’ a long life to you, an’ a happy wife to you—an’ a great many ov them!” sez he, like he’d forgot somethin’.

Well, me dear, every one was splittin’ their sides like the p’yates, unless the prencess, an’ *she* got as red in the face as if she was churnin’ in the winther an’ the frost keepin’ the crame from crackin’; but she got over it like the maisles.

But I suppose you can guess the remainder, an’ as the evenin’s gettin’ forrad I’ll stop; so put down the kittle an’ make tay, an’ if Fan and the Prencess Maynish didn’t live happy together—that we may!

#### OLD PEDHAR CARTHY FROM CLONMORE.

If you searched the county o’ Carlow, ay, and back again,  
Wicklow too, and Wexford, for that matter you might try,  
Never the equal of Old Pedhar would you crack again’—

Never such another would delight your Irish eye!  
Mirth, mime, and mystery, all were close combined in him,  
Divelment and drollery right to the very core,  
As many tricks and turns as a two-year-old you’d find in him—  
In Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!

Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!



Shure, whene'er the *bouchals* used to have a game o' "Forty-five,"

Pedhar was the master who could teach them how to play;  
Bring a half-crown—though you lost it, yet, as I'm alive,

You'd be a famous player to your distant dying day.

Scornful grew his look if they chanced to hang your king or queen;

Better for your peace o' mind you'd never crossed his door.

"You to play cards!" would he mutter in sarcasm keen—

Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!

Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Politics he knew better than the men in Parliament,

And the wars in Europe for the past half-century;

If you were to hear him with Cornelius Keogh in argument,

Arranging every matter that was wrong in history!

Ah! but if the talking ever traveled back to "Ninety-eight,"

Then our Pedhar's diatribes grew vehement and sore.

Rebel in his heart, how he hated to have long to wait!—

Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!

Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

The mischief for tricks, he was never done inventing them;

Once he yoked Dan Donohoe's best milker to the plow—

At the Fair of Hacketstown there was no circumventing him;

He'd clear a crowd of *salachs*,<sup>1</sup> and you never could tell how!

The Ryans and the Briens and their factions were afraid of him;

For Pedhar's fighting kippeen could command a ready score.

Woe to the boys that spoke *cruked*, undismayed of him—

Of Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!

Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

But the times grew bad, and the people talked so well and wise,

Fighting left poor Ireland, and mad mischief had its head;  
Pedhar, left alone, began to muse and to soliloquize,

Until the dear old fellow couldn't bear to leave the bed.

But when dead and buried all the neighbors felt his bitter loss—

The place in Pedhar's absence such a look of sorrow wore—

They sighed and cried in turn from great Eagle Hill to Came-ross

<sup>1</sup> *Salachs*, untidy people, tinkers, etc.

For Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!  
Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!  
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar, Old Pedhar Carthy!  
Old Pedhar Carthy from Clonmore!

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### LIGHT O' THE WORLD.

"Love, will you come with me into the tomb?" spake from  
his coffin the dead young man.

"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, wheresoever a  
maiden can."

"Open, open, Grave," he cried, "and let the Light o' the Mea-  
dows through."

"Ay," said the girl, with a loving sigh, "and let the Fair Maid  
too."

Long was the way till they reached the hills—"Still will you  
go?" said the dead young man.

"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, wheresoever a  
maiden can."

"Open wide, Green Hills," he cried, "and let the Light o' the  
Green Hill through."

"Ay," said the girl, with a weary sigh, "and let the Fair Maid  
too."

Cold was the way till they reached the sea—"Still will you  
go?" said the dead young man.

"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, wheresoever a  
maiden can."

"Open, open, Sea," he cried, "and let the Light o' the Waters  
through."

"Ay," said the girl, with a piteous sigh, "and let the Fair  
Maid too."

Dark was the way till they reached the sun—"Still will you  
go?" said the dead young man.

"Yea, I will go with you, whither you will, wheresoever a  
maiden can."

"Open, open, Sun," he cried, "and let the Light o' the World  
a-through."

"Ay," said the girl, with a joyful cry, "and let the Fair Maid  
too."

## HERSELF AND MYSELF.

## AN OLD MAN'S SONG.

'T was beyond at Macreddin, at Owen Doyle's weddin',  
The boys got the pair of us out for a reel.  
Says I: "Boys, excuse us." Says they: "Don't refuse us."  
"I'll play nice and aisy," says Larry O'Neil.  
So off we went trippin' it, up an' down steppin' it—  
Herself and Myself on the back of the doore;  
Till Molly—God bless her!—fell into the dresser,  
An' I tumbled over a child on the floore.

Says Herself to Myself: "We're as good as the best of them."  
Says Myself to Herself: "Sure, we're bettther than gold."  
Says Herself to Myself: "We're as young as the rest o' them."  
Says Myself to Herself: "Troth, we'll never grow old."

As down the lane goin', I felt my heart growin'  
As young as it was forty-five years ago.  
'T was here in this *bórcen* I first kissed my *stóireen*—  
A sweet little colleen with skin like the snow.  
I looked at my woman—a song she was hummin'  
As old as the hills, so I gave her a *pogue*;  
'T was like our old courtin', half sarious, half sportin',  
When Molly was young, an' when hoops were in vogue.

When she'd say to Myself: "You can court with the best o'  
them."  
When I'd say to Herself: "Sure, I'm bettther than gold."  
When she'd say to Myself: "You're as wild as the rest o'  
them."  
And I'd say to Herself: "Troth, I'm time enough old."

## MICHAEL JOSEPH McCANN.

(1824—1883.)

M. J. McCANN was born in Galway in 1824. His early education was a good one, for he was appointed to a professorship in St. Jarlath's College, Tuam, when quite a young man.

The poem which made him famous, 'O'Donnell Aboo,' was written while he held that position, and appeared in *The Nation* in January, 1843. It has been translated into several languages.

He edited two short-lived periodicals, *The Harp* and *The Irish Harp*, and among the contributors were many whose names have since become famous—Dr. Sigerson, Dr. Joyce, Dr. Campion, Red John O'Hanlon, and others. He visited this country during the sixties and afterward was a journalist in London, where he died, Jan. 31, 1883.

### O'DONNELL ABOO.

Proudly the note of the trumpet is sounding,  
Loudly the war-cries arise on the gale;  
Fleetly the steed by Lough Swilly is bounding,  
To join the thick squadrons in Saimear's green vale.

On, ev'ry mountaineer,  
Strangers to flight and fear!  
Rush to the standard of dauntless Red Hugh!  
Bonnaught and gallowglass,  
Throng from each mountain pass;  
On for old Erin, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Princely O'Neill to our aid is advancing  
With many a chieftain and warrior clan,  
A thousand proud steeds in his vanguard are prancing  
'Neath the borderers brave from the banks of the Bann;  
Many a heart shall quail  
Under its coat of mail;  
Deeply the merciless foeman shall rue,  
When on his ear shall ring,  
Borne on the breezes' wing,  
Tir Connell's dread war-cry, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Wildly o'er Desmond the war-wolf is howling;  
Fearless the eagle sweeps over the plain;  
The fox in the streets of the city is prowling;  
All, all who would scare them are banished or slain.  
Grasp every stalwart hand



Hackbut and battle brand,  
Pay them all back the debt so long due;  
Norris and Clifford well  
Can of Tir Connell tell;  
Onward to glory, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

Sacred the cause of Clan Connail's defending,  
The altars we kneel at, the homes of our sires;  
Ruthless the ruin the foe is extending,  
Midnight is red with the plunderers' fires.  
On with O'Donnell, then,  
Fight the old fight again,  
Sons of Tir Connell, all valiant and true.  
Make the false Saxon feel  
Erin's avenging steel!  
Strike for your country, "O'Donnell Aboo!"

## DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY.

(1817—1882.)

DENIS FLORENCE MACCARTHY was born in 1817. He is a descendant of the great Clan of MacCaura, whose glories he has celebrated in verse. He was trained for the law, but never practiced. Mr. MacCarthy was a constant contributor to *The Nation* in its early days, and some of his finest and best poems belong to that period. In 1850 the first collected edition of his works appeared, under the title 'Ballads, Poems, and Lyrics,' which contained, besides the original pieces, translations from most of the European languages, Mr. MacCarthy, like Mangan, Lady Wilde, and several other Irish singers, being a student of other literatures than his own.

In 1853 he gave further proof of both poetic talents and linguistic attainments by publishing translations of Calderon's dramas, a work which has had high praise. In 1857 appeared a second collection of poems, under the title 'Under-Glimpses and other Poems,' and in the same year was also published the 'Bell-Founder and other Poems.' 'Shelley's Early Life from Original Sources' (1872) brought out some highly interesting facts in reference to the great English poet, especially as to that period of his youth when he for a while threw himself into the struggles of Ireland for the amelioration of her laws. In the centenary of Moore he was naturally chosen to take a leading part, and composed an ode which was fully worthy of the great occasion. Mr. MacCarthy has also edited an excellent 'Book of Irish Ballads' and 'The Poets and Dramatists of Ireland.' He was appointed professor of English literature in the Catholic University of Dublin, and died April 7, 1882.

### CEASE TO DO EVIL—LEARN TO DO WELL.<sup>1</sup>

O thou whom sacred duty hither calls,  
Some glorious hours in freedom's cause to dwell,  
Read the mute lesson on thy prison walls—  
"Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

If haply thou art one of genius vast,  
Of generous heart, of mind sublime and grand,  
Who all the spring-time of thy life hast passed  
Battling with tyrants for thy native land—  
If thou hast spent thy summer, as thy prime,  
The serpent brood of bigotry to quell,  
Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—  
"Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

<sup>1</sup> Inscription on the prison where O'Connell, his son John, T. M. Ray, Thomas Steele, Richard Barrett, John Gray, and Charles Gavan Duffy were imprisoned on the verdict for conspiracy, afterward quashed by the House of Lords.

If thy great heart beat warmly in the cause  
 Of outraged man, whate'er his race might be—  
 If thou hast preached the Christian's equal laws,  
 And stayed the lash beyond the Indian sea—  
 If at thy call a nation rose sublime—  
 If at thy voice seven million fetters fell,  
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

If thou hast seen thy country's quick decay,  
 And, like a prophet, raised thy saving hand,  
 And pointed out the only certain way  
 To stop the plague, that ravaged o'er the land—  
 If thou hast summoned from an alien clime  
 Her banished senate here at home to dwell,  
 Repent, repent thee of thy hideous crime—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

Or if, perchance, a younger man thou art,  
 Whose ardent soul in throbbings doth aspire,  
 Come weal, come woe, to play the patriot's part  
 In the bright footsteps of thy glorious sire!  
 If all the pleasures of life's youthful time  
 Thou hast abandoned for the martyr's cell,  
 Do thou repent thee of thy hideous crime—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

Or art thou one <sup>1</sup> whom early science led  
 To walk with Newton through the immense of heaven,  
 Who soared with Milton and with Mina bled,  
 And all thou hadst in Freedom's cause hast given?  
 Oh! fond enthusiast—in the after-time  
 Our children's children of your worth shall tell!  
 England proclaims thy honesty a crime—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

Or art thou one <sup>2</sup> whose strong and fearless pen  
 Roused the young isle, and bade it dry its tears,  
 And gathered round thee ardent, gifted men,  
 The hope of Ireland in the coming years—  
 Who dares in prose and heart-awakening rhyme  
 Bright hopes to breathe, and bitter truths to tell?  
 Oh! dangerous criminal, repent thy crime—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

<sup>1</sup> Thomas Steele, a "young Protestant of Cromwellian descent, whose enthusiasm for liberty led him to volunteer among the Spanish revolutionists under Mina." <sup>2</sup> C. G. Duffy.

"Cease to do evil"—aye! ye madmen, cease!  
 Cease to love Ireland, cease to serve her well,  
 Make with her foes a foul and fatal peace,  
 And quick will ope your darkest, dreariest cell.  
 "Learn to do well"—aye! learn to betray—  
 Learn to revile the land in which you dwell;  
 England will bless you on your altered way—  
 "Cease to do evil—learn to do well!"

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### THE PILLAR TOWERS OF IRELAND.

The pillar towers of Ireland, how wondrously they stand  
 By the lakes and rushing rivers, through the valleys of our  
 land!  
 In mystic file, through the isle, they lift their heads sublime,  
 These gray old pillar temples—these conquerors of time!

Beside these gray old pillars, how perishing and weak  
 The Roman's arch of triumph, and the temple of the Greek,  
 And the gold domes of Byzantium, and the pointed Gothic  
 spires:  
 All are gone, one by one, but the temples of our sires!

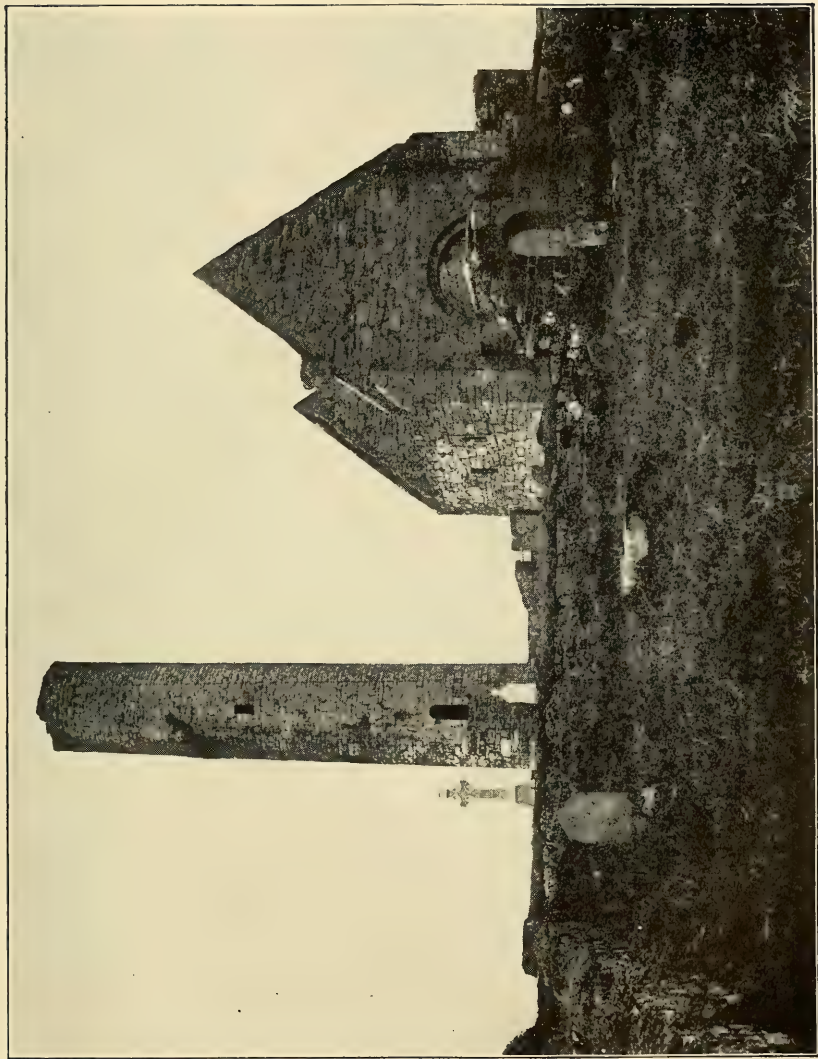
The column, with its capital, is level with the dust,  
 And the proud halls of the mighty, and the calm homes of the  
 just;  
 For the proudest works of man, as certainly, but slower,  
 Pass like the grass at the sharp scythe of the mower!

But the grass grows again, when, in majesty and mirth,  
 On the wing of the Spring comes the goddess of the Earth;  
 But for man, in this world, no spring-tide e'er returns  
 To the labors of his hands or the ashes of his urns!

Two favorites hath Time—the pyramids of Nile,  
 And the old mystic temples of our own dear isle;  
 As the breeze o'er the seas, where the halcyon has its nest,  
 Thus Time o'er Egypt's tombs and the temples of the West!

The names of their founders have vanished in the gloom,  
 Like the dry branch in the fire or the body in the tomb;  
 But to-day, in the ray, their shadows still they cast—  
 These temples of forgotten gods—these relics of the past!





CHURCH RUINS, HOLY ISLAND, LOUGH  
DREG



'Around these walls have wandered the Briton and the Dane—  
The captives of Armorica, the cavaliers of Spain—  
Phœnician and Milesian, and the plundering Norman peers—  
And the swordsmen of brave Brian, and the chiefs of later  
years.

How many different rites have these gray old temples known!  
To the mind, what dreams are written in these chronicles of  
stone!

What terror and what error, what gleams of love and truth,  
Have flashed from these walls since the world was in its youth!

Here blazed the sacred fire, and when the sun was gone,  
As a star from afar to the traveler it shone;  
And the warm blood of the victim have these gray old temples  
drunk,  
And the death-song of the Druid, and the matin of the Monk.

Here was placed the holy chalice that held the sacred wine,  
And the gold cross from the altar, and the relics from the  
shrine,  
And the mitre shining brighter with its diamonds than the  
East,  
And the crozier of the Pontiff, and the vestments of the Priest!

Where blazed the sacred fire, rung out the vesper bell,—  
Where the fugitive found shelter, became the hermit's cell;  
And hope hung out its symbol to the innocent and good,  
For the Cross o'er the moss of the pointed summit stood!

There may it stand for ever, while this symbol doth impart  
To the mind one glorious vision, or one proud throb to the  
heart;  
While the breast needeth rest may these gray old temples last,  
Bright prophets of the future, as preachers of the past!

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LINES FROM THE CENTENARY ODE TO THE  
MEMORY OF THOMAS MOORE.

And as not only by the Calton Mountain,  
Is Scotland's bard remembered and revered,  
But wheresoe'er, like some o'erflowing fountain,  
Its hardy race a prosperous path has cleared,

There, 'mid the roar of newly rising cities,  
His glorious name is heard on every tongue,  
There, to the music of immortal ditties,  
His lays of love, his patriot songs are sung.

So not alone beside that Bay of beauty  
That guards the portals of his native town,  
Where, like two watchful sentinels on duty,  
Howth and Killiney from their heights look down,—

But wheresoe'er the exiled race hath drifted,  
By what far sea, what mighty stream beside,  
There shall to-day the poet's name be lifted,  
And Moore proclaimed its glory and its pride.

There shall his name be held in fond memento,  
There shall his songs resound for evermore,  
Whether beside the golden Sacramento,  
Or where Niagara's thunder shakes the shore;—

For all that 's bright indeed must fade and perish,  
And all that 's sweet when sweetest not endure,  
Before the world shall cease to love and cherish  
The wit and song, the name and fame of MOORE.



## JUSTIN McCARTHY.

(1830 —)

JUSTIN McCARTHY was born in Cork in November, 1830. He was educated there privately ; at that time no Roman Catholic in the British Islands could receive an academic degree. He was first of all a journalist in Cork. In 1853 he went to Liverpool, which was then—perhaps owing to the fact that an Irishman was the owner of a leading paper in the city—a favorite hunting-ground of Irish journalists, and retained his connection with one of the newspapers till 1860.

He then obtained a London engagement, being employed by *The Morning Star* as a member of its reporting staff. In the autumn of the same year he was appointed foreign editor, and in 1864 he became editor-in-chief. In 1868 he resigned his post and came to the United States. Here he found a public ready to welcome him ; for he was well known, both through his own writings and as the conductor of a journal that had been unswerving in its friendship to this country. Though he wrote a good deal while here, he chiefly employed himself in lecturing, and performed the remarkable feat of visiting nearly every town in the Union. On his return to England, Mr. McCarthy was offered an engagement as a leader-writer on *The Daily News*.

Mr. McCarthy has found time to write a number of works which have made his name familiar throughout the whole English-speaking world. His first novel, 'The Waterdale Neighbors,' was published in 1867. To this have succeeded 'My Enemy's Daughter,' 1869 ; 'Lady Judith,' 1871 ; 'A Fair Saxon,' 1873—a work in which, we may mention *en passant*, the Anglo-Irish difficulty is discussed in a very good-tempered, and, indeed, it may be said, charming fashion, for the disputants are a beautiful English woman and an Irish lover ; 'Linley Rochford,' 1874 ; 'Dear Lady Disdain,' 1875 ; 'Miss Misanthrope,' 1877 ; 'Donna Quixote,' 1880 ; 'Maid of Athens' ; and 'Red Diamonds.' The qualities which distinguish all these works are a graceful, elegant, transparent style ; keen insight into character, especially female character ; and a satire which is never absolutely cruel, though it can occasionally be sharp.

His most successful work, and that perhaps on which he would prefer his reputation to rest, is, however, in quite another line. As a historian he takes high rank. His 'History of Our Own Times,' written in lucid and vigorous English, free from party spirit and abounding in picturesque description and striking portraits, is already a standard book, and he has also made the following contributions to historical literature : 'A History of the Four Georges,' 'An Epoch of Reform,' 'The Life of Sir Robert Peel,' 'Life of Pope Leo XIII.,' 'The Story of Mr. Gladstone's Life,' 1898 ; 'Modern England,' 1898 ; and 'Reminiscences,' 1899. Mr. McCarthy is also the author of a volume of essays entitled 'Con Amore' and of 'Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament.'

In 1879 he stood for County Longford and was returned without opposition. He was again returned for this county at the general election in 1880. From 1886 to 1892 he represented Derry City. He was for six years Chairman of that section of the Irish Parliamentary party which seceded from Mr. Parnell in 1890.

### NATHANIEL P. CRAMP.

From 'Dear Lady Disdain.'

The genius of young liberty had indeed not yet proved propitious to Natty Cramp. He landed at Hoboken, on the New Jersey shore of the North River at New York, one sunny and lovely morning, and he gazed across at the somewhat confused and unalluring river front of the great city, with the air of a conqueror. The fresh breath of freedom, he proudly said to himself, was already filling him with new manhood. But New York is in some ways a discouraging place to land at. There are no cabs; and there are no street porters; and to hire a "hack" carriage is expensive; and to track out one's way in the street cars and the stages is almost hopeless work for the new comer. Then the examination at the Custom-house was long and vexatious; and yet, when Natty got through the Custom-house, he felt as if he were thrown adrift on the world without any one more to care about him. As Melisander in Thomson's poem declares that, bad as were the wretches who deserted him, he never heard a sound more dismal than that of their parting oars, so, little as Nathaniel Cramp liked the brusque ways of the Custom-house officers, he felt a sort of regret when they had released him and his baggage, and he found himself absolutely turned loose upon the world and his own resources.

This small preliminary disappointment was ominous. Natty had come out with a little money and a great faith in himself and his destiny. He had the usual notion that New York and the United States in general are waiting eagerly to be instructed in anything by Europeans, and especially by Englishmen. Having failed utterly in London, he thought he must be qualified to succeed in New York. His idea was to give lectures and write books—poems especially. He soon found that every second person in America delivers lectures, and that every village has at

least three poets—two women and one man. He had brought a few letters of introduction from some members of the church of the future in London, to congenial spirits in New York, and he made thereby the acquaintance of the editor of a spiritualist journal, of a German confectioner and baker who had a small shop on Fourth avenue (and Fourth avenue is to Fifth avenue as Knightsbridge is to Park Lane or Piccadilly), and of a lady who wore trousers and called herself the Rev. Theodosia Judd.

The influence of these persons over New York, however, was limited, and although they endeavored to get an audience for one of Natty's lectures at a very little hall in a cross street far up town, the public did not rush in, and Nat delivered his lecture so feebly that a few of the few who were in went boldly out again, and one elderly man produced from his pocket a copy of the New York *Evening Mail*, and read it steadily through. Yet the spiritualist journal had had several little notices preliminary of Natty, whom it described variously as Professor Cramp and Doctor Cramp, the celebrated author and lecturer, from London, England; and this was a secret delight to Nathaniel, for the blind fury with abhorred shears might slit away his audiences, but not the printed and published praise. It cheered him for a little while to be thus publicly complimented, and he said to himself, with great pride, that that came of being in a land of equality, and that he would have been long in London before the hireling and subservient press of that city would thus have spoken of him.

Still New York as a community was absolutely unawakened to any recognition or even knowledge of Natty's existence, and his money was melting away. He "boarded" very modestly in a quiet little cross street, where he paid but a few dollars a week, but he was earning nothing. There were awful moments when, as he passed some of the showy hairdressing shops in Broadway, and saw the richly dressed ladies going in and out, he began to wonder whether he had not better take at once to the single craft and mystery whereof he was really possessed, and do for the curls and chignons of Broadway what he had done in other days for those of Wigmore street. But his pride would not as yet suffer this. He went home to his bed-

room in the boarding-house and read over again the paragraph in the spiritualist paper which spoke of his literary gifts, and he vowed that he would never stoop to curl heads of hair again—never.

Suddenly another chance opened up for him. His friend the editor of the spiritualist journal came to him one day with the grand news that he had procured him an appointment to deliver a lecture in the Lyceum course of Acroceraunia, one of the rising cities on the northwestern confines of New York State. Acroceraunia was beginning now to hold its head pretty high in the world. It had already celebrated the twentieth anniversary of its foundation, and as its neighbor and rival, Pancorusky City, had long been having its Lyceum winter course of lectures, Acroceraunia had at last made up its mind for a winter course of lectures as well. All the leading citizens had come forward most spiritedly, and so liberal were the promises of assistance that Acroceraunia put itself in communication at once with the American Literary Bureau of New York, to engage a certain limited number of "star" lecturers, the other nights of the course to be filled up with local and volunteer talent, and any rising young lecturers who might be known to private members of the committee, and might be willing to offer their lecture for a modest sum in consideration of the opening thus afforded. Now the brother of the spiritualist editor was one of the most important men in all Acroceraunia. He edited the Republican journal of that city. He wrote to his brother in New York requesting him to recommend some promising young lecturer who would not object to take twenty-five dollars and his expenses. The "stars" would not any of them shine for an hour on Acroceraunia under a hundred dollars, and many of them could not even be tempted out of their ordinary spheres by such a sum as that; and some again were so heavily engaged in advance that Acroceraunia would not have a chance of getting them on any terms for many seasons to come. In fact, Acroceraunia had only engaged two genuine stars for her course, one to open and one to close it. There seemed a great deal too much local talent and singing society in between, and therefore some padding of a less familiar kind had to be sought out. Hence the offer to Natty Cramp.



Nathaniel jumped at it. He was beginning to fear that he never again should have a chance of testing his rhetorical skill; and besides twenty-five dollars, look you, are equivalent to five pounds, and would be a substantial gain to Nathaniel Cramp. It so happened, too, that Nathaniel suited the conditions of the Lyceum course of Acroceraunia very well. That season, and indeed for some seasons back, all the Lyceums had had some lecturer from London, England, in their course. But when Acroceraunia had secured, and with immense difficulty, its two American stars, there was not nearly enough of money still in prospect or possibility to enable them to get one of the British luminaries as well. Therefore Nathaniel Cramp was positively a godsend. "The celebrated English orator, Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp, from London, England," would look very well on the placards and advertisements. The people of Acroceraunia were in general a steady-going, home-keeping community. They rose early, they worked hard, and when the gentlemen of a family came home in the evening they generally went to sleep on the lounge after supper, and were awakened by their wives in time to go to bed at a proper hour. They never dreamed of trips to Europe in the summer, and they did not take in the British journals. For half of them, then, the name of Natty Cramp would do just as well as that of any of the more distinguished Britons who were stumping the States that fall.

So Nathaniel accepted the offer, and when the time came he took the train for Acroceraunia. He traveled all night and arrived at Acroceraunia about eleven o'clock next morning. He was straining his eyes anxiously for the spires and domes of the city where he was to make what he really held to be his *début* as a lecturer in the States; but when the train stopped he could see no spires, no domes, no city. The land wherever his eye could reach was covered with snow; he saw nothing but snow. Natty was beginning to think this could not be the right station at all, when the brakeman at the upper end of the car, who had been madly straining and tugging at his piece of mechanism like a sailor set all alone to work at a capstan, suddenly dashed open the door and shouted "Acrocerauny!" and Nat had to bundle himself out,

portmanteau and all, as quickly as he could, on the wooden platform of the station. He stood hesitatingly a few moments, expecting to find some one to receive him. But there was clearly no one there to escort him, and the train had gone its way.

He took up his portmanteau and walked slowly, doubtfully out of the station, wondering what he should do next. Outside the station he saw two staggery and ramshackle looking omnibuses waiting. One had in its day been a Fulton ferry omnibus in New York, and bore on its side the well-known pictorial ornamentations, a little faded, which distinguish that conveyance as it rumbles up and down Broadway and Fulton street. This omnibus now belonged to the "Acroceraunia House." The other was in the service of the "American Hotel." Natty thought as he had to choose he ought to give the preference to the hostelry which assumed the name of the city which had honored him with its invitation, and so he got into the carriage of the Acroceraunia House, feeling very much out of spirits, and divided mentally between an anxiety to know where Acroceraunia was and a feeble wish that the moment of his arrival might be postponed as long as possible.

There was no other passenger in the omnibus as it jolted away. Nat was rather glad of that. He was rattled along white road after white road until he began to wonder whether the town had any right to consider itself as in any manner connected with the railway station which bore its name. At last a few houses appeared, each standing separately in its piece of ground. Most of the houses were built of wood, and had bright green shutters and little Grecian porticoes, and every house had a clothes-line. Natty must apparently have passed in review the "pantalettes" of the whole female population of Acroceraunia as he drove along. At last the omnibus turned into something which bore resemblance to a street, or at least was like a high-road with houses at each side. But Natty saw a little placard on a wall as they were turning into this street or road which for the moment withdrew his attention from everything else, and made him blush and feel shy, proud, terrified, and delighted. For he could see on it the words "Lyceum Lecture Course," "This Night,"

and "Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp, of London, England." Natty positively drew himself into a corner of the omnibus as if every eye must have been looking out for him, or as if he were Lady Godiva riding through Coventry and had just been seized with a suspicion of the craft of Peeping Tom. But pride soon came to Natty's rescue again, and he felt that at last he was coming to be somebody; that this was the beginning of fame, and that the world comes to him who waits. He delivered to himself in a proud undertone the closing sentences of his lecture.

The omnibus stopped at last in front of a house of dark brick, with a sign swinging above, and after a good deal of clattering and stamping on the part of the horses, and cries of "Git up" on the part of the driver, it backed up to the porch and Professor Nathaniel P. Cramp got out. He made his way into the office of the hotel, a gaunt, bare room with a stove in the midst, a counter at one side, and a grave man behind the counter. When Nathaniel walked up to the counter the grave man turned round a huge ledger or register which lay before him, pushed it toward Nat, and handed him a pen without saying a word. Natty knew the ways of the new world well enough now to know what this meant. He inscribed himself in the book, Nathaniel Cramp, London, England. The grave man marked a number in the book opposite to Nat's name, and handed a key with a corresponding number to an Irish porter, who took Nat's portmanteau and preceded him upstairs. The porter opened the door of a small bare bedroom in a gusty corridor, and showed Natty in.

"Guess you'll want a fire built?" said the porter.

"I should like a fire," Nat mildly answered.

The attendant put down the key of the room on the table, and Nat observed that the key was stuck or set in a large triangular piece of metal like the huge and ill-shaped hilt of a dagger.

"What do you have that thing on the keys for?" Nat asked.

"To keep the guests from putting 'em in their pockets—don't ye see?"

"And what matter if they did put them in their pockets?"

"Then they forgot 'em there, don't you see? When a

guest is in a hurry he never rec'lects to give up his key. Last fall every key in the Acrocerauny House was carr'd right off one morning. Now we fix 'em that way, don't you see? They can't put 'em in their pockets anyhow."

And the porter took himself off, loudly whistling as he went 'The Wearing of the Green.'

Presently he came back with wood and lit the stove. Natty was too dispirited to talk. He looked out of the window at the one long street white in the snow. Opposite was a "dry goods" store with a liberal display of red and white "clouds" (light soft shawls of fleecy worsted or some such material) for women, and with some spectral crinolines dangling at the door. Next was a shop where "rubbers"—india-rubber overshoes—were sold; next was a hardware shop; next a grocery store; then a blank wall, ornamented with a huge announcement of some sort of pill, and a small, square bill, which Natty knew to be the placard of his own lecture. It was now barely noon. Dinner, he had been informed, was at two; supper at six. What was he to do in the meantime?

A tap at the door. Natty called "Come in," and two men—one young, bright-eyed, handsome, and awkward; the other tall, hard-featured, and of middle age—came in. Nat bowed.

"Professor Cramp, I presume?" the elder visitor said.

Nat intimated that his name was Cramp, but he did not make it clear that he had no claim to the title of professor.

"Professor Cramp," the younger man struck in, "I have the pleasure of making you acquainted with the president of our society, Mr. Fullager."

Mr. Fullager and Nat solemnly shook hands.

"Professor Cramp," said Mr. Fullager, "I have the pleasure to make you acquainted with our secretary, Mr. Plummer, junior."

Nathaniel and Mr. Plummer shook hands. "There was a little mistake with regard to our meeting you at the depot," Mr. Fullager explained; and Nat luckily remembered that "depot," in Mr. Fullager's sense, corresponded with "station" in Nat's. "The train was on time to-day, which it usually is not, and when Mr. Plummer and I got to the depot you were gone, sir."

Nat affirmed that it didn't matter at all, and that he



was much obliged. His visitors were now seated, and were waiting calmly in silence, evidently understanding that the responsibility of the conversation rested on him. He felt that he must rise to the dignity of the situation somehow. A sudden inspiration possessed him, and he said—

“Yours is a very charming town, Mr. Fullager. It seems to grow very fast.”

“It is quite a place, sir—quite a place.”

“What population, now, have you?” And the wily Nat crossed one foot over the other knee, nursed the foot with his hand, put his head sideways, and waited for an answer with the air of one who had studied populations a good deal.

“Well, sir,” Mr. Fullager said, after some grave deliberation, “we have forty-five hundred persons in this city.”

“Forty-seven hundred,” Mr. Plummer said.

“I guess not, sir—not quite so many.”

“Not if you take in the houses on the other side of Colonel Twentyman’s lot, Mr. Fullager?”

“Ah, well; yes—perhaps if you do that we should figure up to forty-seven hundred.”

“That is a remarkable population,” Mr. Cramp said patronizingly, “for so young a town.” Nat hardly knew one population from another.

“We are only twenty years old, sir.”

“Twenty years only! Wonderful!” Nat observed, with an air of dreamy enthusiasm.

Then there was another pause. The two visitors were perfectly composed. They gazed at the stove, and did not feel that they were called upon to say anything. They had come to pay their respects to the foreign lecturer as a matter of courtesy and politeness, and when they considered that they had remained long enough they would rise and go away. There are plenty of talkative Americans, no doubt, but the calm self-possession of silence is nowhere so manifest as among the men of some of the States.

But Nathaniel was much discomposed, and racked his brain for a topic.

“What kind of audiences do you have here, Mr. Fullager?” he asked, in another rush of inspiration.

“Well, sir (after some deliberation), I should say a

remarkably intelligent audience. You would say so, Mr. Plummer?"

"Decidedly so," said Mr. Plummer with a start, for he had been thinking of nothing in particular at the time. "Decidedly so, Mr. Fullager. Several gentlemen have told me that our audience is far more intelligent than that of Pancorusky City."

"Oh, yes. I should certainly have expected that," said Nat, with the air of one who was rather surprised to hear the comparison made, and who would not on any terms have consented to bring himself down to an audience such as that of Pancorusky City. Nat was really developing a considerable aptitude for playing the part of distinguished foreign visitor.

"Would you like to see some of our institutions, sir?" Mr. Fullager asked—"the City Hall, the ward schools, our water power, Deacon Rensselaer's sawmills?"

Nat said he should like it of all things; and he remembered that he must call on the editor of the Republican journal, to whom indirectly he owed his renewed chances of fame.

"We'll call on them both, sir," said Mr. Fullager—"we'll call on the editors of both our journals—the Democrat and the Republican. We have no politics, sir, in our association, and they both, sir, have said kind words about your visit and your lecture."

Nat professed himself delighted to have the chance of being presented to both the editors, and felt indeed a great deal more proud than he would have cared to tell. If the people at home could only see him thus treated like a distinguished stranger and made a regular lion of, what would they say?

So Natty was conducted over the town, and had all its growing wonders pointed out to him, and was presented to the editors of the rival journals, and was not invited to "liquor up," or, by any form of phraseology, to drink anything. This latter fact we mention with some hesitation to English readers, being aware of their preconceived opinions on the subject of American usages. It is an article of faith in England that every conversation in America opens with an invitation to drink. Nathaniel had already discovered that, outside the great cities where

the foreigners abound and diffuse their customs, nine out of ten Americans rarely taste any liquid stronger than tea.

The day thus wore away pleasantly enough for Nat, who found it more and more agreeable to be allowed to play the part of distinguished stranger. But when he returned to his room in the hotel, and the evening came on bringing the hour of his public appearance terribly near, his spirits sank dismally. When the gong sounded at six o'clock for supper, and he went down to the lighted room where the guests were refreshing themselves on tea, hot "biscuit," and preserves, he had a nervous consciousness that every eye was turned upon him and that he was looking awkward. He thought it a very objectionable institution which obliged the lecturer to take his meals in public and to be seen swallowing hot dough, denominated biscuit, immediately before his appearance on the platform. He would have liked so much better to burst upon Acroce-raunia all at once, and for the first time, when stepping forward to deliver his harangue. He nearly choked over his biscuit with blended nervousness and self-conceit.

Opposite to him at the same narrow table Nat saw a handsome man with soft blue eyes, a bald head, and a full fair beard and mustache, who was evidently regarding the distinguished lecturer with interest. When Nat looked toward him the blue-eyed man said—

"I think, sir, I have the pleasure of addressing Mr. Cramp."

Nat started and awkwardly admitted the fact.

"I have heard you lecture already—in the Avenir Hall, isn't it called?—in London."

"Oh, indeed," Nat replied, with an effort to be calm and dignified, which was combated by three emotions rushing upon him at once: a pang of home-sickness at the sound of the word "London," a distressing consciousness that the stranger must have heard him make a sad mess of it, and a sickening dread that the stranger must have also learned that he was once a hairdresser.

"I was on a visit to Europe for some years," the new acquaintance said, "and I spent a considerable time in London, and I went into Avenir Hall one Sunday and heard you lecture."

"I didn't do very well that day," said Nat.

"You were evidently not used to public speaking, and you were nervous, but I shouldn't think the worse of your chances for that. If a man has anything in him, he is sure to be nervous."

Nat was glad to hear that anyhow, although there was an easy patronizing way about his friend which, as a distinguished lecturer, he hardly relished.

"You live here, I presume?" Nathaniel said, anxious to turn the conversation from his oratorical deficiencies.

"In Acroceraunia? No; I live further westward," and he mentioned the name of a town which Nat had heard of, and where there was a large and well-known State college. "I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you there." And presently the blue-eyed man, having finished his supper, rose from the table, bowed to Nat, and left the room.

If Nat had been a little less deeply engrossed in the thought of his lecture, he might have been struck with the strange and picturesque sights which met his eyes as he proceeded with his friends Mr. Fullager and Mr. Plummer to the hall where he was to confront his audience. The earth was white all around with the crackling and glittering snow. The "red-litten windows" of the hall seemed to have an unearthly color as they shone between the white of the ground and the blue of the moon-lighted sky. The street and the houses were but sharp black lines and cubes against the snow. The dark belt of a pine wood from whose depths, much thinned lately, the bear had more than once made his way into Acroceraunian streets in Acroceraunia's earlier days, girdled the valley all around, and then above and behind it rose the hills, through the clefts of which a melancholy wind swept down along the frozen roads. The sleighs came rattling up to the hall from outlying farms and villages, and the sleigh bells tinkled merrily, and the lights in the carriages sparkled like fireflies out of season. Never had Nat seen such a waste of brilliant white as that upon the earth, such a profound blue as that in the sky; for the sky was not black with the hue of the night, even low down on the horizon where the moon least lighted it, but a deep purpling blue. It was strange to turn one's eyes up to what seemed the awful solitude of the hills, and the belt of pine



woods and the horizon, and then to drop one's gaze suddenly to the little luminous and bustling space just around the hall. As Nat stood on the steps of the hall, which was on the side of a slightly ascending street, the town was lost, swallowed up in shadow and darkness, and outside the sphere of light which radiated from the windows of the hall there seemed nothing but the hills, the pine woods, and the snow. Where did they come from—that cluster of people with their sleighs and sleigh-bells, and lights and furs, and rapid feet, and pleasant talk? From the drear waste of snow around, from the black pine woods, from the cold far hills? There was something strange, unearthly, uncanny in the sudden crowd and the twinkling lights thus starting up out of shadow, out of darkness, out of nothing. At a breath one might have thought the whole vision would disappear, the lights would go out, the bright-eyed lasses and tall sinewy lads, the sober elders with the set faces, the stamping horses with the rattling bells—all would vanish and leave the stranger alone with the drear hills and the moaning pines.

But Nat Cramp did not give many thoughts to these things. His may be called a subjective mind, and he only saw a hall where he was to give a lecture and a little crowd of people, whom he thought with a certain terror he should presently have to address. He had chosen a theme which he considered must especially appeal to the sympathies of a republican audience. His subject was "The Worn-out Aristocracies of Europe."

The hall was tolerably well filled, for people in Acro-ceraunia went to every lecture in their winter course regularly as a matter of duty. But they were to Nat's thinking sadly undemonstrative. American audiences, especially in country places, hardly ever applaud. They listen, as if they were really interested, with a motionless and an awful interest. Nat kept his manuscript open before him, but tried to speak as far as possible without consulting the paper. But he soon began to feel afraid of facing the grave and silent audience. The echo of his own words alarmed him. He lashed the weakness and excesses of the effete aristocracies of Europe, and the calm audience betrayed no fervor of republican enthusiasm. He narrated what he held to be a very good story,

and *on ne rit pas*, as the French reporters used to say sometimes when an orator's joke failed to draw fire. He paused for a moment in one or two places for the expected applause, but it did not come, and he had to hurry on again abashed. He became cowed and demoralized. He forgot his task, and he hid his face in his manuscript and read, conscious that he was reading a great deal too fast, and yet thirsting to get done with the now hopeless effort. The essay was awfully long. Several persons quietly got up and glided out of the hall, the soft fall of their india-rubber-covered feet having in Nat's ears a spectral sound. There was a pretty girl with beaming eyes whom Nat had noticed as she leaped from a sleigh at the door when he was entering the hall before the battle. He saw her too when he began his lecture, and the beaming eyes were turned upon him. Alas! the beaming eyes were now covered with their heavy lids, and the pretty girl was asleep. To add to his confusion and distress, Nathaniel saw that his friend of the supper was among the audience, and was broad awake.

At last the final word of the discourse was pronounced, and the released audience began to melt away as rapidly as possible. Nat sat upon the platform with downcast eyes, utterly miserable.

"Our audiences, sir," Mr. Fullager explained with grave politeness, "are accustomed to lectures of about three quarters of an hour in length. You have occupied an hour and a half. They are early people here, and they make arrangements accordingly. You will therefore not attribute the premature departure of some of our citizens to any want of respect for you. I have no doubt they all enjoyed the lecture very much."

"It was remarkably instructive," said Mr. Plummer.

Instructive! Nat had intended it for a burst of brilliant and impassioned eloquence, blended with scathing sarcasm.

As they came out Nat heard a young lady say—

"It didn't interest me at all; just not one bit."

"English orators don't amount to anything, I guess," was another commentary which Nat caught in passing. For him the sky seemed to have turned from blue to black, and the moon to have withdrawn her light.

He was sitting in his bedroom cold and wretched. He had got rid of his friends of the committee, and the fire in the stove had got rid of itself, when a tap was heard at the door, and his bald and blue-eyed acquaintance of the supper table came in. For some unaccountable reason Nat particularly detested this man.

"Come," said his visitor cheerily, and going to the very heart of the subject at once, "you must not be cast down. You are not used to this sort of thing, and you don't understand our people here. In places like this they have forgotten all about the effete aristocracies of Europe, and don't care, as they would say, a snap one way or the other. I suppose an English village audience wouldn't care much for a lecture on the dangers of our Third Term system. Half our Acroceraunian folks have no other notion attaching to England than the thought that your Queen is an excellent woman and a pattern mother. Are you going to try again?"

"No," said poor Nat bluntly; "I'm not."

"Well, you know, it isn't every one who can hold an audience. I'm a wretched speaker myself, although I'm a professor. The mistake you English people make—excuse me if I say it—is in thinking that anything will do for us here in the States. Now I am a blunt man, as you see. Can I serve you in any way? I see you have got on a wrong track, but I think there's something in you, and I love London; so what can I do for you?"

"You are very kind—but there is nothing."

"Oh, yes, there is. Let me see. I am Professor Clinton, of the University of New Padua; and I am going home to-morrow—a few hours in the cars. Come and pass a few days at my house, and we'll talk things over. We want all sorts of clever young fellows about our university—and who knows? Come with me to-morrow."

He clapped Nat on the shoulder: Nat burst into tears.

## THE IRISH CHURCH.

From 'A History of Our Own Times.

'The Irish Peasant to his Mistress' is the name of one of Moore's finest songs. The Irish peasant tells his mistress of his undying fidelity to her. "Through grief and through danger," her smile has cheered his way. "The darker our fortunes the purer thy bright love burned;" it turned shame into glory; fear into zeal. Slave as he was, with her to guide him he felt free. She had a rival; and the rival was honored, "while thou wert mocked and scorned." The rival wore a crown of gold; the other's brows were girt with thorns. The rival wooed him to temples, while the loved one lay hid in caves. "Her friends were all masters, while thine, alas, are slaves!" "Yet," he declares, "cold in the earth at thy feet I would rather be than wed one I love not, or turn one thought from thee."

The reader already understands the meaning of this poetic allegory. If he failed to appreciate its feeling it would be hardly possible for him to understand the modern history of Ireland. The Irish peasant's mistress is the Catholic church. The rival is the state church set up by English authority. The worshipers in the Catholic faith had long to lie hid in caves, while the followers of the state church worshiped in temples. The Irish peasant remained through centuries of persecution devotedly faithful to the Catholic church. Nothing could win or wean him from it. The Irish population of Ireland—there is meaning in the words—were made apparently by nature for the Catholic faith. Hardly any influence on earth could make the genuine Celtic Irishman a materialist, or what is called in France a *Voltairean*. For him, as for Schiller's immortal heroine, the kingdom of the spirits is easily opened. Half his thoughts, half his life, belong to a world other than the material world around him.

The supernatural becomes almost the natural for him. The stream, the valleys, the hills of his native country are peopled by mystic forms and melancholy legends, which are all but living things for him. Even the railway has not banished from the land his familiar fancies and dreams.



The "good people" still linger around the raths and glens. The banshee even yet laments, in dirge-like wailings, the death of the representative of each ancient house. The very superstitions of the Irish peasant take a devotional form. They are never degrading. His piety is not merely sincere; it is even practical. It sustains him against many hard trials, and enables him to bear in cheerful patience, a life-long trouble. He praises God for everything; not as an act of mere devotional formality, but as by instinct; the praise naturally rising to his lips. Old men and women in Ireland who seem, to the observer, to have lived lives of nothing but privation and suffering, are heard to murmur with their latest breath the fervent declaration that the Lord was good to them always. Assuredly this genuine piety does not always prevent the wild Celtic nature from breaking forth into fierce excesses. Stormy outbursts of passion, gusts of savage revenge, too often sweep away the soul of the Irish peasant from the quiet moorings in which his natural piety and the teachings of his church would hold it. But deep down in his nature is that faith in the other world and its visible connection and intercourse with this; his reverence for the teaching which shows him a clear title to immortality. For this very reason, when the Irish peasant throws off altogether the guidance of religion, he is apt to rush into worse extravagances and excesses than most other men. He is not made to be a rationalist, he is made to be a believer.

The Irishman was bound by ties of indescribable strength and complication to his own church. It was the teacher of that faith which especially commended itself to his nature and his temperament. It was made to be the symbol and the synonym of patriotism and nationality. Centuries of the cruel, futile attempt to force another religion on him in the name of his English conquerors had made him regard any effort to change his faith, even by argument, as the attempt of a spy to persuade a soldier to forsake his flag. To abandon the Catholic Church was, for the Irishman, not merely to renounce his religion, but to betray his country. It seemed to him that he could not become a Protestant without also becoming a renegade to the national cause. The state church set up in Ireland was to him a symbol of oppression. It was Gessler's hat

stuck up in the market-place; only a slave would bow down to it. It was idle to tell him of the free spirit of Protestantism; Protestantism stood represented for him by the authority which had oppressed his fellow-countrymen and fellow-Catholics for generations; which had hunted men to the caves and the mountains for being Catholic, and had hanged and disembowled them for being Irish.

Almost every page of the history of the two countries was read with a different interpretation by the Irishman and the Englishman. To the English student Spenser was a patriot as well as a poet; to the Irish scholar he was the bitterest and most unthinking enemy of Ireland. To the Englishman of modern days Cromwell was a great statesman and patriot; the Irishman thought of him only as the remorseless oppressor of Ireland and the author of the massacre of Drogheda. The Englishman hated James II. because he fought against England at the Boyne; the Irishman despised him because he gave up the fight so soon. Chesterfield was to Englishmen a fribble and a fop; he was to Irishmen of education the one English lord lieutenant who ever seemed to have any comprehension of the real needs of Ireland. Fox was denounced in England and adored in Ireland because he made himself the champion of the principle of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas.

One of Byron's chief offenses in the eyes of English Conservatives was that his enthusiasm for Ireland was almost equal to his enthusiasm for Greece. Again and again, in every generation, the object of admiration to Englishmen was the object of distrust or dislike, or both, to all Irishmen who professed to have in them anything of the sentiment of nationality. All this feeling of antagonism was undoubtedly strengthened and sharpened by the existence of the state church. There was not one rational word to be said on principle for the maintenance of such an institution. Sydney Smith said, in his humorous way: "There is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbuctoo." No foreign statesman probably ever admired English institutions more than Count Cavour did. Yet Cavour wrote that the state church in Ireland "remains to the Catholics a representative of the

cause of their miseries, a sign of defeat and oppression. It exasperates their sufferings and makes their humiliation more keenly felt." Every argument in favor of the state church in England was an argument against the state church in Ireland. The English church, as an institution, is defended on the ground that it represents the religious convictions of the great majority of the English people and that it is qualified to take welcome charge of those who would otherwise be left without any religious care or teaching in England. The Catholics in Ireland were, to all other denominations together, as five to one; the state church represented only a small proportion of a very small minority. There was not the slightest pretext for affecting to believe that it could become the mother and the guardian of orphans and waifs among the Irish people. In many places the Protestant clergyman preached to a dozen listeners; in some places he thought himself lucky when he could get half a dozen. There were places with a Protestant clergyman and Protestant church and absolutely no Protestant worshipers. There had not of late years been much positive hostility to the state church among the Irish people. Since the abolition of the system of tithes, since the dues of the parson were no longer collected by an armed military force with occasional accompaniment of bloodshed, the bitterness of popular feeling had very much mitigated. The Irish people grew to be almost indifferent on the subject.

"With Henry II.," says Sydney Smith, "came in tithes, to which, in all probability, about one million of lives may have been sacrificed in Ireland." All that was changed at last. So long as the clergyman was content to live quietly and mind his own flock, where he had any to mind, his Catholic neighbors were not disposed to trouble themselves much about him. If, indeed, he attempted to do that which, by all strict logical reasoning he must have regarded himself as appointed to do—if he attempted any work of conversion, then he aroused such a storm of anger that he generally found it prudent to withdraw from the odious and hopeless enterprise. If he was a sensible man he was usually content to minister to his own people and meddle no further with others. In the large towns he generally had his considerable congregation, and was busy

enough. In some of the country places of the south and west he preached every Sunday to his little flock of five or six, while the congregation of the Catholic chapel a short distance off were covering a great part of the hillside around the chapel door, because their numbers were many times too great to allow them to find room within the building itself. Sydney Smith has described, in a few words, the condition of things as it existed in his time: "On an Irish Sabbath the bell of a neat parish church often summons to church only the parson and an occasionally conforming clerk; while two hundred yards off a thousand Catholics are huddled together in a miserable hovel and pelted by all the storms of heaven."

In days nearer to our own the miserable hovel had for the most part given place to a large and handsome church; in many places to a vast and stately cathedral. Nothing could be more remarkable than the manner in which the voluntary offerings of the Irish Catholics covered the face of the country with churches dedicated to the uses of their faith. Often the contributions came in liberal measure from Irishmen settled in far-off countries who were not likely ever again to see their native fields. Irish Catholic priests crossed the Atlantic, crossed even the Pacific, to ask for help to maintain their churches; and there came from Quebec and Ontario, from New York, New Orleans, and Chicago, from Melbourne and Sydney, from Tasmania and New Zealand, the money which put up churches and spires on the Irish mountain-sides. The proportion between the Protestants and the Catholics began to tell more and more disadvantageously for the state church as years went on. Of late the influx of the Catholic working population into the northern province threatens to overthrow the supremacy of Protestantism in Protestantism's own stronghold.

It has often been said that if England had not persecuted the Catholics, if she had not thrust her state church on them under circumstances which made it an insolent badge of conquest, the Irish people might have been gradually won over to the religion of England. To us nothing seems more unlikely than any such change. The Irish people, we are convinced, would under any circumstances whatever have remained faithful to the Catholic Church. As we have already endeavored to show, it is the church



which seems specially appointed to be the guide of their feelings and their nature. But it is certain that if there had been no persecution and no state church the feelings of the Irish people toward England would have been very different from what they actually are even at this day. There would have been no rebellion of 1798. There would have been no hatred of Protestant to Catholic, Catholic to Protestant. All this is obvious; every one says as much now. But there is another view of the question; there is another harmful effect of the state church and its surroundings, which is not so often considered nor so commonly admitted. This is the indirect harm which was done by the setting up in Ireland of a "British party," to employ a phrase once familiar in politics, a party supposed to represent the interests of the English government, and indeed to be, as it was commonly called, the Protestant garrison in Ireland. Naturally the government always acted on the advice of that party, and as a matter of course they were frequently deceived. The British party had no way of getting at the real feelings of the Irish people; they were among them, but not of them. They kept on continually assuring the government that there was no real cause of dissatisfaction in Ireland; that the objection to this or that odious institution or measure came only from a few agitators, and not from the whole population.

It will not be forgotten that down to the very outbreak of the American War of Independence there were the remnants of a British party in the northern states, who assured the English government that there was no real dissatisfaction among the American colonists, and no idea whatever of severing the connection with England. The same sort of counsel was given, the same fatal service was rendered, on almost all important occasions by the British party in Ireland. It was probably from observing this condition of things that Mr. Gladstone came to the conclusion that the Fenian outbreak, the Manchester rescue, and the Clerkenwell explosion furnished a proper opportunity for a new system of legislation in Ireland. Few actions on the part of a public man have been more persistently misrepresented or more obstinately misunderstood than the course taken by Mr. Gladstone. It has been constantly

asserted that he declared himself impelled to propose new legislation for Ireland by the violence of the Fenian enterprises, and that he thus held out a premium to political agitation of the most audacious kind by offering an assurance to the agitator that if he would only be daring and lawless enough he might have full gratification of his demands. Yet Mr. Gladstone's meaning was surely plain.

He saw that one great difficulty in the way of substantial legislation for Irish grievances had always been found in the fact that the English parliament and public did not believe in the reality of the grievance. Englishmen put aside every claim made on behalf of Ireland with the assurance that the Irish people were entirely indifferent on the subject; that the Irish people felt no grievance, and therefore had not complained of any. The Fenian movement was in Mr. Gladstone's eyes the most substantial refutation of this comfortable belief. The most easy-going and self-complacent Philistine could not feel satisfied that there was no grievance pressing on the minds of the Irish people when he found rebellion going on under his very eyes, and Fenian devotees braving death for their cause and its captains in his very streets. Mr. Gladstone was right. One of the sad defects of our parliamentary system is that no remedy is likely to be tried for any evil until the evil has made its presence felt in some startling way. The Clerkenwell explosion was but one illustration of a common condition of things. We seldom have any political reform without a previous explosion.

On March 16, 1868, a remarkable debate took place in the House of Commons. It had for its subject the condition of Ireland, and it was introduced by a series of resolutions which Mr. John Francis Maguire, an Irish member, proposed. Mr. Maguire was a man of high character and great ability and earnestness. He was a newspaper proprietor and an author; he knew Ireland well, but he also knew England and the temper of the English people. He was ardent in his national sympathies; but he was opposed to any movement of a seditious or a violent character. He had more than once risked his popularity among his countrymen by the resolute stand which he made against any agitation that tended toward rebellion. Mr. Maguire always held that the geographical situation of England and

Ireland rendered a separation of the two countries impossible.

He had often expressed his belief that even in the event of a war between England and some foreign state—the American republic, for instance—and even in the event of England's losing temporary possession of Ireland, one of the conditions of peace which the foreign power would most freely accept would be the handing back of Ireland to Great Britain. To his mind, then, separation was a result not to be seriously thought of. But he accepted cordially the saying of Grattan that if the ocean forbade separation, the sea denied union. He was in favor of a domestic legislature for Ireland, and he was convinced that such a measure would be found the means of establishing a true and genial union of feeling, a friendly partnership between the two countries. Mr. Maguire was looked on with respect and confidence by all parties in England as well as in his own country. Even the Fenians, whose schemes he condemned as he had condemned the Young Ireland movement of 1848, were willing to admit his honesty and his courage, for they found that there was no stancher advocate in parliament for a generous dealing with the Fenian prisoners. A speaker of remarkable power and earnestness, although occasionally too vehement of words and gesture, he was always listened to with attention in the House of Commons. It was well known that he had declined tenders of office from both of the great English parties; and it was known too that he had done this at a time when his personal interests made his refusal a considerable sacrifice. When therefore he invited the attention of the House of Commons to the condition of Ireland, the house knew that it was likely to have a fair and trustworthy exposition of the subject. In the course of his speech, Mr. Maguire laid great stress upon the evil effect wrought upon Ireland by the existence of the Irish church. He described it as “a scandalous and monstrous anomaly.”

During the debate Lord Mayo, then Irish secretary, made a speech in which he threw out some hint about a policy of equalizing all religious denominations in Ireland without sacrificing the Irish church. He talked in a mysterious way of “leveling up, and not leveling down.” It

has never since been known for certain whether he was giving a hint of a scheme actually in the mind of the government; whether he was speaking as one set up to feel his way into the opinion of the House of Commons and the public; or whether he was only following out some sudden and irresponsible speculations of his own. The words, however, produced a great effect on the House of Commons. It became evident at once that the question of the Irish church was making itself at last a subject for the practical politician. Mr. Bright in the course of the debate strongly denounced the Irish establishment, and enjoined the government and all the great English parties to rise to the occasion and resolve to deal in some serious way with the condition of Ireland. Difficulties of the gravest nature he fully admitted were yet in the way, but he reminded the house in tones of solemn and penetrating earnestness that, "to the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." But it was on the fourth night of the debate that the importance of the occasion became fully manifest. Then it was that Mr. Gladstone spoke, and declared that in his opinion the time had come when the Irish church as a state institution must cease to exist. Then every man in the house knew that the end was near. Mr. Maguire withdrew his resolutions. The cause he had to serve was now in the hands of one who, though not surely more earnest for its success, had incomparably greater power to serve it. The Protestant garrison in Ireland was doomed. There was probably not a single Englishman capable of forming an opinion who did not know that from the moment when Mr. Gladstone made his declaration, the fall of the Irish state church had become merely a question of time. Men only waited to see how Mr. Gladstone would proceed to procure its fall.

Public expectation was not long kept in suspense. A few days after the debate on Mr. Maguire's motion, Mr. Gladstone gave notice of a series of resolutions on the subject of the Irish state church. The resolutions were three in number. The first declared that in the opinion of the House of Commons it was necessary that the established church of Ireland should cease to exist as an establishment, due regard being had to all personal interests and to all individual rights of property. The second reso-



lution pronounced it expedient to prevent the creation of new personal interests by the exercise of any public patronage; and the third asked for an address to the queen, praying that her majesty would place at the disposal of parliament her interest in the temporalities of the Irish church. The object of these resolutions was simply to prepare for the actual disestablishment of the church by providing that no further appointments should be made, and that the action of patronage should be stayed, until parliament should decide the fate of the whole institution. On March 30, 1868, Mr. Gladstone proposed his resolutions. Not many persons could have had much doubt as to the results of the debate.

But if there were any such their doubts must have begun to vanish when they read the notice of amendment to the resolutions which was given by Lord Stanley. The amendment proclaimed even more surely than the resolutions the impending fall of the Irish church. Lord Stanley must have been supposed to speak in the name of the government and the Conservative party; and his amendment merely declared that the house, while admitting that considerable modifications in the temporalities of the church in Ireland might appear to be expedient, was of opinion "that any proposition tending to the disestablishment or disendowment of that church ought to be reserved for the decision of the new parliament." Mr. Gladstone seized on the evidence offered by the terms of such an amendment. He observed that before the hour at which notice was given of that amendment, he had thought the thread of the remaining life of the Irish established church was short, but since the notice was given he thought it shorter still. For, as Mr. Gladstone put it, suppose his resolutions had been declarations calling for the abolition of the House of Lords, was it possible to conceive that the government would have met them by an amendment admitting that the constitution of the upper house might appear to stand in need of considerable modification, but offering the opinion that any proposal tending to the abolition of that house ought to be left to the decision of a new parliament? If such an amendment were offered by the government, the whole country would at once understand that it was not intended to defend the existence of the House of Lords.

So the country now understood with regard to the Irish church. Lord Stanley's amendment asked only for delay. It did not plead that to-morrow would be sudden; it only asked that the stroke of doom should not be allowed to fall on the Irish church to-day.

The debate was one of great power and interest. Some of the speakers were heard at their very best. Mr. Bright made a speech which was well worthy of the occasion and the orator. Mr. Gathorne Hardy was in his very element. He flung aside all consideration of amendment, compromise, or delay, and went in for a vehement defense of the Irish church. He spoke in the spirit of M. Rouher's famous *Jamais!* Mr. Hardy was not a debater of keen logical power nor an orator of genuine inspiration, but he always could rattle a defiant drum with excellent effect. He beat the war-drum this time with tremendous energy. On the other hand Mr. Lowe threw an intensity of bitterness remarkable even for him into the unsparing logic with which he assailed the Irish church. That church, he said, was "like an exotic brought from a far country, tended with infinite pains and useless trouble. It is kept alive with the greatest difficulty and at great expense in an ungenial climate and an ungrateful soil. The curse of barrenness is upon it. It has no leaves, puts forth no blossom, and yields no fruit. Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground?" Not the least remarkable speech of the debate was that made by Lord Cranbourne, who denounced the government of which he was not long since a member with an energy of hatred almost like ferocity. He accused his late colleagues of having in every possible way betrayed the cause of Conservatism, and he assailed Mr. Disraeli personally in a manner which made older members think of the days when Mr. Disraeli was denouncing Sir Robert Peel.

No eloquence and no invective however could stay the movement begun by Mr. Gladstone. When the division was called there were three hundred and thirty-one votes for the resolutions and only two hundred and seventy against them. The doom of the Irish church was pronounced by a majority of sixty-one. Mr. Disraeli made a wild effort by speech and by letter to get up an alarm in the country on the score of some imaginary alliance or

conspiracy between "High Church Ritualists" and "Irish Romanists." The attempt was a complete failure; there was only a little flash; no explosion came. The country did not show the slightest alarm. An interval was afforded for agitation on both sides. The House of Commons had only decided against Lord Stanley's amendment. Mr. Gladstone's resolutions had yet to be discussed.

Lord Russell presided at a great meeting held in St. James' Hall for the purpose of expressing public sympathy with the movement to disestablish the Irish church. Many meetings were held by those on the other side of the question as well; but it was obvious to every one that there was no great force in the attempt at a defense of the Irish church. That institution had in truth a position which only became less and less defensible the more it was studied. Every example and argument drawn from the history of the church of England was but another condemnation of the church of Ireland. During one of the subsequent debates in the House of Lords, Lord Derby introduced with remarkable effect an appropriate quotation from Scott's 'Guy Mannering.' He was warning his listeners that if they helped the enemies of the Irish church to pull it down, they would be preparing the way for the destruction of the English church as well.

He turned to that striking passage in 'Guy Mannering,' where Meg Merrilies confronts the laird of Ellangowan after the eviction of the gypsies, and warns him that "this day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths; see if the fire in your ain parlor burn the blyther for that; ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster." Nothing could be more apt as a political appeal or more effective in a rhetorical sense than this quotation. But it did not illustrate the relations between the English and the Irish church. The real danger to the English church would have been a protracted and obstinate maintenance of the church of Ireland.

It is not necessary here to enter upon any of the general arguments for or against the principle of a state church. But it will be admitted by every one that the claim made on behalf of the church of England is that it is the church of the great majority of the English people, and that it has a spiritual work to do which the majority of the nation

admit to be its appropriate task. To maintain the church of England on that ground is only to condemn the church of Ireland. The more strongly an Englishman was inclined to support his own church, the more anxious he ought to have been to repudiate the claim of the Irish church to a similar position. The state church in Ireland was like a mildewed ear blasting its wholesome brother. If the two institutions had to stand or fall together, there could be but one end to the difficulty; both must fall.

Mr. Gladstone's first resolution came to a division about a month after the defeat of Lord Stanley's amendment. It was carried by a majority somewhat larger than that which had rejected the amendment. Three hundred and thirty votes were given for the resolution; two hundred and sixty-five against it. The majority for the resolution was therefore sixty-five. Mr. Disraeli quietly observed that the government must take some decisive step in consequence of that vote; and a few days afterward it was announced that as soon as the necessary business could be got through, parliament would be dissolved and an appeal made to the country. On the last day of July the dissolution took place, and the elections came on in November. Not for many years had there been so important a general election. The keenest anxiety prevailed as to its results. The new constituencies created by the reform bill were to give their votes for the first time. The question at issue was not merely the existence of the Irish state church. It was a general struggle of advanced Liberalism against Toryism. No one could doubt that Mr. Gladstone, if he came into power, would enter on a policy of more decided Liberalism than had ever been put into action since the days of the reform bill of Lord Grey and Lord John Russell. The result of the elections was on the whole what might have been expected. The Liberals had a great majority.



## HOW IRELAND LOST HER PARLIAMENT.

From 'Ireland's Cause in England's Parliament.'

How, then, did Ireland come to lose her national parliament? What was the crime, or series of crimes, which that Parliament committed, and which rendered necessary its sudden extinction? The story is an old one now. It has often been told, yet it will bear telling once again. Perhaps it cannot be told too often for the purpose of impressing on the minds of stranger readers the full force and meaning of the claim which Ireland has upon England for the restoration of her national Parliament. The British Philistine idea is just this: "Ireland had a Parliament for a few, a very few, years; and the Irish Parliament managed things so badly,—getting up frightful rebellions among its other fantasies of wickedness,—that, for the sake of Ireland itself, the wicked Irish Parliament had to be abolished, and Ireland brought under the saving shelter of the imperial Parliament at Westminster." Let me, in a few words, now tell the story as authentic history tells it. We shall see then whether it was through any fault of her own, that Ireland lost her national Parliament. We shall see whether the cause of her losing it does not strengthen immensely her claim for its restoration. We shall see whether the Irish Parliament, with all its faults, was not fighting the battle of religious liberty, the battle of civilization, against the English sovereign and his minister. The Irish Parliament was extinguished because its leaders were men more enlightened than George the Third; because they, Protestant as well as he, stood up for that cause of Catholic emancipation which he was determined to crush.

The Irish Parliament, as I have said, was not an independent Parliament in our modern sense of the word. It was not, even after the repeal of Poyning's Act, independent in that modern sense. Neither was it representative, according to our ideas of representation. It made laws for a country five-sixths of whose population then, as now, belonged to the Roman Catholic Church. But a Catholic could not be a member of the Irish Parliament; more than that, a Catholic could not give a vote for the election of

a member of the Irish Parliament. The Irish Parliament, therefore, could no more be said to represent the Irish people than a South Carolina Legislature in the days before the civil war could be said to represent the slave population of the State. Yet so national in spirit were the leaders and the best men of that Irish Parliament, that, although responsible to no single Catholic voter,—for there was no Catholic voter,—the first use these Protestant gentlemen made of the increased independence of the Parliament was to endeavor to carry legislative measures for the emancipation of their Catholic fellow-subjects. The leaders of the movement had a hard struggle for a while. The Irish Parliament was made up for the most part of landlords and lawyers, and the majority represented the ascendancy of race and of creed. Still Grattan and his friends were able to accomplish a reform which at least enabled Catholics to vote for the election of members of the House of Commons.

This was not enough for Grattan. He and his friends were determined that the chains of the Catholic should not “clank o’er his rags.”

In the mean time an association had been formed in Ireland which afterwards became famous in Ireland’s history, and the original objects of which have been more constantly and systematically misrepresented than those of any other political organization of which I have read. I am speaking of the Society of United Irishmen. The Society of United Irishmen was founded in 1791 by Theobald Wolfe Tone. Wolf Tone was a Protestant patriot, a man of genius and indomitable spirit and rich mental resource. He founded the Society of United Irishmen for the purpose of obtaining Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform in Ireland. Tone’s great grievance was that there was no national government in Ireland; that the country was ruled “by Englishmen and the servants of Englishmen,” whose sole object was to advance the interests of England at the expense of those in Ireland. The Irish Parliament was mainly elected by a number of pocket boroughs, and rotten boroughs, and constituencies dependent on some great peer or other territorial magnate. Tone’s policy was to unite all true Irishmen against this system; and it was by his urgent advice that the new association

took no account in its title of anything sectarian, and merely styled itself a Society of United Irishmen. Tone became secretary of a Catholic association, for the purpose of obtaining relief from penal disqualification for the Catholics. He had worked so gallantly and zealously in the Catholic cause, that the Catholics were only too glad to make him, a Protestant, secretary of their distinctive association.

The Society of United Irishmen was composed mainly of young Protestants,—men, for the most part, of talents, education, and social position. Men like Thomas Addis Emmet and Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Hamilton Rowan belonged to it. Many wealthy merchants and bankers belonged to it. We know all about it now. We can study its proceedings and its records, its resolutions, its appeals to the Sovereign, its petitions to Parliament. We know that its objects were peaceful, loyal, patriotic, constitutional. We know that its aim was, as set out in its own pledge, to “endeavor to promote a brotherhood of affection and union among Irishmen of every religious persuasion,” with the object of procuring “a full, equal, and adequate representation of all the people of Ireland in Parliament.” For this full and equal and adequate representation, the first thing needful was the abolition of religious disqualification; the next thing, a comprehensive measure of parliamentary reform.

Such was the object of the Society of United Irishmen at the beginning, and for many years of its subsequent existence. It was a constitutional association altogether;—peaceful in its professions, peaceful in its aims. I hasten to anticipate a possible criticism by at once admitting that there were writers even then who denounced the United Irishmen as men of treasonable purpose. For these critics argued, as George the Third argued: “You must be disloyal to the Constitution and to the Sovereign, if you seek to have the Catholics emancipated. You must contemplate civil war; because you must know that England will never consent to grant Catholic emancipation unless you can conquer her in a civil war. Therefore, no matter what your protestations of loyalty, you must be disloyal. If you were to swear yourself black in the face, that you are only for measures of peace, you must, all the same, be conspiring

for war." We hear this sort of argument in England just now, a good deal; and we can appreciate it. Those who employed it at that time employed it not only against Wolfe Tone, but against Grattan as well. "Henry Grattan must know," they said, "that he is allying himself with men whose policy will conduct them to a civil war, to rebellion; therefore he is a rebel." Grattan never, as a matter of fact, was a member of the Society of United Irishmen; but that did not count for much with his opponents. Gladstone was never a member of the National League.

The unquestionable fact, however,—unquestionable by any one who knows anything of the history of the times,—is that the Society of United Irishmen was in the beginning, and through all its existence down to a certain event of which I shall presently tell, a peaceful, constitutional association, laboring for noble objects by pacific means. In truth, the United Irishmen were fully convinced that they were walking the straight way to a complete and peaceful success. All the patriotism of Ireland was with them; the best and loftiest intellect of England was with them. Their cause was making illustrious converts every day. Grattan himself,—what was he but a convert to the principle of Catholic emancipation? He entered public life as its opponent, he soon became its warmest and most powerful friend. In January, 1795, the hopes of the United Irishmen seemed confirmed to the full; their success seemed to be proclaimed by the appointment of Lord Fitzwilliam as viceroy of Ireland.

I am anxious that my American readers should fix their eyes closely on this event in Irish history. The viceroyalty of Lord Fitzwilliam is a turning point. Fitzwilliam was a man of generous, beneficent, and noble life. He had been a friend and follower of Fox; but he had quitted Fox, as Burke did, in the controversy about the French Revolution. He retained, however, his devotion to those principles of civil and religious liberty which Fox had always proclaimed. He came over to Ireland, as he understood, with full powers to satisfy the demands of the country, both as to Catholic emancipation, and the purifying of the administrative and the representative system. He threw himself heart and soul into Grattan's plans. He assisted Grattan with his own hand to draw up some of the meas-



ures of religious and political reform; and he gave it to be publicly understood that he intended nothing short of a complete emancipation of the Catholics of Ireland. What was the consequence? King George took fright. King George's conscience was awakened. King George's Protestant zeal began once again to eat him up. Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled. He was summoned back to England under conditions of humiliation and disgrace. He was hurried back like some criminal about to be brought before some bar of public justice. For what? Because he had promised to assist the Irish National Parliament in obtaining political emancipation for five-sixths of the population of Ireland.

The effect upon the Irish people was like the effect upon the Northern States of the Union when the flag at Fort Sumter was fired on. The Irish people saw that under such a king there was no hope of any peaceful settlement of the national demand. On the very threshold of the temple of hope they had been flung back into the cavern of despair. What was the effect more especially on the leaders of the Society of United Irishmen? These leaders were men of high spirit, brave men. Most of them were at that generous time of life when the loss of mere existence seems nothing, if compared with the surrender of a great principle and the tame sacrifice of a great cause. Despairing of a peaceful settlement of the national demands, they did what all true hearts must feel that they had a right to do: they flung themselves and the country into rebellion against the government of King George. I need hardly remind my American readers, that this was the same King George whose perversity and obstinacy compelled their forefathers to fly to arms against him.

Let us mark once more the difference between success and failure. The American rebels succeeded, and ceased to be rebels. Even contemporary history and public opinion justified their uprising and glorified their leaders. Our forefathers failed; and down to this very day, there has hardly been an English historian of mark who has done anything like justice to the motives of the uprising or of the men who took part in it, or to the many chances it had of success. Had this, that, and the other thing happened, or happened otherwise, had the winds not blown

this way, had that man not died at the wrong time,—the Irish insurrection might have been a success. As it is, English historians, when they have condescended to notice the leaders of the Irish insurrection at all, have treated them usually as fools or miscreants. I know of hardly anything in historical literature so utterly perverse as Mr. Froude's picture of Wolf Tone. The whole description is simply ignoble, a scandal and a shame to its author. Yet, Mr. Froude himself told me once, in private conversation, that he rather admired Wolfe Tone.

A deluge of blood swept over the country, and then the rebellion was put down. Sir Ralph Abercromby, the humane, high-minded soldier, who once said that his victories made him melancholy, was for a time commander-in-chief of the English forces in Ireland, and has left it on record, that crimes of bloodshed and savagery were committed by the soldiers under his command, which he was utterly powerless to prevent. "Every crime, every cruelty, that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucs, has been committed here." Abercromby soon left the work of repression to other and less humane hands. The rebellion was over; and not one of the gallant young Protestant gentlemen who had taken part in it ever again appeared at an Irish meeting or in an Irish council-room to give his countrymen the benefit of his advice. The battlefield had dealt with some; the scaffold had disposed of others; mysterious midnight deaths in prison-cells, seeming very like convenient assassinations to avoid the trouble of public trial, had disposed of others yet; and those who survived had fled across the seas to find a home in foreign lands. There is to this day a monument conspicuous on Broadway, in the city of New York, which testifies to the manner in which the citizens of that great community appreciated the public services of Thomas Addis Emmet, one of the refugees of Ninety-eight. "Who fears to speak of Ninety-eight?" Not surely any of the descendants of the men who flung their souls into that gallant cause, and gave to it their generous blood, not surely any of the descendants of those Englishmen whose wise and noble policy would have prevented Ninety-eight, by conceding to justice and right those national claims which King George and his ministers rejected with scorn.

Ireland was now, once again, as a corpse on the dissect-

ing-table,—to use an expression that more lately became famous. The king and his minister could do with her, as they well knew, pretty well what they pleased. The idea had for some time been afloat in ministerial circles in England, and Ireland too, that the only way of making Ireland manageable would be by the destruction of her separate Parliament, and by absorbing her representation into the English assemblies at Westminster. King George would seem to have made up his mind to this, from the moment when it became evident that the Irish Parliament would end by accepting the principle of Catholic emancipation. The outbreak of the rebellion gave, unfortunately, an opportunity to the King and his ministers to carry out the scheme of absorption,—“the union of the shark and his prey,” as Byron called it. Pitt determined at once to bring up the scheme on which the King had set his heart. It was resolved that the Irish Parliament must be extinguished. A new viceroy was sent over especially for this purpose. Lord Camden had succeeded Lord Fitzwilliam. Lord Camden was now succeeded by a soldier; but a soldier whose name is not associated, at least on the American side of the Atlantic, with any very splendid military achievement. The new viceroy of Ireland was that Lord Cornwallis whose name will be remembered in American history, chiefly in connection with a certain famous capitulation at Yorktown. It was doubtless the idea of the good King George, that, although Lord Cornwallis might not have proved quite the sort of man to deal with George Washington and his followers, he was good enough to manage the population of Ireland, exhausted as Ireland was after her fierce and unsuccessful struggle. Lord Cornwallis was sent over with a commission to extinguish the National Parliament of Ireland, by whatever process, and at whatever cost.

By whatever process? Well, to be sure, the words must not to be taken too literally. Even in those days, even George the Third could not simply abolish the Irish Parliament, and bid his will avouch it. The King had to put on some show of respect for constitutional and legal right. The thing to be done was to get the Irish Parliament to abolish itself; the problem for Lord Cornwallis was, in fact, how to persuade or prevail upon the Irish House of

Commons, to vote away the legislative independence of the country. There was an Irish House of Lords, of course, but the Irish House of Lords was—very much like other Houses of Lords. No one expected, from the majority in the Irish House of Lords, any very heroic resistance to the will of the King, or patriotic deference to the will of the people. Therefore, the problem was, how to get at the House of Commons; how to get over the House of Commons; how, as we should say in modern English slang, to “noble” the House of Commons. Lord Cornwallis went to work to noble the House of Commons. He had three agencies at his command,—terrorism, fraud, and bribery. He made ample use of all his powers. He threatened, he deceived, he bribed and corrupted. Ample funds were placed at his disposal. He spent millions of pounds sterling in buying up some of the pocket boroughs from the peers and other territorial magnates who owned them, and who counted on their right to sell them just as they did on their right to sell their cattle and their sheep. The viceroy filled all the vacated places with creatures of his own. It was a familiar practice with him, when he got hold of a constituency in this way, to send for election the commandant of the nearest English garrison,—some garrison just employed in putting down the rebellion—and have this English soldier returned for the Irish House of Commons, and commissioned to vote away Ireland’s national life.

The practical working of the schemes to get the Act of Union passed was in the hands of Lord Castlereagh, the Irish Secretary, the man whom Byron spoke of as “a wretch never named but with curses and jeers.” Cornwallis, Castlereagh, and Clare,—Lord Clare, the Irish lord chancellor,—were the triumvirate intrusted with the odious task. Let us do Lord Cornwallis the justice to admit that the task to him was odious. He was a soldier of the old-fashioned order, who would carry out every instruction given by his master, no matter how base and detestable it might be. But he had enough of the spirit of a soldier, and enough of the heart of a man, to loathe the task to which he was now set. His own letters contain reiterated descriptions of the work he had to do, and of the disgust with which it inspired him. He tells again and again of the manner in which the wretched castle gang and



their associates were continually crying out for more and more severity in Ireland; more imprisonments, more torture, more blood. He gives examples of the sort of conversation which used to go on at his own dinner table, among the creatures whom he was compelled to court and to entertain. He declares that he could go back to England with a conscience comparatively light, if he were only allowed "to kick those whom my public duties oblige me to court."

So far as one may judge, Lord Castlereagh and Lord Clare had no such qualms of conscience. They appear to have found the work congenial, and gone into it heart and soul. Lord Castlereagh made a public announcement that every nobleman who returned members to Parliament should be paid in cash fifteen thousand pounds for every member so returned, provided of course that the member voted the right way; next, that every member who had bought his own seat should be paid back the money he had given for it; and, thirdly, that all members of Parliament and others who were losers by the union should be compensated for their loss, and that a sum of one million and a half sterling should be voted for this latter purpose.

An absurd attempt, founded, I suppose, on some imperfect knowledge of this latter transaction, has lately been made in England, to persuade the public that Castlereagh's alleged bribery was not bribery at all, but only compensation for injured interests. The contention would be absurd in any case, for much of the money given away as compensation was really only the reward of corruption; but, besides that, the so-called compensation money represents only a small part of the money spent in carrying the Act of Union, and by far the larger part of this money was spent merely in the buying-up of votes. About five millions sterling were spent in all. Much of the bribery, too, consisted in the giving-away of offices, and the creating of new offices to give away. Bishoprics, judgeships, one chief-justiceship, rank in the navy, rank in the army,—all these were bribes freely given. Forty new peerages were created. If a man was too public-spirited to sell his country for a mere payment in money, and preferred a peerage, or insisted on a peerage as well, the obliging minister granted his demand; and to this day the phrase "a Union peer" is

used in Ireland as a stigma, as describing a man whose ancestors sold the legislative independence of his country for a coronet and a seat in the English House of Lords.

Of course there were men at that time, as there are at every great crisis in the history of every state,—men who were, as the old Scottish saying puts it, “ower good for banning, and ower bad for blessing;” men who had not the moral courage to stand up in the face of day for their country’s right, nor the immoral courage to stand up in the face of day against it. Such men commonly sought refuge in retirement and obscurity; and every vacancy made in that way was, of course, a new opportunity to Castlereagh to buy some creature of his own into the House of Commons. Another sort of policy also was pursued. Any man who held any manner of public office or benefice under the Crown, and who refused to pledge himself to Castlereagh’s policy, was remorselessly stripped of any rank or emolument he might have possessed. Under such conditions, the wonder is that the minister did not succeed in getting much larger majorities for his proposals in the Irish House of Commons. The plain fact was, that any one who chose to sell his vote could get any price he liked for it. Any one who would not sell his vote had to brave the wrath of an unscrupulous minister, and, if he could be hurt by the Government, he most assuredly would be hurt. The wonder is that so many men held out; that such a large proportion of the Irish House of Commons fought against the union to the last. Grattan, who had gone out of parliamentary life, made hopeless by the outbreak of armed rebellion, came back to the House of Commons to lead the fight against the Act of Union. One of his stanchest comrades in the noble work of resistance was a man whose family name comes out again at a somewhat later period in Irish history,—Sir John Parnell. The Parnell of that day fought as bravely for the maintenance of Ireland’s legislative independence as his descendant, the Parnell of our day, is fighting for its restoration. All that was best in English public life and English intelligence was opposed to the policy of Pitt.

Of course Pitt’s policy prevailed. The Act of Union was passed, and the national Parliament of Ireland was extinguished—for a time. The first article of the Act of Union

declares that "The Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland shall upon the first day of January, 1801, and forever after be united into one kingdom." Forever after! We are already beginning to see signs enough of the worthlessness of a statutory "forever" in the suppression of a nation's right. No doubt, the hope and firm belief of Pitt and Castlereagh was, that with the extinction of the Irish national Parliament, would be extinguished also the Irish national sentiment. Plunket, then still a patriot, warned the ministry that as well might the miserable maniac imagine that by the suicidal act which destroyed his perishable body, he could extinguish also his immortal soul. Time has even already shown that Plunket was right. The national sentiment is not extinguished. It burns now, at this very hour, more brightly and strongly than it did even in the day when Plunket gave out, all in vain, his eloquence and impassioned warning to a stupid king and an unscrupulous minister. There is one way, and only one, by which the opponents of Ireland's demand can get rid of Irish national sentiment; and that one way is the extinction of the Irish race. Until the last man, woman, and child of Irish birth, or Irish descent, be got rid of from off the earth,—until that great and final act of eviction can be accomplished, the sentiment of Irish nationality will be a trouble to Tory statesmanship. There does not at present seem any immediate prospect of this complete extinction of the Irish race. The Irish race is growing everywhere but in Ireland. The time is not far distant when it will be allowed a chance of growing in Ireland too.

Something was needed to give the last touch of fraud and cruelty to the policy which was consummated in the Union. The something needed was given, and it was this: Numbers of the weaker-kneed among the Catholics had been cajoled into supporting, or at all events not opposing, the Union, by the assurance of Castlereagh and his colleagues, that, the moment the Act was passed, the imperial Parliament would emancipate the Catholics in England and in Ireland. Lord Cornwallis, who no doubt believed what he said, had gone so far as to declare that Catholic emancipation would be made a cabinet measure in the first days of the imperial Parliament. The imperial Parliament, the Union Parliament, had hardly come into exis-

tence, when Pitt and his colleagues resigned office. This step it was loudly told to the public, had been taken because the King would not consent to Catholic emancipation. It was taken, in reality, because a peace had to be made with France, as the English people were growing sick of the long war,—the war which, as it afterwards turned out, was then only beginning; and Pitt, who did not believe in the possibility of any abiding peace, and did not want peace, would not have anything to do with the arrangements. He went out of office, a sham peace was made, which was very soon after unmade; and Pitt came back, master of the situation. He made no stipulation or even suggestion about the emancipation of the Catholics; nor did he ever again distress the conscience and disturb the nerves of his august sovereign by saying one single word to him on the subject of the Catholic claims.

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### TO MY BURIED RIFLE.

From 'Monomia.'

Deep, deep in the earth you must lie, my old friend,  
 Though I once fondly hoped for a test of your worth.  
 But alas for our hopes! they are all at an end,  
 All gone like the smoke you so often sent forth.  
 Your barrel will soon grow all yellow with rust,—  
 That barrel whose radiance I used to admire;  
 But be not ashamed, though down in the dust;  
 'T was not my old rifle, but we who hung fire.

Yet call us not cowards: the spirit was strong,  
 But famine our weakness too sorely had tried;  
 And our arms had been cramped by the shackles so long  
 They could only hang powerless down by our side.  
 It may have but needed one brave upward bound,—  
 Our limbs were too feeble to compass it then;  
 For you know that to lie very long on the ground,  
 Corrodes the best metal in rifles or men.

Yet our masters, all crushed as we are, should beware!  
 They have tried us too long; we may rally at length;



There are wrongs that man's patience could never yet bear;  
There are insults that change the slave's weakness to  
strength;

I know by experience your barrel is strong;  
One might overcharge you with safety at first;  
But, should he continue to try you too long,  
Why, tough as you are, you 'd infallibly burst!

A bright day is coming, old rifle of mine,  
And trust me its morning ere long will have birth!  
God never made nations in serfdom to pine,  
Men never made rifles to lie in the earth.  
The summons will come, we shall answer its call,  
Prepared for our country to do or to die.  
So till that bright moment, for you and for all,  
Dear trusty old rifle, I bid you good-bye.

## JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY.

(1860 —)

JUSTIN HUNTLEY McCARTHY was born in 1860. He is the son of the distinguished historian and novelist. He began writing for *Belgravia* when quite a boy, contributing some clever stories at the expense of the esthetic movement of the times. He was educated at University College School and University College, London. He sat in Parliament from 1884 to 1892.

He has been very active as a journalist, and has traveled much in Europe, Egypt, and the Holy Land, and in this country. He married Miss Cissie Loftus, the clever mimic, who is also a writer of verses and short stories. His books include, in verse, 'Serapion,' 'Hafiz in London,' 'Harlequinade'; stories, 'Dolly,' 'Doom,' 'Lily Lass,' 'A London Legend,' 'The Royal Christopher'; history, 'Outline of Irish History,' 'England under Gladstone,' 'Ireland since the Union,' 'The French Revolution, 1789-91'; translations, 'Omar Khayyám,' 'Hafiz,' 'Thousand and One Days'; plays, 'The Candidate,' 'The White Carnation,' 'The Highwayman,' 'The Wife of Socrates,' 'His Little Dodge,' 'My Friend the Prince,' 'If I Were King,' etc.

### THE BEGINNINGS OF HOME RULE.

From 'Outline of Irish History.'

For some years after the failure of the Fenian insurrection there was no political agitation in Ireland; but in 1873 a new national movement began to make itself felt; this was the Home Rule movement. It had been gradually formed since 1870 by one or two leading Irishmen, who thought the time was ripe for a new constitutional effort; chief among them was Mr. Isaac Butt, a Protestant, an eminent lawyer and an earnest politician. The movement spread rapidly, and took a firm hold of the popular mind. After the general election of 1874, some sixty Irish members were returned, who had stood before their constituencies as Home Rulers. The Home Rule demand is clear and simple enough; it asks for Ireland a separate government, still allied with the imperial government, on the principles which regulate the alliance between the United States of America. The proposed Irish Parliament in College Green would bear just the same relation to the Parliament at

Westminster that the Legislature and Senate of every American state bear to the head authority of the Congress in the Capitol at Washington. All that relates to local business it was proposed to delegate to the Irish Assembly; all questions of imperial policy were still to be left to the imperial government. There was nothing very startling, very daringly innovating, in the scheme. In most of the dependencies of Great Britain, Home Rule systems of some kind were already established. In Canada, in the Australasian colonies, the principle might be seen at work upon a large scale; upon a small scale it was to be studied nearer home in the neighboring Island of Man. One of the chief objections raised to the new proposal by those who thought it really worth while to raise any objections at all, was that it would be practically impossible to decide the border line between local affairs and imperial affairs. The answer to this is, of course, that what has not been found impossible, or indeed exceedingly difficult, in the case of the American republic and its component states, or in the case of England and her American and Australasian colonies, need not be found to present unsurpassable difficulties in the case of Great Britain and Ireland.

"If the Home Rule theory," says Mr. Lecky, "brings with it much embarrassment to English statesmen, it is at least a theory which is within the limits of the constitution, which is supported by means that are perfectly loyal and legitimate, and which, like every other theory, must be discussed and judged upon its merits." This is exactly what English statesmen and politicians generally have refused to do. They will have none of the Home Rule theory; they will not admit that it comes within the limits of a constitutional question; Home Rule never could and never shall be granted, and so what is the use of discussing it?

This was certainly the temper in which Home Rule was at first received in and out of Parliament. Of late days, politicians who have come to concede the possibility, if not the practicability, of some system of local government for Ireland, still fight off the consideration of the question by saying, "What is the use of discussing Home Rule until you who support it present us with a clear and defined plan for our consideration?" This form of argument is no less unreasonable than the other. The supporters of Home

Rule very fairly say, "We maintain the necessity for establishing a system of local government in Ireland. That cannot be done without the government; till, therefore, the government is willing to admit that Home Rule is a question to be entertained at all, it is no use bringing forward any particular plan; when it is once admitted that some system of Home Rule must be established in Ireland, then will be the time for bringing forward legislative schemes and plans, and out of the multiplicity of ideas and suggestions creating a complete and cohesive whole."

The principle of Home Rule obtains in every state of the American Union, though the plan of Home Rule in each particular state is widely different. The principle of Home Rule obtains in every great colony of the crown, but the plan pursued by each colony is of a very different kind. When the people of the two countries have agreed together to allow Ireland to manage for herself her own local affairs, it will be very easy to bring forward some scheme exactly deciding the form which the conceded Home Rule is to take. But to bring forward the completed scheme before a common basis of negotiation has been established would be more the duty of a new Abbé Sieyès, with a new "theory of irregular verbs," than of a practical and serious politician.

At first the Home Rule party was not very active. Mr. Butt used to have a regular Home Rule debate once every session, when he and his followers stated their views, and a division was taken and the Home Rulers were, of course, defeated. Yet, while the English House of Commons was thus steadily rejecting, year after year, the demand made for Home Rule by the large majority of the Irish members, it was affording a strong argument in favor of some system of local government, by consistently outvoting every proposition brought forward by the bulk of the Irish members relating to Irish questions. In 1874 it threw out the Irish Municipal Franchise Bill, the Irish Municipal Privileges Bill, and the bill for the purchase of Irish railways. In 1875 it threw out the motion for inquiry into the working of the Land Act, the Grand Jury Reform Bill, the Irish Municipal Corporation Bill, the Municipal Franchise Bill. In 1876 it threw out the Irish Fisheries Bill, the Irish Borough Franchise Bill, the Irish Registration of Voters Bill,



and the Irish Land Bill. These were all measures purely relating to Irish affairs, which, had they been left to the decision of the Irish members alone, would have been carried by overwhelming majorities. The Irish vote in favor of these measures was seldom less than twice as great as the opposing vote; in some cases it was three times as great, in some cases it was four, seven, and eight times greater.

Mr. Butt and his followers had proved the force of the desire for some sort of national government in Ireland, but the strength of the movement they had created now called for stronger leaders. A new man was coming into Irish political life, who was destined to be the most remarkable Irish leader since O'Connell.

Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, who entered the House of Commons in 1875 as member for Meath, was a descendant of the English poet Parnell, and of the two Parnells, father and son, John and Henry, who stood by Grattan to the last in the struggle against the Union. He was a grand-nephew of Sir Henry Parnell, the first Lord Congleton, the advanced reformer, and friend of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne. He was Protestant, and a member of the Protestant Synod. Mr. Parnell set himself to form a party of Irishmen in the House of Commons who should be absolutely independent of any English political party, and who would go their own way, with only the cause of Ireland to influence them. Mr. Parnell had all the qualities that go to make a good political leader, and he succeeded in his purpose. The more advanced men in and out of Parliament began to look up to him as the real representative of the popular voice. In 1878 Mr. Butt died. He had done good service in his life; he had called the Irish Home Rule party into existence, and he had done his best to form a cohesive parliamentary party. If his ways were not the ways most in keeping with the political needs of the hour, he was an honest and able politician, he was a sincere Irishman, and his name deserves grateful recollection in Ireland. The leadership of the Irish parliamentary party was given to Mr. William Shaw, member for Cork County, an able, intelligent man, who proved himself in many ways a good leader. In quieter times his authority might

have remained unquestioned, but these were unquiet times. The decorous and demure attitude of the early Home Rule party was to be changed into a more aggressive action, and Mr. Parnell was the champion of the change. It was soon obvious that he was the real leader recognized by the majority of the Irish Home Rule members, and by the country behind them.

Mr. Parnell and his following have been bitterly denounced for pursuing an obstructive policy. They are often written about as if they had invented obstruction: as if obstruction of the most audacious kind had never been practiced in the House of Commons before Mr. Parnell entered it. It may, perhaps, be admitted that the Irish members made more use of obstruction than had been done before their time; yet it should be remembered that the early Irish obstruction was on English measures, and was carried on with the active advice and assistance of English members. The Tory party was then in power and the advanced Liberals were found often enough voting with the Obstructionists in their fiercest obstruction to the existing government. The Irish party fought a good fight on the famous South African Bill, a fight which not a few Englishmen now would heartily wish had proved successful. It should also be remembered that Mr. Parnell did some good service to English legislation; he worked hard to reform the Factories and Workshops Bill of 1878, the prison Code, and the Army and Navy Mutiny Bills. Many of his amendments were admitted to be of value; many, in the end, were accepted. His earnest efforts contributed in no small degree to the abolition of flogging in the army.

The times undoubtedly were unquiet; the policy which was called in England obstructive and in Ireland active was obviously popular with the vast majority of the Irish people. The Land Question, too, was coming up again, and in a stronger form than ever. Mr. Butt, not very long before his death, had warned the House of Commons that the old land war was going to break out anew, and he was laughed at for his vivid fancy by the English press and by English public opinion; but he proved a true prophet. Mr. Parnell had carefully studied the condition of the Irish tenant, and he saw that the Land Act of 1870 was not the last word of legislation on his behalf. Mr. Parnell was at

first an ardent advocate of what came to be known as the three F's—fair rent, fixity of tenure, and free sale.

But the three F's were soon to be put aside in favor of more advanced ideas. Outside parliament a strenuous and earnest man was preparing to inaugurate the greatest land agitation ever seen in Ireland. Mr. Michael Davitt was the son of an evicted tenant; his earliest youthful impressions had been the misery of the Irish peasant and the tyranny of the Irish landlord. The evicted tenant and his family came to England, to Lancashire. The boy Michael was put to work in a mill, where he lost his right arm by a machine accident. When he grew to be a young man he joined the Fenians, and in 1870, on evidence of an informer, he was arrested and sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude; seven years later he was let out on ticket-of-leave. In his long imprisonment he had thought deeply upon the political and social condition of Ireland and the best means of improving it. When he came out he had abandoned his dreams of armed rebellion, and he went in for constitutional agitation to reform the Irish land system.

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## THE PENAL LAWS.

From 'Outline of Irish History.'

Under these laws Catholics could not sit in the Irish Parliament or vote members to it. They were excluded from the army, and navy, the magistracy, and the bar, the benches, the grand juries, and the vestries. They could not be sheriffs, or soldiers, game-keepers, or constables. They were forbidden to own any arms, and any two justices or sheriffs might at any time issue a search warrant for arms. The discovery of any kind of weapons rendered their Catholic owner liable to fines, imprisonment, whipping, or the pillory. They could not own a horse worth more than five pounds, and any Protestant tendering that sum could compel his Catholic neighbor to sell his steed. No education whatever was allowed to Catholics. A Catholic could not go to the university; he might not be the guardian of

a child; he might not keep a school, or send his children to be educated abroad, or teach himself.

No Catholic might buy land, or inherit or receive it as a gift from Protestants, or hold life annuities, or lease it for more than thirty-one years, or any lease on such terms as that the profits of the land exceeded one-third the value of the land. If a Catholic purchased an estate, the first Protestant who informed against him became its proprietor. The eldest son of a Catholic, upon apostatizing, became heir-at-law to the whole estate of his father, and reduced his father to the position of a mere life tenant. A wife who apostatized was immediately freed from her husband's control, and assigned a certain portion of her husband's property. Any child, however young, who professed to be a Protestant, was at once taken from his father's care, and a certain proportion of his father's property assigned to him. In fact, the Catholics were excluded, in their own country, from every profession, from every Government office from the highest to the lowest, and from almost every duty or privilege of a citizen.

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### A YOUNG IRELAND MEETING.

From 'Lily Lass.'

So it was settled, and a little before eight all three quitted the Crown, and crossed the street towards the open doors of the Desmond Confederate Club, into which already a number of persons were making their way.

Mr. Geraldine's tickets were for a few reserved seats in the front of the rest, and in a few minutes Liliass found herself seated between Mr. Geraldine and Lord Mountmarvel in the front row, quite close to the platform, and surveying with keen interest the strangely unfamiliar scene.

Although it still wanted some time of the hour for which the meeting was summoned, the body of the hall was beginning to be thronged with people. The hall itself was a bare, bleak, barrack-like place; the cold monotony of its whitewashed walls only slightly relieved by a few green flags bearing the uncrowned harp.



At the far end was a platform with chairs and a table also covered with green cloth. A few persons were sitting on the platform, surveying the body of the hall with that curiously constrained air of assumed indifference which the earliest occupants of a platform invariably put on pending the arrival of the orators of the occasion.

Lord Mountmarvel was whispering some contemptuous comment on the place and its people into the ear of Liliias, when her attention, diverted for a moment from the platform, was rapidly recalled to it by the loud applause of those who occupied it, applause which was taken up and echoed in deafening volume by the great crowd that now thronged the hall and filled its every available inch of sitting or standing room.

Murrough MacMurchad had just made his appearance on the platform, accompanied by Brian Fermanagh and half a dozen friends. He bowed slightly to the plaudits of the hall, and sat down near the table. His dark eyes, wandering over the audience, smiled recognition as they met Mr. Geraldine's gaze, and flashed for a moment angrily as they saw Lord Mountmarvel. Then they rested on Liliias, and a look of sudden interest quickened them into unusual brightness. The next instant they surveyed the whole audience with the calm, impassive, far-away look which was most familiar to them.

The routine proceedings incidental to all meetings were meantime being hurried through, little heeded by Liliias, whose interest in the novel scene was entirely absorbed in the attraction of the Young Irishman's dark, melancholy face.

Brian Fermanagh was moved into the chair; some letters, to which nobody paid much attention, were read over by the secretary of the Desmond Confederate Club; the minutes of a preceding meeting were mumbled over, and solemnly signed by the chairman.

There was a moment's pause, and then Brian Fermanagh, rising to his feet, said that it would be needless for him to waste the time of the assembly with any preliminary utterances, and that he would at once call upon Murrough MacMurchad to address them.

At the mention of MacMurchad's name a storm of applause broke from every part of the hall, growing louder

and wilder as MacMurchad got up, and moving towards the table stood facing his supporters with his right hand resting lightly on the green flag with the uncrowned harp of gold which covered it.

Every man in the assemblage sprang to his feet waving his hat and shouting himself hoarse. Liliás, half startled by the sudden tumult, looked for a moment away from the platform and glanced round upon the crowd about her.

In that glance she saw one thing, and one thing only, out of all the medley of moving, shouting, shrieking humanity—a girl's face gazing up intently at the Young Irishman with a look which the quick eyes of another woman were able to read only too easily.

The girl was young and beautiful, with the antique beauty of the Celt. The pale proud face, the dark passionate eyes, the braids of blacker hair than midnight, were all characteristics of an ancient Irish type. Women of that type trod the old paths between the Athenian olive-trees, and moved amid the arbutus groves of Eryx. Women of that type are to be found to-day on the slopes of Pentelicus, in the valleys of the Parnes range, and beneath the orange-trees of Parthenope, to prove the common bond of Grecian blood among the Irish race and the dwellers by the Tyrrhene Sea.

Liliás as she looked could scarcely restrain an involuntary cry of admiration at the girl's beauty; a moment more and she resented the vague pang with which she followed the direction of those dark eyes and saw them rest on MacMurchad.

MacMurchad appeared to be wholly unaware of that fixed gaze. His eyes were looking across the audience far into the distant corner of the hall.

The pang which had annoyed Liliás was succeeded by a yet more unreasonable throb of pleasure as she perceived the indifference of the Young Irishman to the bright eyes that shone so ardently upon him. Then the throb of pleasure was followed by a thrill of pity as Liliás saw how eagerly the face of Fermanagh was turned in the direction of the girl, and the pained lines about his mouth and eyes as he noted how her eyes were riveted on the face of his friend.

"Here is a tragedy to begin with," Liliás thought to herself, and at that moment MacMurchad began to speak, and Liliás forgot the girl and Fermanagh and everything else except the charm of the speaker's voice and the marvelous magic of his words.

MacMurchad spoke slowly and quietly at first, with full, grave enunciation that reached the farthest ears as easily as those which harkened to him in his immediate neighborhood.

It is no part of my purpose to give here the speech which Murrough MacMurchad made that day. The very words lie before me as I write, lie before me in the slip of yellowed paper and faded print, a cutting from the report of the local paper which I found carefully preserved among the contents of Fermanagh's box. Who shall say how the hot words which then burned their way like flame into the hearts and brains of his hearers might show, copied out coldly here by me?

Burning words they were, which stir my tamed, elderly blood as I read them, and bring so vividly before my Transatlantic eyes the crowded hall and the faces I never saw—the faces of that wild young speaker and his fast friend, and the two fair women who watched him so eagerly.

Words of flame they seemed to most men there, who hung upon them as upon the utterances of a prophet. Words of flame they seemed to Liliás, as she listened with clasped hands and beating heart to the impetuous flood of the young man's eloquence. MacMurchad talked of the themes which then were agitating all men's minds with the wealth of language, the almost gorgeous grace of words, and the glowing passion which the Young Irelanders drew from the fountain of the Girondists, and in which they so far surpassed their masters.

In the pause that followed upon the applause that succeeded to some fiery appeal to the old traditions and the new hopes of the race Mountmarvel whispered sneeringly into the ear of Liliás:

"The fellow gets every line of this by heart, and repeats it like a parrot."

Liliás gave her companion an angry flash of scorn, which brought a smile to Mountmarvel's thin lips. The next mo-

ment an odd chance gave MacMurchad the opportunity of refuting the charge which unknown to him had been just made against him.

He was speaking of the dangers of the moment, and as he paused for a moment for breath, from the back of the hall, far away, a voice—the voice of an old woman, as it seemed—cried out to him in clear shrill tones,

“Well, God bring you safe, anyhow.”

There was a second of dead silence. MacMurchad glanced with flashing eyes in the direction from which the voice proceeded, and then in loud, unfaltering tones answered the words of his well-wisher.

“A far better prayer would be, ‘God bring the cause safe,’ for the prisons in which men suffer and the graves in which they lie are but the landmarks of that eternal cause which with us has had thus far only its missionaries and its martyrs, but which will yet, I hope and firmly believe, have its heroes and its kings.”

Under cover of the rapturous applause which greeted these gallant words, Liliás leaned a little towards Mountmarvel and asked him softly,

“Was that prepared? Was that a parrot’s echo?”

Mountmarvel, with a somewhat annoyed expression on his face, was about to answer, but what he was going to say was lost for Liliás by a new cause for excitement and wonder.

On the platform just behind MacMurchad a young man, pale and excited, had forced his way, and regardless of the protestations of many on the platform, pushed towards the chairman, and caught him by the arm hastily.

Fermanagh looked up in surprise, saw the pallid face and wild eyes above him, listened to some words hurriedly whispered by the newcomer, and grew pale himself.

There was some excitement among the audience at the whispered colloquy between Fermanagh and the stranger. MacMurchad perceived that something had happened, but he went on composedly, until Fermanagh, leaning forward, caught him by the arm. He turned round, saw Fermanagh’s troubled face, and leaning down, listened to the hurried words of his friend.

As he listened, Liliás, eagerly watching the strange



scene, saw his dark face grow pale too, and his mouth and eyes stern.

By this time the excitement in the audience had greatly increased. Every man saw that something unwonted had occurred; no one knew what; and the hum of wondering voices rose high, and those who stood in the back part of the hall began to sway uneasily, pressing upon those who sat or stood in front.

MacMurchad drew himself up from his hurried conference with Fermanagh, and advanced again to the front of the platform. Immediately the tumult stopped, and intense, eager quiet followed. Liliás held her breath in painful expectation. There was something ominous in this unexpected interruption; in the startled faces on the platform; in the set passion of MacMurchad's features.

For a few seconds MacMurchad stood silent, facing the hushed crowd. Twice he made as if to speak, twice his lips failed him; and the seconds seemed to every expectant being in that hall to lapse by with the awful length of centuries.

Then MacMurchad spoke, and his words fell like the tidings of doom upon his hearers.

"John Mitchel has been sentenced to penal servitude. He sailed from Dublin yesterday. There was no attempt at rescue."

As the words fell from MacMurchad's lips the audience remained for another breathing-space absolutely silent. Then from almost every man and almost every woman in the hall broke out a wild, plaintive, passionate cry, like the cry the mourners utter when they keen for the dead.

The wail lasted but a little time, and then it died down again into silence, as the fire dies down from its fierce flames into a sullen glow.

So silent did the hall become that Mountmarvel's voice was heard distinctly in almost every part of it, although he was hardly speaking louder than his wont, and was quite unconscious of speaking any louder.

It is the way of mankind when it opens its mouth in the midst of tumult unconsciously to pitch its tones a note or two higher than its ordinary, and this was what Mountmarvel, somewhat unfortunately for himself, had done.

What Mountmarvel said was, "There is one more of the damned rebels gone, Heaven be praised!"

He was saying it to Mr. Geraldine, half jestingly, half seriously. He had not intended that any one should hear it but him. He had thought—so far as he thought about his words at all—that they would be covered by the clamor of the crowd. He had not counted upon the sudden lull, which allowed his clear, almost shrill voice to be distinctly heard by those about him, and even by some who were far from him.

The moment he had spoken he saw what a mistake he had made—saw it in the looks of fury in the faces near to him, saw it in the hands that were raised at once in menace.

A man immediately behind Mountmarvel reached out and caught him by the collar of his coat.

The young lord tried unsuccessfully to shake off his assailant.

"What did you say?" the man demanded, in a voice hoarse with passion.

Mountmarvel cursed himself inwardly for his folly. He experienced no sense of fear for himself, only of alarm for his companions, whom his ill-timed comment had compromised, and of annoyance at the somewhat ridiculous figure which, according to his ideas, he would be likely to cut before them in engaging in an altercation in such a place and with such people.

"What did you say?" his captor asked again, shaking him angrily; and "What did you say?" was echoed by half a score of voices about him.

Men were standing up in all parts of the hall.

Those who were nearest to Mountmarvel began to close in ominously around him.

Mountmarvel was a brave man; Mountmarvel was strong.

With an angry wrench he tore himself free from the clutch of his questioner, and, looking straight into the fierce eyes, answered:

"I said there is one more of the damned rebels gone. What have you to say to me?"

Instantly the man who had asked the question struck savagely at Mountmarvel. Mountmarvel was quick and skillful, and he parried the blow.

Then he stood for a second on the defensive, cool and cautious, waiting for what would happen next.

Mr. Geraldine sprang to his feet and stood beside the young man, trying to interpose, urging patience.

Lilias was on her feet too, facing the crowd. She was very pale, but she did not scream, and she did not feel alarmed. She was not sorry for Mountmarvel, whose cruel comment had angered her; she was only interested, and intensely excited.

The scene she was looking at was more attractive than anything in a play, and she enjoyed it as fully, quite unconscious of or quite indifferent to the danger.

The hall was full of tumult. Half a dozen men had closed in upon Mountmarvel. Mr. Geraldine was flung aside to reel against the platform gasping for breath.

Lilias herself was in some danger from the men who, in their eagerness to get hold of Mountmarvel, hustled her unintentionally aside.

All this was the work of half a dozen seconds.

As the girl staggered about to fall, she seemed to hear a loud voice overhead shouting some words of stern command to the surging crowd. Two men leaped lightly down from the platform. One flung himself into the crowd that surrounded Mountmarvel. The other sprang to the side of Lilias. The next moment a strong arm caught her up and drew her aside out of the whirlpool of angry fighting humanity, and placed her by Mr. Geraldine's side in safety.

It was MacMurchad.

He turned angrily upon Mountmarvel's assailants, shouting to them to stand aside; and when his command was not obeyed, he pushed himself into the midst of them, where Brian Fermanagh already was shielding Lord Mountmarvel from the blows that were aimed at him, and endeavoring to bring his antagonists to reason.

Those who saw MacMurchad gave way, but some of those who were nearest to Mountmarvel either did not recognize him, or were too wild with fury to heed anything but the immediate object of their vengeance.

MacMurchad looked round angrily, and saw behind him the fantastic figure of his follower smiling in grim enjoyment of the tumult.

"Bring that man out, Cormac," he cried, and in an-

other moment the herculean dwarf had forced himself into the center of the struggle—had flung half a dozen strong men to left and right as if they were playthings, and had caught the form of Mountmarvel in his arms.

Not a moment too soon! Though Mountmarvel was a strong, vigorous, trained athlete, he was no match for the men who had assailed him, and he was badly bruised and well-nigh fainting when Cormac lifted him lightly to his shoulder and carried him, as easily as he would have carried a child, on to the platform.

MacMurchad and Fermanagh stood side by side, between the dwarf and Mountmarvel's furious assailants. But the men recognized MacMurchad now, and, though they were numerous enough to have swept him and his friend aside, they revered the young leader too highly to dream of doing this.

So they kept their ground and parleyed.

"Don't stand in the way of us, Master MacMurchad," said one.

"An' sure you would not be saving the Saxon?" said another, in plaintive expostulation, while angry voices from behind shouted angry threats, and urged those in front forward.

"The man who strikes at him," said MacMurchad, "must strike me down first. He came here alone; he shall go hence in safety. It shall not be said of us that if the stranger was lacking in courtesy we were weak enough to heed his insults, or to avenge them. Let every man leave the hall at once. The bad news we have received to-day calls for the deepest deliberation and the most careful counsel. Let every man be ready! Let no man be rash!"



## MARTIN MACDERMOTT.

(1823 —)

MARTIN MACDERMOTT was born in Dublin in 1823. He was apprenticed to an architect and afterward practiced his profession for some years in England. He was at one time architect to the Khedive of Egypt, and under his auspices the city of Alexandria was rebuilt after its bombardment. In the early forties he contributed several poems to *The Nation* and he has since edited *The New Spirit of The Nation*. He took part in the political movements of the 1848 period and was one of the deputation to Lamartine in Paris, to represent the leaders of the attempted insurrection. In these later, more peaceful years, and since he has settled down in London, he has taken an active part in the work of the Irish Literary Society. His poems are graceful and pleasing, and some of them have become familiar in the mouths of the people as household words.

### THE IRISH EXILE.

When round the festive Christmas board, or by the Christmas  
hearth,  
That glorious mingled draught is poured,—wine, melody, and  
mirth—  
When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sor-  
rows o'er,  
And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once  
more—  
Oh, in that hour 't were kindly done, some woman's voice  
would say—  
“Forget not those who 're sad to-night—poor exiles, far away.”

Alas, for them; this morning's sun saw many a moist eye pour  
Its gushing love, with longings vain, the waste Atlantic o'er,  
And when he turned his lion-eye this ev'ning from the West,  
The Indian shores were lined with those who watched his  
couchèd crest;  
But not to share his glory, then, or gladden in his ray,  
They bent their gaze upon his path—those exiles, far away.

It was—oh; how the heart will cheat; because they thought,  
beyond  
His glowing couch lay that Green Isle of which their hearts  
were fond;

And fancy brought old scenes of home into each welling eye,  
And through each breast poured many a thought that filled  
it like a sigh.

'T was then—'t was then, all warm with love, they knelt them  
down to pray

For Irish home and kith and kin—poor exiles, far away.

And then the mother blest her son, the lover blest the maid,  
And then the soldier was a child, and wept the whilst he  
prayed,

And then the student's pallid cheek flushed red as summer  
rose,

And patriot souls forgot their grief to weep for Erin's woes.

And, oh, but then warm vows were breathed, that come what  
might or may,

They 'd right the suffering isle they loved—those exiles, far  
away.

And some who were around the board, like loving brothers met,  
The few and fond and joyous hearts that never can forget;

They pledged—"The girls we left at home, God bless them!"  
and they gave,

"The memory of our absent friends, the tender and the brave!"

Then up, erect, with nine times nine—hip, hip, hip—hurray!

Drank—"Erin slantha gal go bragh,"—those exiles, far away.

Then oh; to hear the sweet old strains of Irish music rise,

Like memories of home, beneath far foreign skies,

Beneath the spreading calabash, beneath the trellised vine,

The bright Italian myrtle bower, or dark Canadian pine—

Oh! don't these old familiar tones—now sad, and now so gay—

Speak out your very, very hearts,—poor exiles, far away!

But, Heavens! how many sleep afar, all heedless of these  
strains—

Tired wanderers, who sought repose through Europe's battle  
plains;

In strong, fierce, headlong fight they fell—as ships go down  
in storms;

They fell—and human whirlwinds swept across their shattered  
forms.

No shroud, but glory, wrapt them round; nor prayer, nor tear  
had they,

Save the wandering winds and the heavy clouds—poor exiles,  
far away.

And might the singer claim a sigh, he too, could tell how, tost  
 Upon the stranger's dreary shore, his heart's best hopes were  
     lost;  
 How he, too, pined to hear the tones of friendship greet his  
     ear,  
 And pined, to walk the river side, to youthful musing dear,  
 And pined, with yearning silent love, amongst his own to  
     stay—  
 Alas; it is so sad to be an exile far away.

Then, oh! when round the Christmas board, or by the Christ-  
     mas hearth,  
 That glorious mingled draught is poured,—wine, melody and  
     mirth—  
 When friends long absent tell, low-toned, their joys and sor-  
     rows o'er,  
 And hand grasps hand, and eyelids fill, and lips meet lips once  
     more—  
 In that bright hour, perhaps—perhaps, some woman's voice  
     would say—  
 “Think—think, on those who weep to-night, poor exiles, far  
     away.”

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### GIRL OF THE RED MOUTH.

Girl of the red mouth,  
     Love me! Love me!  
 Girl of the red mouth,  
     Love me!  
 'T is by its curve, I know,  
 Love fashioneth his bow,  
 And bends it—ah, even so!  
     Oh, girl of the red mouth, love me!

Girl of the blue eye,  
     Love me! Love me!  
 Girl of the dew eye,  
     Love me!  
 Worlds hang for lamps on high;  
 And thought's world lives in thy  
 Lustrous and tender eye—  
     Oh, girl of the blue eye, love me!

Girl of the swan's neck,  
     Love me! Love me!

Girl of the swan's neck,  
Love me!  
As a marble Greek doth grow  
To his steed's back of snow,  
Thy white neck sits thy shoulder so,—  
Oh, girl of the swan's neck, love me!

Girl of the low voice,  
Love me! Love me!  
Girl of the sweet voice,  
Love me!  
Like the echo of a bell,—  
Like the bubbling of a well—  
Sweeter! Love within doth dwell,—  
Oh, girl of the low voice, love me!







MICHAEL MacDONAGH

## MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

(1862 —)

MICHAEL MACDONAGH was born in Limerick in 1862. He was educated at the Christian Brothers' Schools, and at an early age he became a reporter on a local paper. In his twenty-second year he joined the *Freeman's Journal*, Dublin, and for eight years was one of its special correspondents in Ireland and in the Houses of Parliament. For some years he has been a member of *The Times* Parliamentary staff. He is a frequent contributor of articles on Irish character, press life, and Parliamentary history and custom to the magazines. He is a Fellow of the Institute of Journalists.

His publications are 'Bishop Doyle,' 'The Book of Parliament,' 'Irish Life and Character,' 'Parliament : its Romance, its Comedy,' its Pathos,' etc.

### LOVE-MAKING IN IRELAND.

A song called 'The Sprig of Shillelagh,' which has been very popular with the Irish peasantry since it was written, close on a century ago, says—

"Love is the soul of a neat Irishman;  
He loves all that 's lovely, and loves all he can."

But, though there seems to exist a widespread impression that strong, passionate, masterful love is a characteristic of the Irish temperament, love-making in Ireland is really a very calm and placid business; and, the old song I have quoted notwithstanding, the average Irish peasant takes unto himself a mate with as clear a head, as placid a heart, and as steady a nerve, as if he were buying a cow at Ballinasloe Fair. The peasantry of Ireland are very emotional and very sentimental. And yet, with that singular contrariness of character which makes them so uncomprehensible as a race, love by no means decides all the marriages that are made in Ireland. The match is often arranged in a ludicrously cool, business-like, and mercenary fashion, between the parents of the "boy" and the "girl," the young people themselves rarely being allowed, and indeed rarely expecting, any voice in the matter. But if there is little romance in the origin of most of the matrimonial contracts made in rural Ireland, they are as a rule entirely successful. The marriages thus prosaically

arranged are as happy as happy can be. Pat and Mary fall fondly in love with each other, after they are made husband and wife; children quickly spring up around their hearth, and the older they grow the more passionately do they cling to each other. Their domestic felicity is rarely, if ever, disturbed by jealousy, for Pat makes the faith-fullest of husbands and Mary the fondest and truest of wives; and as there is little or no illicit passion, the crimes which spring from that source, and make desolate so many a home in other countries, are almost unknown in Ireland.

The great marrying season in Ireland is Shrovetide. During the forty days of Lent the Irish peasantry, in accordance with the ordinances of the Church, abstain from matrimony, as well as from eggs, butter, and milk. Some time before the approach of that holy season a farmer with a marriageable son or daughter whom he desires to see settled tells his friends and neighbors of the fact. He usually conveys the intelligence in an indirect, off-hand manner. He meets a friend at the fair or market, and says with a laugh, "Whisper here, Jim; I'm trainin' up me little Maggie for your Johnny." "Ah, now, Jim," the other says, "you do me a grâte favor entirely. But mind you, my little Johnny is very particular. The boy do be sayin' what a grate fortin he'll want with his wife."

The subject having been thus broached, the parents discuss it whenever they meet, and it often happens that a long time elapses, and many a discussion and wrangle takes place, before the terms are finally settled. The farm generally goes with the boy, and the great difficulty in the arranging of matches is the fixing of the girl's dowry, which consists partly of money and partly of furniture and culinary utensils, as a set-off to the land. Often the affair is broken off because the girl's father resolutely refuses to throw into the scale another "tin-pound note," or a kitchen table, or it may be a pot. Sometimes "the Matchmaker"—an old woman who undertakes these delicate negotiations for a consideration—induces the parents to "split the differ"—that is, to come to an agreement on half the value of the additional articles of furniture, or half the amount of the additional sum of money, in dispute; and occasionally the point is referred for arbitration to some old and substantial farmer or trader of the district who is held in es-



teem by both parties. It is a curious circumstance that the priest, to whom the Irish peasant flies for advice in all his other troubles and difficulties, is rarely or never consulted in regard to a marriage. There is a superstition that "a priest's match" always leads to an unhappy marriage.

A funny story is told of the parents of a couple in Cork who met together to arrange a match. All had nearly been settled, when the father of the girl objected to parting with a kitchen table. "An' won't you give me the table, Tim?" said the proposed bridegroom's father. "No, Pat," replied the other. "Thin the divil a bit of me son your daughter will get!" cried the angry parent, and the negotiations were suspended. Another amusing anecdote, current in Ireland, throws further light on these interesting parleyings between the fathers. At Irish fairs there is a curious custom known as "dirtying the baste." When the terms of the purchase of a pig or a cow are agreed upon, after a long and vehement haggling between buyer and seller, the former picks up a piece of mud on his finger, or stick, and rubs it on the hind-quarters of the animal, to indicate that the bargain is concluded. Two wealthy cattle-buyers met to arrange a marriage between their children. The fortune of the bride, was as usual, fiercely disputed. "Look here, Mick," cried the father of the young man, "give me another hundred pounds, and be the sowl you may dirty the bhoy!"

But it is only when the affair is satisfactorily settled by the parents that Pat and Bridget are informed of their fate. They rarely demur to the arrangement. They know it is the custom of the country; and custom makes people everywhere do things which to outsiders seem amazing and incomprehensible. Pat and Bridget, if neighbors' children, are, of course, acquainted; but if the parents reside in different districts, it is probable that they may have never seen each other until it has been arranged that they are to become man and wife.

One Shrove Tuesday—the eve of Lent, during the forty days of which marriage is prohibited—a large number of peasant weddings were being celebrated in a chapel near Mill Street, County Cork. In the front rows or pews of the chapel sat the brides and bridesmaids, in gay attire, waiting their turn to go to the altar steps for the marriage

ceremony, while some little distance down the aisle sat the bridegrooms and their male friends. One of the young men was congratulated by an acquaintance. "An' where is yer intinded, Joe?" asked the friend. "Bejob, Mick," said the bridegroom unconcernedly, "I couldn't tell ye, but I believe she's up there among the feathers and ribbons in the front row of sates." In fact, in this particular case it was not until the clerk who was assisting the priest at the altar cried out, "Joe MacSwiney and Margaret Dunphy will now come forward," and the parties met at the altar-steps, that the bride and bridegroom saw themselves for the first time!

I believe it was Lord Beaconsfield who cynically observed, "Early marriages are to be deprecated, especially for men." That is a maxim which does not prevail in Ireland. A favorite proverb of the peasantry in regard to matrimony is, "Either marry very young, or become a monk very young." Early marriages are the rule in Ireland, and the poorest marry the earliest. Farmers marry later in life than the agricultural laborers. Those who are accustomed to comparative comforts are as a rule more prudent, and exercise greater self-restraint in the matter of matrimony than the very poor. The fairly well-to-do form for themselves a standard of comfort below which they will not very willingly descend. But with the poor, especially in Ireland, it is otherwise. Their position is comfortless, their earnings are precarious, and with that resignation and fatalism which is so characteristic a trait in the Irish nature they will say, "Shure, whatever we do we can't be worse off than we are." In a word, no prudential motives seem to exist to counteract the natural promptings of the human passions.

And yet many of the Irish poor enter into matrimony as a sort of provident investment for old age. A very intelligent Irish peasant once said to me, "A poor man ought to marry young that his children may be able to assist him when he grows old." When Pat and Biddy begin house-keeping, their little cabin is soon filled with children; and the more their flock increases the more they say, "Shure the childer will be a grate support to us in our ould age." And, happily, this investment for old age never fails them.

In no country in this world is the affection between

children and parents so strong; in no country in the world is the duty of children to provide for their aged parents held so sacred as in Ireland. Four generations may be seen in many of the poorest cabins in the west—the children, the young father and mother, the old grandparents, and an ancient great-grandmother or great-grandfather. The thousands of pounds which have been annually sent by children in the Colonies and in America to parents in Ireland during the past half-century is another striking demonstration of this intense filial affection.

This, then, explains the early marriages in Ireland. But, of course, in some cases the step does not turn out to have been wise. I once met an old peasant who had married when he was nineteen, and thought he had not done well. "I'll niver marry agin so young if I wor to live to the age of Methuselah!" he exclaimed. And he kept his word; he was eighty when he married the second time.

Many humorous stories might be told to illustrate how marriage is regarded in Ireland—as in every other country, alas—simply as a means of retrieving broken fortunes, or of obtaining an improved position in life. A small farmer went into a bank in Limerick, when the following conversation took place between him and the manager. "Good-mornin', yer honner; I called about a little business, and though there's other banks in the town, I thought I'd give yer honner the compliment." "Well, Tom, I'm glad to see you; and what's the business?" "I hear the interest in Widow Brady's farm is to be sould soon, yer honner; and I want to 'rise' five hundhred poun' to buy it." "Nonsense, Tom; how could you ever pay the money back, if I lent it to you?" "Oh, there's nothin' asier in life. Shure me young Jim 'ud get it in a fortune when he marries." "And may I ask, Tom, what age is the young fellow?" "He's just three year ould, yer honner." Needless to say Tom was unable to raise the money on that remote security. The wife of an Irish landlord was once censured by a friend for bringing her second son up in idleness, instead of putting him to a profession or a business. "Oh," she replied, "he's a fine, handsome boy, and when he grows to be a young man, I'll send him to England, and, take my word for it, some rich English lady will treat herself to him." A gentleman who had married well gave

some assistance to a poor peasant. "Well, yer honner," exclaimed the thankful countryman, "the blessin' o' God on ye. An' shure it is on ye, for haven't He given ye a lady that cud keep ye widout doin' a sthroke of work all the rest of yer days?" A farmer who was told he would find it difficult to get a daughter off his hands, as she was not very pretty, laughed the idea to scorn. "Not very purty!" he cried. "Faix, I'll make her purty with cows!"

Further light is thrown on this mercenary mode of regarding matrimony by the following story which was told me by a member of the Irish bar. Some years ago my friend was standing outside the bank at Tralee, talking to the manager, when a peasant approached, and took off his hat to indicate that he had a communication to make. "Well, what is it?" asked the manager. "A deposit-note, sur," said the peasant, handing him the paper. "One hundred and twenty pounds," said the manager, looking at the note. "Your wife must sign it, for it is in your wife's name." "She's dead, sur," said the peasant. "When did she die?" "Ere yestherday, yer honner." "Faith, you haven't lost much time," said the manager. "And now that I come to look at you, didn't you bring me another deposit-note of your wife's, about a year and a half ago?" "'Tis true for you, sur," said the peasant. "That was my first wife. 'Tis the way wid me, that I'm very lucky wid the wimmin."

"Pat, is this true that I hear?" said a landlord to one of his tenants, whom he met on the roadside. "An' what's that, yer honner?" asked Pat. "That you are going to marry again." "Oh, that's so, yer honner." "But your first wife has only been dead a week, Pat." "An' shure she's as dead now as she ever will be, yer honner." was Pat's unexpected and inconclusive reply. "Yerra!" said an old woman, in tones of amazement, to a young peasant girl newly married. "What did ye see in Jim that made ye tie yerself to him?" "Shure, he was tormintin' the life out o' me, followin' me everywhere, an' I just married the *omadaun* to get rid o' him," was the reply. But it was a peasant woman who advanced perhaps the quaintest reason for marrying the third time that I ever heard. Her parish priest met her and said, "So you have married again, Mary? There was Tom Whelan and Mick Murphy,



rest their souls, and now there is Tim Malony." "Och, yer riverence," said she, "it wasn't for the fun or the divarshion of it I married the third time, but I thought it would soften me poor ould cough, which I'm kilt wid ivery winther."

But, happily, many of the marriages in rural Ireland have their spice of romance. The match is made by the boy and girl themselves. An Irish peasant-maid in the heyday of her youth, with her pretty figure, her abundant black hair, her large blue eyes, with their indescribable half-alluring, half-shy expression, and the soft, lulling intonation of her coaxing and beguiling brogue, is quite irresistible; and the boy has too often an impressionable heart and a "deludhering tongue" to render it always necessary that the parents should "make the bargain."

The youthful couples meet at dances, or on Sundays after Mass,—even a wake is turned to account for a little courting,—and they are in hearty accord with the boy who said, "It is a grate pleasure entirely to be alone, especially whin yer sweetheart is wid ye." "Do you drame of me, Mike?" said the girl to her lover as they walked arm-in-arm down the lonely glen. "Drame of you, is it, Kate? Shure, 't is the way wid me that I can't sleep dramin' of you, me darlin'." Yes, they have the flattering tongue, those Irish boys. "And I wish I was in jail for stealin' ye," was the compliment one of them paid to a pretty *colleen*.

Even when they get a refusal they have a "soft word" to say. Eileen was engaged to another boy, and so she had to say "no" to Tim when he asked her. "Wisha, thin," said Tim, with a sigh, "I wish you'd been born twins, so that I cud have half of yez." An amusing instance of the fascination of Irish girls occurred some years ago at Dingle, County Cork. During a period of agrarian disturbance some of the well-to-do residents petitioned the authorities to send them a military force. But there happened to be no accommodation in the town for the soldiers; and so the Government sent a small cruiser to the bay. The friendliest relations were quickly established between the ship and the people. Several marriages between the sailors and the girls of the town followed. Then the officers caught the infection. The commander and the purser married two

sisters, daughters of the Protestant rector; and the lieutenant found his better half in the daughter of the local landlord. A most delightful state of things prevailed till one sad Saturday a communication was received from the Admiralty, ordering the commander to leave the bay, the very next day, under sealed orders, which were to be opened when he had got twenty miles out to sea. A terrible commotion prevailed in the town. The wives of the sailors were distracted at the thought that they were to be so suddenly parted from their husbands, and perhaps not see them again for years. But the commands of the Admiralty are inexorable and must be obeyed. Accordingly, on Sunday the cruiser steamed out of the bay, and was soon lost to the view of the heart-broken wives and their relations assembled on the shore. Early next morning, guns were heard in the bay, and the inhabitants of Dingle on rushing to their windows saw with amazement the cruiser at her old moorings! The commander, on opening the sealed orders, found instructions to return again to the bay. The Lords of the Admiralty stated they had been informed that the crew of the cruiser were having more balls, and excursions, and wives than were good for discipline; and they expressed the hope that after this lesson the commander would be more careful in future!

"Ah," said a girl shyly to a boy who was slow in making up his mind, "if you wor me, Jack, and I wor you, I wud be married long ago." But the girls in Ireland are not disposed to do the wooing in that fashion. Times have changed since an old woman in the West of Ireland used to impress upon all the rising female generation in her district that "E'er a man is better than ne'er a man." "Marry him, is it!" exclaimed a peasant girl to whom her parents were suggesting an old man as a husband. "Faix, I'd rather be tied be the neck to a milestone." The girls in Ireland can afford just as well, if, indeed, not better, than the girls of any other country to take up this independent position in regard to matrimony. Two old servants were discussing the matrimonial prospects of the young lady of the house. "Oh, the Lord love her and send her that she is not an ould maid," said one. "Ah, hould yer whist!" exclaimed the other. "Is it the likes

of Miss Norah left an ould maid? Shure she can get heaps an' heaps o' min."

The boys, therefore, have often a great deal of difficulty in inducing the girls to agree to "getting the words said," as the marriage ceremony is colloquially described. In one case I have heard of, a farm-servant was told by the girl to whom he proposed that she was too much attached to her mother and her mother to her to think of getting married. "Arrah, shure, no husband could equal me mother in kindness," said she. "Oh, thin!" exclaimed the boy, "be me wife, and shure we can all live together, and see that I don't bate yer mother." He could not have meant that he would ill-use the mother—that was only his Irish way of putting things—for his declaration induced the girl to yield to his wishes. A bashful youth (a rather rare person in Ireland, be it said), who was in love with a girl, intrusted his proposal for her hand to his sister one day that the maid visited his father's cabin, while he, with anxious heart, hid behind the door, awaiting the result. The girl, who did not care to be wooed at second-hand, replied with a saucy toss of her head, "Indeed now, if I'm good enough to be married, I'm good enough to be axed." The boy then stuck his head into the room and exclaimed, with a sob in his voice, "Mary, *allanah*, will yez do what Maggie axed ye?" In another case an exasperated rural lover was driven, as he said himself, "beyant the beyants" (beyond the beyonds—that is, to extreme desperation) with the carryings-on of the girl with another boy. "I'll never spake to you any more, Peg!" he cried, with excusable vexation. "Oh, thin, keep yer spake to yourself," said the provoking girl coolly; "I'm sure I cud get along very well widout it, or you ayther." "I'm sure so can I, thin," was the lover's wrathful rejoinder. The parents also often stand in the boy's way. "Well, Mr. Hickey," said a young laborer to the father of his heart's desire, "any chance of gettin' Mary this Shrove?" "Arrah, take your time, Pat Meehan; shure the heifer is young," said the cruel, matter-of-fact father. "In any case, I couldn't spare her till I get in the praties."

When the day has been named, whether by arrangement between the boy and girl themselves or through the intermediary of their parents, preparations are made, on the

most extensive scale, for a grand wedding. It is considered essential in the humblest circles that, for the honor of the family, the guests at the wedding, which include sometimes the whole of the country-side, should have lots of eating and drinking,—“lashin’s and lavin’s of iverything.” Closeness on such an occasion is the unforgivable social sin. “Arrah, if I wor gettin’ married,” I have heard a woman indignantly exclaim when she saw a poor display at a wedding, “I’d sell every stitch to me back, and go naked, in order to get married dacently!”

To make a “gran’ match” and have a “grate weddin’” is the ambition of Irish parents in regard to their daughters. Sometimes a strange notion prevails as to what is a grand match. I once asked an old woman what had become of a certain young girl. “Faix, she made a gran’ match, entirely; for a rale gintleman married her,” was the reply; “but it turned out he was married before.” “And the poor girl—where is she now?” I inquired. “Oh, shure, she’s at home. She hasn’t put her fut outside the dure for months, ashamed to show her face to the naybors.” A pitifully grand match, surely!

A pretty Irish servant-maid, who had got married, called to see her mistress. “I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty,” said the lady. “Are you not afraid of such a long voyage?” “Well, ma’am, that’s his lookout,” said Kitty. “I belong to him now, an’ if anything happens to me shure it’ll be his loss, not mine.” But there is not always that complete loss of the wife’s identity in the husband which the above anecdote suggests. It is the wife that rules the household in rural Ireland. The title the husband gives her is “herself.” “Shure herself wouldn’t allow me,” is the excuse he usually advances when he is asked to do something which, perhaps, it would be better that he should not do. “How is herself?” and “How is the woman that owns ye?” are greetings commonly heard between husbands in Ireland. The husband surrenders to her all his earnings, to the uttermost farthing; an excellent arrangement for Pat, who, feeling the money burning in his pocket, as he says himself, is disposed to get rid of it rapidly; and a still more excellent arrangement for the sake of the children. Bridget is, indeed, Pat’s guardian angel. On many a Saturday, when a boy is



Limerick, have I seen the long line of country cars returning homewards from market in the dusk of the summer evenings, the wives driving, and the husbands, with a "drop taken," perhaps, lying quietly in the straw behind.

There is a story told of a young Cork lady who was presented at the Vice-regal Court, Dublin, shortly after her marriage. The Viceroy has the pleasant duty of kissing on the cheek the ladies presented him at a drawing-room; but when his Excellency was about to give this young lady the regulation salute, she cried, "Oh, no! that privilege is exclusively reserved for Mr. O'Mahony." And so it is with most Irish wives in every class of society. Husbands rarely have occasion for jealousy; and, as I have before said, there are few countries in the world where, as a rule, the marriage state is so happy.

Of course, there are exceptions to the general serenity of the domestic hearth and the fond attachment between husband and wife. I knew at least of one Irishman in Limerick whose life was made miserable by a drunken wife. She had sold everything in the home for drink; and, as a last resource, she threatened to commit suicide if money to procure more liquor were not forthcoming. Next morning, before proceeding to work, the husband, driven to desperation by his wife's conduct, left his two new razors lying on the table, telling her to "select the best wan ov thim." At night when Pat came home trembling with apprehension he found his wife huddled up in a corner, not dead—but dead drunk. By her side was a pawn-ticket, and on it was written, "*Two razors, 1s. 6d.*" There is another story of the exception which proves the rule. Some years ago, as the mail-boat from Ireland was entering Holyhead harbor, a lady fell into the water. One of the sailors, an Irishman, jumped overboard and rescued her from death by drowning. When she was safe on deck again the husband, who was a calm spectator of the accident, handed the brave sailor a shilling. The spectators did not hesitate to express their indignation of the man's meanness, when the sailor, with native shrewdness, threw a new light on the matter by saying, "Arrah, don't blame the gintleman; he knows best. Maybe if I hadn't saved her he'd have given me half a crown." I am disposed to think that

the husband in this case was not an Irishman. History, certainly, does not indicate his nationality.

A party of English tourists at Killarney, whilst partaking of their luncheon, animatedly discussed the vagaries of courtship. "Let us ask our guide for his opinion," suggested one of them. "Here, Pat," he continued, "what's your idea about courting?" "Well, ladies and gentlemint," replied Pat, rubbing his chin and grinning as he spoke, "ye've oftin h'ard it said that ivery cloud has a silver linin'; but I think some people's coortin' brings the silver to the fore, wid the cloud hangin' behind like a thief in the dark. Now, gentlemint and ladies, when I was coortin' the ould woman I'm married to, I was that fond of her I could have ate her; an', upon me conscience, I'm sorry I didn't ate her, for I've had to swolly a lot since." A woman named Mrs. Flynn was placed in the dock of one of the Dublin police courts, a few months ago, charged with having assaulted her husband. The police applied for a remand, as the husband, being confined to the hospital, was unable to appear. The woman seemed also to be in a very battered condition. Her face was bruised, one eye was closed, and she had a bandage over her head. "What an awful condition the poor woman is in!" said the magistrate pityingly. "Och, yer worship," exclaimed the woman, with a ring of exultation in her voice, "just wait till yez see Flynn!"

However, marital relations in Ireland are, as I have said, of the most harmonious character; and if a husband and wife do fall out occasionally, and even resort to blows, like Mr. and Mrs. Flynn, they think nothing the worse of each other in the end. "It's seldom you hear of an Irishman staining his own hearthstone with blood," said an Irish girl who was being "chaffed" by some English friends about agrarian murders in Ireland. "In Ireland," she went on, "if a wife offends her husband, a few hard words, or at most, blows, is her punishment. But if the English boor's wife offend him, very likely she'll go to bed to-night to rise in the morning and find her throat cut." Yes, a blow is the Irish wife's worst punishment. "That's a fine black eye you've got, ma'am," said a man to a woman sitting over her basket of fish in Pill Lane. "Fightin', I suppose, agin?" "No, I wasn't fightin'," replied the fishwoman.

"Himself (her husband) it was that gave me that;" and, facing fiercely round on her questioner, she added, "and I'd like to know who had a better right!" A laborer out of employment applied for outdoor relief for himself and his wife, at the North Dublin Union. "Well, my good fellow, we must have evidence that you are legally married," said the chairman of the relief committee. "Begor, sir, I've the best proof in the wuruld," said the applicant, and bending his head he displayed a scar on his skull. "Does yer honner think," he added, "I'd be after takin' that abuse from any wan but a wife?"

Having such happy homes and faithful wives, is it any wonder that Irishmen are loth to leave them behind? An Irish car-driver was wrapping himself up carefully before starting on a journey on a cold winter's day. "You seem to be taking very good care of yourself," said the impatient fare. "To be shure I am, sur," replied the driver. "What's all the wuruld to a man when his wife's a widow?"

## MRS. FRANCES E. MACFALL.

SARAH GRAND (Frances E. MacFall) was born in Ireland. She is the daughter of Edward John Bellenden Clarke, Lieutenant of the Royal Navy, and Margaret Bell, who was the daughter of the late George Henry Sherwood, lord of the manor of Rysome Garth, Yorkshire. She was married at sixteen to Brigade-Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel MacFall (who died in 1898). She traveled for five years in the East, in China and Japan; wrote 'Ideala' at twenty-six; and has since interested herself in the Woman's Movement. She has written many important essays on the education and elevation of women and has lectured on the subject both here and in England.

She has published 'Singularly Deluded,' 'A Domestic Experiment,' 'Ideala,' 'The Heavenly Twins,' 1893; 'Our Manifold Nature,' 1894; 'The Beth Book,' 1897; 'The Modern Man and Maid,' 1898; and 'Babs the Impossible,' 1900.

She is a prominent club woman in London and is Vice-President of the Central and Western Society for Woman's Suffrage, President of the Woman's International Progressive Union, Vice-President of Mowbray House Cycling Association, Vice-President of the Scottish Association for the Promotion of Women's Public Work, etc.

## AH MAN.

From 'Our Manifold Nature, Stories from Life.'

A house managed by Chinese servants works as if it were subject to natural law which is inevitable rather than to human discipline that can be evaded. If you dismiss your butler at breakfast, his substitute will stand behind your chair at lunch, and go about his business from the moment he arrives as if he had been in your service all his life. Once let him know your wishes, and everything will be arranged to suit them; but woe be to you if you are not a person of regular habits, for his motive power is a kind of clockwork which resents interference, and if you would put him back or hurry him on the probability is he will stop or break up altogether—at least, this is the view of him that is generally accepted. Ordinary Europeans who come in contact with him never seem to suspect that a servant so methodical can be anything but a machine. What precisely the human nature of him is in detail, wherein exactly he resembles or differs from us, opportunities never enabled me to decide; but once there came under



my observation a profoundly interesting specimen, interesting as an enigma, the solution to which I seem to see, although I cannot find a formula in which to express it.

Our butler had been dismissed in the morning; and in the afternoon I was sitting alone upstairs in the veranda overlooking a grove of mango trees, the heavy foliage of which formed a screen between me and inquisitive amahs and coolies who might be loitering in the road below. The fruit shone ocher against the green in the cloudless sunshine. There were two doors to the veranda, one leading into my sitting-room, and another on to the landing. Ascending to the latter was a carpetless staircase which echoed noisily to every tread, and as I sat fanning myself drowsily with a book on my lap, I became aware of the dull regular thud of rigid wooden soles clumping up, and knew that a Chinaman was ascending. It was a peculiarly emphatic, doggedly determined clump, clump up, not at all like the step of any of our own servants. I thought there was the stiffness of age in it, and when it stopped an undue time outside the closed door, I supposed my visitor was recovering his breath before he knocked. He omitted the latter ceremony altogether, however, as being a foolish, "foreign devil" fashion, perhaps, to which a superior Chinaman could not be expected to conform, and, opening the door at his leisure, looked in. His eyes met mine in the act, but his sallow face might have been a mask worn to conceal his emotions, so perfectly blank was it of any intelligible expression.

We surveyed each other some seconds in silence, then he suggested abruptly in a gruff voice, uttering the words without emphasis, as if they had been let loose mechanically: "Wanshee butler?"

Certainly I wanted a butler, but my first thought was, "Not one with your manners, my friend, nor with such a cast of countenance." I did not say so, however. In fact I said nothing, but sat still and stared hard at him, thereby causing his conscience to smite him without intending it, for as I continued to gaze he removed his little black silk cap, slowly unwound his long thick pigtail, which had been coiled round his head, dropped it behind him, and replaced his cap. It is disrespectful for a servant to appear with his pigtail rolled up, but I could not

tell if his coming so had been insolence or inadvertence. In any case, however, I considered that he had apologized, and let it pass.

He had a bundle of what looked like foreign<sup>1</sup> letters in his hand, "chits" of character doubtless from former employers, and these he handed to me now without further preliminary. "Ah Man has asked me to write him a recommendation," I read on the first, "and as I am convinced that he will bathe in my blood if I refuse, I write him this in self-defense." "This is to certify," the next ran, "that Ah Man is the wickedest old scoundrel in China." "If you have courage for anything engage Ah Man, but not otherwise, as with him you never know what to expect," I read further; and yet another was couched in similar terms.

Ah Man had watched me reading these productions. "Very good chit?" he suggested with some show of self-satisfaction when I looked up.

"Remarkable," I answered. "There is a kind of argument about them that is convincing."

"My stop?" he asked.

I pursed my mouth, and shook my head.

He turned imperturbably to go, or so I should have thought had I not surprised a glance of his oblique brown eyes, a flash expressive of despair if ever an eye expressed anything, or so I feared, and I hesitated.

"Wait, Ah Man," I said. "To-morrow I let you know."

"Chin chin," he responded, taking his left hand in his right and shaking it towards me, Chinese fashion. "Chin chin," he muttered again as he slowly closed the door. Clearly, it seemed to me, his courtesies depended upon my good manners; if I showed him no consideration, I need not expect any.

My next visitor was a colonial official, who arrived so soon after Ah Man had retired that I was sure they must have met on the stairs, and I was right.

"What was that old rascal, Ah Man, doing here?" he began immediately.

"You know him, then?"

"Know him? I should think so! Everybody knows him, and no one will have him in their service. He's notorious."

<sup>1</sup> In China everything that is not Chinese is called foreign.

"But what has he done?" I asked.

"Everything, I should think. He made his name and became celebrated through taking advantage of an indiscretion on the part of one of his masters. There is a certain kind of British officer, you know, who thrashes his servants. He comes from India, where the natives are weakly and cannot retaliate, and therefore it is safe to thrash them. One Captain Guthrie Brimston, who was quartered here, entertained the same delusion with regard to the Chinese at first. Ah Man was his servant and annoyed him one day, and he determined to thrash him. He called him in for the purpose, and gave him fair warning of his intention. 'All light,'<sup>1</sup> Ah Man responded cheerfully. Then he went to the door and bolted it, which, having accomplished, he squared up to Captain Guthrie Brimston, politely intimated that he was ready, begged him to come on, and offered to wipe him 'off of a face of cleation.' By that time, however, Captain Guthrie Brimston had changed his mind; but, unfortunately for him, Ah Man, with the tenacity for which his race is distinguished, stuck to the point; and it was a poor satisfaction which Captain Guthrie Brimston afterwards secured at the police court."

"Ah Man is interesting!" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered, laughing; "he has distinguished himself in some equally unexpected way in every house he has entered yet."

"He is decidedly interesting," I repeated. "There is the charm of the unexpected in his character, which is irresistible."

"Well, I warn you, if you have anything to do with him you'll repent it."

When my visitor had gone I rang for the boy. "Go catchee Ah Man chop chop,"<sup>2</sup> I said. "My likee he for butler."

So many original recommendations had been too much for me; I was impatient to secure him, and felt that if I failed I should have lost one of the great chances of my life.

Next day when I came down to breakfast I found beside my plate an exquisite arrangement of pinky blossom, in a blue and white china jar of quaint design. Jar and

<sup>1</sup> In pidgin English *l* is substituted for *r*.      <sup>2</sup> *Chop chop*, immediately.

flowers together were a work of art. "Where *did* they come from?" I exclaimed.

"My no savee," the boy answered stolidly.

A servant came round from behind and handed me a dish at the same moment, and on looking up in surprise to see who it was, for I had not noticed another in the room, I recognized the sinister visage of Ah Man, the new butler; but I never dreamed of associating him with the exquisite offering of flowers.

Besides the butler and "boy," who answers to a footman at home, we had a Larn-pidgin in our household at that time. Larn-pidgin (literally Learn-business) is a young boy who comes to be trained; he gives his help in return for the training, and does as much damage as he can in the time. We happened just then to have a particularly interesting Larn-pidgin. He was a Christian by profession, a thief by nature, devoured by curiosity, and garrulous to a degree, his favorite *rôle* being that of chorus to cast light on all that was obscure in the conduct of the other members of the establishment. I was his audience, or rather his victim, for he never spared me the result of his observations if it pleased him to keep me informed. He did not profess to have any respect for me, but spoke of me habitually as the "foreign devil's" wife, mimicked my manners, and laughed unaffectedly at my dress.

Larn-pidgin was privileged to be present at every meal, and took advantage of the privilege more or less regularly. As might have been expected, he had come in that morning to study Ah Man, and found the pursuit so absorbing that he did not trouble himself to wait upon us, but tacked about the room, taking observations apparently from different points of view. Suddenly there was a tremendous crash behind me, and boy and butler rolled on the floor amidst much wreckage of plates and dishes. They had been going quickly in opposite directions but had been brought up short with a jerk, Larn-pidgin having managed, as they stood at the side-board taking things up to carry away, to tie their pigtails together. So I thought we might anticipate wild times of trouble between him and Ah Man.

The next time he had me at his mercy, being alone, he began about the dainty gift of flowers. Having been



brought up by the missionaries, he spoke much better English than the other servants.

"Wanshe know who kumshaw<sup>1</sup> you them flowers?" he began. "I savee. That Ah Man."

"Why should he give me them?" I asked.

"Lord knows," Larn-pidgin piously ejaculated.

In spite of ominous predictions, all went well in the household from the time that Ah Man took charge of it. He was an excellent servant. There was the occasional hubbub of a fierce dispute down in the servants' quarters, and in looking over the veranda one caught glimpses of Larn-pidgin fugitive, and Ah Man with a stick in hot pursuit; but these were outdoor incidents that did not affect the indoor comfort of our daily lives, or the respectable decorum of our attendants when on duty. Most of my time was spent in reading, writing, and music, and I soon noticed that Ah Man took a curious interest in my pursuits. He alarmed me at first by persistently dusting my papers, about the arrangement of which I was particular; but I soon found that although he lingered long over them, patting them as if he were petting them, he never disturbed their order. My music, too, invariably brought him upstairs, and he would loiter about listening as long as I played. Larn-pidgin had done the same at first, and I had been so glad to think I was giving the poor boy pleasure that in a weak moment I asked him what he thought of my playing.

"I tinkee awful," he rejoined.

There come crises in life, whether of mental or physical origin, which set in with a sudden distaste for everything hitherto habitual. Interest goes out of the old pursuits, joy from the old pleasures, life is blank as a wall without windows, and the patient sinks at last utterly enervated. When one falls into this phase in the tropics the result is apt to be serious. You pass from an energetic attitude to an easy chair, from the chair to a couch, and then to bed, from whence you will not again arise unless roused by some vitalizing force from without. It was the hot weather when Ah Man came to us, and soon afterwards I fell into this state of indifference. It grew upon me gradually, until all the old occupations were abandoned.

<sup>1</sup> *Kumshaw*, present.

I was not very observant at the time, but it has since occurred to me that as my health declined I began to see more and more of Ah Man. He never spoke except in answer to some remark of mine, and then his replies consisted of a single syllable, or even a grunt if he could make that do, but he began to hover with his feather dusting-brush in his hand about my sitting-room, and especially about my writing table, at hours that were unconscionable for dusting, and now I believe that on those occasions he came to satisfy himself; he wanted to see if I had been able to work. When I could not eat my breakfast, he would appear in the middle of the morning with a cup of beef-tea, which he would set down beside me silently, and if I had not touched it when he returned he would quietly take it away, and come again later with something else. He never said a word, nor did I, except to thank him.

Larn-pidgin was naturally very much on the spot at this time, interpreting in his character of chorus. Larn-pidgin was a cynic without any conception of what we meant by disinterested affection.

"Ah Man tink you makee die," he told me one day cheerfully, "and he not get 'nother number one mississee."

When I was in the last stage of the subtle disorder, and could no longer get up, his attentions redoubled. I had an English maid, but he came into my room as by right whenever he could frame a pretext, and watched my face furtively as I had seen him examine my writings, as if he would fain decipher the signs he could not comprehend. He was an artist in the arrangement of flowers, and would bring me fresh ones almost every day, each more exquisite than the last. It was all done, however, with a singular gravity. There was never a smile on his face, never a sign of any emotion; only his eyes showed the intelligence within, but even they said no more than we see in the eyes of animals when they are watchful.

A friend of mine had an amah,<sup>1</sup> a nice woman, whom she often sent to me with messages at this time. Ah Man would show her in, but he always did it in a lordly way, as if he despised her. Larn-pidgin came continually, waiting and watching doubtless with the deepest interest for

<sup>1</sup> *Amah*, woman servant.

early symptoms of my dissolution. On one of these occasions I had been wondering why Ah Man was so ungracious to the comely amah, and I asked Larn-pidgin.

"Ah Man mallied to her," he grunted contemptuously, as if he considered that being married to a woman was enough to account for any amount of ungraciousness.

The amah brought me some unbound numbers of the *Cornhill Magazine* one day, with a note from my friend entreating me to try and read the story, "Far from the Madding Crowd," that ran through them. She said it was by an anonymous writer, they thought George Eliot, and would revive me. I took up the first number without the slightest interest, merely to please her, and began to read. I had not looked at a book for weeks, and found it an effort at first, but by degrees all consciousness of strained attention wore off insensibly. I ceased, as it were, to read, and began to live in the book, and I found something neither visible nor definable, but perfectly perceptible to me, something vivifying, worth having, worth using, and more, worth contemplating in another, a power that wrought itself into feeling and claimed in me a humble kinship.

After the third number I sat up, and asked for strong tea and bread and butter. Next day I struggled on to a couch. At the end of a week my brain was busy again, and only the state of skin and bone to which I had been reduced remained to show that I had ever been ill.

Ah Man watched my progress with simmering excitement. When I sent for strong tea, he brought it himself, quite fussily for him. Later he tried champagne and an omelette as an experiment on his own account, and, finding it eminently successful, he redoubled his efforts; and every time he came in he eyed the orange covers of *Cornhill* with undisguised interest. At last, under an elaborate pretense of dusting, he managed to abstract one of the numbers, and retired with it to the next room. From where I was lying I could not see him through the door, but there was a mirror on the wall beside me which reflected his subsequent proceedings accurately, my no small edification. When he thought himself out of sight, the dusting-brush fell from his hand as if he had forgotten that he held it, and he sat himself down in my special

easiest chair, drew a pair of huge spectacles with tortoise-shell rims from his voluminous sleeve, adjusted them, and then proceeded to turn the pages of the magazine over conscientiously from beginning to end, looking up and down each carefully as if in search of something. I could see that the pictures excited a tragic interest in him. He gazed into them close to, then held them off a little, then raised them above the level of his eyes and looked up to them, his face meanwhile intently set, and yet with a show of excitement on it, and a glow such as samshu brings to a Chinaman's cheeks; it was as if he had at last obtained something deeply desired, and was reveling in the first ecstasy of possession. He was not left long in peace to enjoy it, however, for Larn-pidgin was in the neighborhood, patiently waiting until he should be thoroughly absorbed, when he stole a march on him from behind, tied a cracker to his pigtail, which was hanging down over the back of the chair, lighted it from a taper he had brought for the purpose, and retired with cautious precipitation to a distant post of observation to await events. When the cracker exploded, Ah Man bounced out of the chair, and the episode ended, so far as I could see, in hot pursuit of the evil one.

For the next few months the heat was excessive. By day it beat down upon us from a sky bare as a lidless eye of all solace of cloud, and at night it arose from the earth and radiated upwards. It seemed each day as if we could never endure another without a breath of fresh air, but we lived on nevertheless in the hope that the monsoon might change as by a miracle earlier than usual and relieve us. The longing for fresh air became such a passion at last that always when I slept I dreamed it was snowing.

One day in particular I remember, when the heat seemed to come to a climax; a dark day it was, too, with a low, gray sky, but all the more oppressive on that account. Even the servants, methodical as they were, did as little as possible, and nobody else did anything but lounge about the house, too hot to talk, too exhausted to eat, but devoured with thirst, and conscious all the time of the effort to endure. It might have been supposed, to look at us, that we were all a prey to a terrible suspense, so obviously were we waiting for something. After dark there



was a slight decrease of temperature, and I took my weary self to bed early, in the hope of finding some relief in sleep. As usual I dreamed of ice and snow. I was on a great ship, approaching an iceberg. We were in imminent danger, and all was confusion. Officers and crew were making frantic efforts to keep the ship clear of the ice. She did not respond, however, but kept on her course at a fearful rate, and I held my breath, waiting for the collision. It came with a crash. The deck quivered. I started up in bed. Ah Man was standing over me, holding a little saucer of oil, in which burnt some slender strips of pitch for a wick. With the feeble light flickering upon his sinister face, he looked grotesque as a bronze demon, yet it never occurred to me to be afraid of him.

"What you wanshee, Ah Man?" I demanded.

He held his head in a listening attitude significantly, and, following his example, I became aware of a tumult in the street, with cries and trampling as of excited people.

"What is it?" I asked.

"Dat earth hab catchee too muchee bad inside," he answered.

I could not think what he meant, but he had hardly spoken before there came an appalling uproar; it was as if a mighty engine were crashing along under the house and threatening to shake it down. No need to ask another question, although it was my first experience of an earthquake. Ah Man was shivering nervously.

"What shall I do?"

"Get up," he answered laconically, and at the same time he handed me some garments that were lying on a chair, and held the light while I scrambled into them. Ah Man never stood upon ceremony, but indeed I think it is hardly necessary when there are earthquakes about.

A great stillness succeeded the shock, and it was evident to me as we hurried downstairs that only he and I and my English maid were left in the house; every one else had deserted it. Out in the street, among the howling Chinese, it was pandemonium let loose. The crowd was making for an open space on the hillside, and thither Ah Man piloted me safely. He found me a place among some decent amahs, and then all at once he disappeared. Two great shocks and some slighter ones succeeded each other

during the night, and always after each the howls of the people were awful. In the intervals they let off fire-crackers and burnt joss-sticks to propitiate the demons, but looked by the fitful flare and flash of these like the very worst of demons themselves. All eyes were turned towards the city as the dawn broke, and it emerged, as it were, out of darkness. There was little enough to see. Some of the buildings had fallen from the perpendicular, one here and there had collapsed altogether, great cracks appeared on others, and roofs had fallen in; but the damage looked old and accustomed already in the first glow of the sunrise.

I made my way back to our house alone. It was in the part of the town which had suffered most, and was cracked from top to bottom. I ascended the stairs nervously, and heard subdued voices muttering in my sitting-room, one wall of which had fallen forward into the veranda. There had been a heavy beam in the ceiling above my writing-table, and this had come down. Several servants were crowded together beside it, looking at something lying on the floor, but when they saw me they separated to let me see, and there, beneath the beam, face downwards, grasping a bundle of papers in his hand, but ghastly still, I recognized Ah Man. He had returned to rescue my wretched writings.

Larn-pidgin was there too, deeply interested in the details. When he saw me all overcome, he sidled up to me and explained, but less in his habitual character of chorus than in that of unctuous Christian convert, improving the occasion. "He tinkee you all same joss," he said, "dat Ah Man! He pay you joss-pidgin."<sup>1</sup> The obvious moral, according to Larn-pidgin, being that it would have been better for Ah Man had he kept himself from idols.

<sup>1</sup> *Joss-pidgin*, worship.

## THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE.

(1825—1868.)

THOMAS D'ARCY M'GEE was born at Carlingford, County Louth, April 13, 1825, and was educated at Wexford, where his father was employed in the Custom House. His mother was a gifted woman, well versed in Irish literature. He came to America, on a visit to an aunt in Providence, Rhode Island, when he was seventeen. On the 4th of July he made a speech on Repeal which secured him a post on *The Boston Pilot*, of which he became editor when only nineteen years old. The fame of his speeches crossed the Atlantic, and O'Connell characterized them as "the inspired utterances of a young exiled Irish boy in America." An offer of a situation on the *Freeman's Journal* took him back to Ireland; but he soon abandoned that journal for the more congenial *Nation*, under the editorship of Gavan Duffy. M'Gee soon became one of the leaders of the revolutionary party and Secretary of the Confederation. He was imprisoned for a short time in consequence of a violent speech which he made in County Wicklow.

He was traveling in Scotland, whither he had been sent on a mission to arouse his fellow-countrymen, when the insurrection broke out. Although a price was set upon his head, he could not resist the desire to see his wife, to whom he had just been married, and, protected by Dr. Maguire, the Roman Catholic Bishop of Derry, he paid her a visit, afterward escaping to this country in the disguise of a priest. He started in New York a paper called *The Nation*. His articles therein, being strongly condemnatory of the action of the Roman Catholic priesthood during 1848, brought him into collision with that body. He afterward went to Boston, where he established *The American Celt*.

He changed his place of residence several times, and finally, in 1858, he left the United States to settle down in Canada. He had not been long resident in Montreal when he was elected to the Canadian Parliament, in the debates of which assembly he soon distinguished himself. In 1862 he was chosen President of the Executive Council and afterward became Minister of Agriculture.

He now abandoned all the revolutionary doctrines of his youth, and became the loyal adherent of the British connection. He also gained notoriety by some imprudent and vehement attacks upon those of his countrymen who still persisted in revolutionary ways. In 1865 he visited Ireland as representative of Canada at the Dublin Industrial Exhibition, and, during a visit to his father's home at Wexford, he delivered a lecture in which he bitterly denounced the then rising movement of Fenianism.

In 1867 he was in Europe, as Commissioner to the Paris Exhibition. He was busied at this period with the important work of confederating the various Canadian colonies—a statesmanlike measure which was greatly due to his initiative. The raids which had been made on Canada provoked him to still more bitter attacks on the Fenians,

and further estranged from him the sympathies of certain classes of his countrymen. A large number of his fellow-citizens, however, gave him a great banquet on St. Patrick's Day, 1868. On the night of April 7 following, M'Gee was assassinated in Ottawa by a man supposed to be connected with some revolutionary organization. He had spoken that very evening, and with his usual vigor, in the legislative assembly, and had only just parted from one of his colleagues. His assassin was captured and executed shortly afterward.

M'Gee was a prolific and versatile writer. As a poet he was picturesque, full of passion and eloquence, tenderness and melody. "But," as a writer in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry' says, "he wrote with a careless energy which, if it always produced something remarkable, yet rarely left it strong and finished in every part." His speeches were fervid and vigorous, and his prose writings are in a pure, clear, and easy style. Among them may be mentioned: 'Irish Writers of the Seventeenth Century'; 'History of the Irish Settlers in America,' 1851; 'Catholic History of North America'; 'Memoirs of C. G. Duffy,' 1849; 'Life of Bishop Maginn,' 1856; 'Life of Art McMurrrough,' 1847; 'History of Ireland'; and he contributed numberless poems to *The Nation* and other periodicals. A collected edition of his poems has been edited by Mrs. J. Sadlier, New York, 1869.

### THE DEAD ANTIQUARY O'DONOVAN.

Far are the Gaelic tribes and wide  
Scattered round earth on every side,  
For good or ill;  
They aim at all things, rise or fall,  
Succeed or perish—but, through all,  
Love Erin still.

Although a righteous Heaven decrees<sup>1</sup>  
'Twixt us and Erin stormy seas  
And barriers strong—  
Of care, and circumstance, and cost—  
Yet count not all your absent lost,  
Oh, Land of Song!

Above *your* roofs no star can rise  
That does not lighten in *our* eyes;  
Nor any set,  
That ever shed a cheering beam  
On Irish hillside, street or stream,  
That we forget.

<sup>1</sup> These lines were written in America.



And thus it comes that even I,  
Though weakly and unworthily,  
    Am moved by grief  
To join the melancholy throng  
And chant the sad entombing song  
    Above the Chief.

I would not do the dead a wrong:  
If graves could yield a growth of song  
    Like flowers of May,  
Then Mangan from the tomb might raise  
One of his old resurgent lays—  
    But, well-a-day!

He, close beside his early friend,  
By the stark shepherd safely penned,  
    Sleeps out the night;  
So his weird numbers never more  
The sorrow of the isle shall pour,  
    In tones of might.

Though haply still, by Liffey's tide,  
That mighty master must abide,  
    Who voiced our grief  
O'er Davis lost;<sup>1</sup> and he who gave  
His free frank tribute to the grave  
    Of Eire's Chief;<sup>2</sup>

Yet must it not be said that we  
Failed in the rites of minstrelsy,  
    So dear to souls  
Like his whom lately death had ta'en,  
Altho' the vast Atlantic main  
    Between us rolls!

Too few, too few, among our great,  
In camp or cloister, Church or State,  
    Wrought as he wrought;  
Too few, of all the brave we trace  
Among the champions of our race,  
    Gave us his thought.

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Ferguson.

<sup>2</sup> Denis Florence MacCarthy, whose poem on the death of O'Connell was one of the noblest tributes paid to the memory of the great Tribune.—  
*Author's note.*

He toiled to make our story stand,  
 As from Time's reverent, Runic hand  
     It came undecked  
 By fancies false; erect, alone,  
 The monumental Arctic stone  
     Of ages wrecked.

He marshaled Brian on the plain,  
 Sailed in the galleys of the Dane;  
     Earl Richard too,  
 Fell Norman as he was and fierce—  
 Of him and his he dared rehearse  
     The story true.

O'er all low limits still his mind  
 Soared catholic and unconfined,  
     From malice free.  
 On Irish soil he only saw  
 One State, One People, and One Law,  
     One Destiny.

Truth was his solitary test,  
 His star, his chart, his east, his west;  
     Nor is there aught  
 In text, in ocean, or in mine,  
 Of greater worth, or more divine  
     Than this he sought.

With gentle hand he rectified  
 The errors of old bardic pride,  
     And set aright  
 The story of our devious past.  
 And left it, as it now must last,  
     Full in the light.

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#### TO DUFFY IN PRISON.

'T was but last night I traversed the Atlantic's furrowed  
     face—  
 The stars but thinly colonized the wilderness of space—  
 A white sail glinted here and there, and sometimes o'er the  
     swell  
 Rang the seaman's song of labor or the silvery night-watch  
     bell;

I dreamt I reached the Irish shore and felt my heart rebound  
From wall to wall within my breast, as I trod that holy  
ground;

I sat down by my own hearth-stone, beside my love again—  
I met my friends, and him the first of friends and Irish men.

I saw once more the dome-like brow, the large and lustrous  
eyes;

I marked upon the sphinx-like face the cloud of thoughts arise,  
I heard again that clear quick voice that as a trumpet thrilled  
The souls of men, and wielded them even as the speaker  
willed—

I felt the cordial-clasping hand that never feigned regard,  
Nor ever dealt a muffled blow, or nicely weighed reward.

My friend! my friend!—oh, would to God that you were here  
with me—

A-watching in the starry West for Ireland's liberty!

Oh, brothers, I can well declare, who read it like a scroll,  
What Roman characters were stamped upon that Roman soul.  
The courage, constancy and love—the old-time faith and  
truth—

The wisdom of the sages—the sincerity of youth—

Like an oak upon our native hills, a host might camp there—  
under,

Yet it bare the song-birds in its core, amid the storm and thun-  
der;

It was the gentlest, firmest soul that ever, lamp-like, showed  
A young race seeking freedom up her misty mountain road.

Like a convoy from the flag-ship our fleet is scattered far,  
And you, the valiant Admiral, chained and imprisoned are—  
Like a royal galley's precious freight flung on sea-sundered  
strands,

The diamond wit and golden worth are far-cast on the lands,  
And I, whom most you loved, am here, and I can but indite  
My yearnings and my heart-hopes, and curse *them* while I  
write.

Alas! alas! ah, what are prayers, and what are moans or sighs,  
When the heroes of the land are lost—of the land that will  
not RISE?

They will bring you in their manacles beneath their blood-red  
rag

They will chain you like the conqueror to some sea-moated  
crag,

To their slaves it will be given your great spirit to annoy,  
 To fling falsehood in your cup, and to break your martyr joy;  
 But you will bear it nobly, as Regulus did of eld,  
 The oak will be the oak, and honored e'en when felled.  
 Change is brooding over earth; it will find you 'mid the main,  
 And, throned between its wings, you 'll reach your native land  
 again.

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### DEATH OF THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

Paler and thinner the morning moon grew,  
 Colder and sterner the rising wind blew—  
 The pole-star had set in a forest of cloud,  
 And the icicles cracked on spar and on shroud,  
 When a voice from below we heard feebly cry,  
 "Let me see—let me see—my own Land ere I die.

"Ah, dear sailor, say, have we sighted Cape Clear?  
 Can you see any sign? Is the morning light near?  
 You are young, my brave boy; thanks, thanks, for your hand,  
 Help me up, till I get a last glimpse of the land—  
 Thank God, 't is the sun that now reddens the sky,  
 I shall see—I shall see—my own Land ere I die.

"Let me lean on your strength, I am feeble and old,  
 And one half of my heart is already stone cold—  
 Forty years work a change! when I first crossed the sea  
 There were few on the deck that could grapple with me;  
 But my prime and my youth in Ohio went by  
 And I 'm come back to see the old spot ere I die."

'T was a feeble old man, and he stood on the deck,  
 His arm round a kindly young mariner's neck,  
 His ghastly gaze fixed on the tints of the east,  
 As a starveling might stare at the sound of a feast;  
 The morn quickly rose, and revealed to his eye  
 The Land he had prayed to behold, and then die!

Green, green was the shore, though the year was near done—  
 High and haughty the capes the white surf dashed upon—  
 A gray ruined convent was down by the strand,  
 And the sheep fed afar, on the hills of the land!  
 "God be with you, dear Ireland," he gasped with a sigh,  
 "I have lived to behold you—I 'm ready to die."





CAPE CLEAR



He sunk by the hour, and his pulse 'gan to fail,  
As we swept by the headland of storied Kinsale—  
Off Ardigna bay it came slower and slower,  
And his corpse was clay cold as we sighted Tramore,  
At Passage we waked him, and now he doth lie,  
In the lap of the Land, he beheld but to die.

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## THE CELTS.

Long, long ago beyond the misty space  
Of twice a thousand years,  
In Erin old there dwelt a mighty race,  
Taller than Roman spears;  
Like oaks and towers they had a giant grace,  
Were fleet as deers,  
With winds and waves they made their 'biding place,  
These western shepherd seers.

Their ocean-god was Mân-â-nân M'Lir,  
Whose angry lips,  
In their white foam, full often would inter  
Whole fleets of ships;  
Cromah their day-god, and their thunderer,  
Made morning and eclipse;  
Bride was their queen of song, and unto her  
They prayed with fire-touched lips.

Great were their deeds, their passions, and their sports;  
With clay and stone  
They piled on strath and shore those mystic forts,  
Not yet o'erthrown;  
On cairn-crowned hills they held their council-courts;  
While youths alone,  
With giant dogs, explored the elk resorts,  
And brought them down.

Of these was Fin, the father of the Bard,  
Whose ancient song  
Over the clamor of all change is heard,  
Sweet-voiced and strong.  
Fin once o'ertook Granee, the golden-haired,  
The fleet and young;  
From her the lovely, and from him the feared,  
The primal poet sprung.

Ossian! two thousand years of mist and change  
 Surround thy name—  
 Thy Finian heroes now no longer range  
 The hills of fame.  
 The very name of Fin and Gaul sound strange—  
 Yet thine the same—  
 By miscalled lake and desecrated grange—  
 Remains, and shall remain!

The Druid's altar and the Druid's creed  
 We scarce can trace.  
 There is not left an undisputed deed  
 Of all your race,  
 Save your majestic song, which hath their speed,  
 And strength, and grace;  
 In that sole song, they live and love, and bleed—  
 It bears them on thro' space.

Oh, inspired giant! shall we e'er behold,  
 In our own time,  
 One fit to speak your spirit on the wold,  
 Or seize your rhyme?  
 One pupil of the past, as mighty souled  
 As in the prime,  
 Were the fond, fair, and beautiful, and bold—  
 They, of your song sublime!

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### MEMORIES.

I left two loves on a distant strand,  
 One young, and fond, and fair, and bland;  
 One fair, and old, and sadly grand,—  
 My wedded wife and my native land.

One tarrieth sad and seriously  
 Beneath the roof that mine should be;  
 One sitteth sibyl-like, by the sea,  
 Chanting a grave song mournfully.

A little life I have not seen  
 Lies by the heart that mine hath been;  
 A cypress wreath darkles now, I ween,  
 Upon the brow of my love in green.



The mother and wife shall pass away,  
Her hands be dust, her lips be clay;  
But my other love on earth shall stay,  
And live in the life of a better day.

Ere we were born my first love was,  
My sires were heirs to her holy cause;  
And she yet shall sit in the world's applause,  
A mother of men and blessed laws.

I hope and strive the while I sigh,  
For I know my first love cannot die:  
From the chain of woes that loom so high  
Her reign shall reach to eternity.

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AM I REMEMBERED?

Am I remembered in Erin  
I charge you, speak me true—  
Has my name a sound, a meaning  
In the scenes my boyhood knew?  
Does the heart of the mother ever  
Recall her exile's name?  
For to be forgot in Erin,  
And on earth, is all the same.

O mother! mother Erin!  
Many sons your age hath seen—  
Many gifted, constant lovers  
Since your mantle first was green.  
Then how may I hope to cherish  
The dream that I could be  
In your crowded memory numbered  
With that palm-crowned companie?

Yet faint and far, my mother,  
As the hope shines on my sight,  
I cannot choose but watch it  
Till my eyes have lost their light;  
For never among your brightest,  
And never among your best,  
Was heart more true to Erin  
Than beats within my breast

## SALUTATION TO THE CELTS.

Hail to our Celtic brethren, wherever they may be,  
In the far woods of Oregon or o'er the Atlantic sea;  
Whether they guard the banner of St. George in Indian vales,  
Or spread beneath the nightless North experimental sails—  
One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

Though fallen the state of Erin, and changed the Scottish land,  
Though small the power of Mona, though unwaked Llewellyn's  
band,  
Though Ambrose Merlin's prophecies are held as idle tales,  
Though Iona's ruined cloisters are swept by northern gales:  
One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

In Northern Spain and Italy our brethren also dwell  
And brave are the traditions of their fathers that they tell:  
The Eagle or the Crescent in the dawn of history pales  
Before the advancing banners of the great Rome-conquering  
Gaels.

One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

A greeting and a promise unto them all we send;  
Their character our charter is, their glory is our end,—  
Their friend shall be our friend, our foe whoe'er assails  
The glory or the story of the sea-divided Gaels.  
One in name and in fame  
Are the sea-divided Gaels.

## ARCHBISHOP M'HALE.

(1791—1881.)

JOHN M'HALE was born in 1791 at Tubbernavine in Mayo. He was educated at Castlebar, entered at Maynooth, and became professor of dogmatic theology. After eleven years he was appointed coadjutor-bishop of Killala with the title of Bishop of Maronia, and on the death of Dr. Kelly he was made Archbishop of Tuam.

During the greater part of his life there was scarcely a subject of public interest on which he did not express his views. His letters are remarkable for great vigor of style, and it was this fact, together with the masculine energy of his eloquence and character, that procured for him from O'Connell the title of "the Lion of the Fold of Juda." All his letters up to 1847 have been collected into one volume. Some sermons which were preached in Ireland, England, and Italy have been translated into Italian by the Abate de Lucca, Apostolic nuncio at Vienna. He was also the author of a work published in 1827, entitled 'Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church.' He expended much effort in the attempt to revive an interest in the Irish language and literature. He published translations into Irish of more than sixty of Moore's melodies in the same meter as the original, and in 1861 six books of the Iliad in an Irish translation. He also translated several portions of the Bible into Celtic. He died in 1881.

### LETTER FROM THE PLACE OF HIS BIRTH.

Independently of the beautiful scenery by which it is encompassed, the spot from which I now write possesses for me those peculiar charms which are ever found associated with the place of our birth. It is, I think, St. John Chrysostom who remarks, contrasting the correct and truthful simplicity of youth with the false and fastidious refinement of after-life, that if you present to a child his mother and a queen, he hesitates not in his preference of the one, however homely her costume, to the other, though arrayed in the richest attire of royalty. It is a feeling akin to that filial reverence which the Almighty has planted in our breasts towards our parents that extends also to the place where we first drew our being, and hallows all its early associations. This religious feeling is the germ of true patriotism, radiating from the center home, and taking in gradually all that is around, until it embraces the entire of our country. It is this mysterious sentiment, com-

mon alike to the rude and the civilized, that gives his country the first place in each man's estimation, and makes him regard the most refined or the most prosperous as only second to his own. I should not value the stoicism that would be indifferent to such a sentiment, and if it be a weakness, it is one that is as old as the times of the Patriarchs, and which some of the best and wisest men in the Catholic Church have consecrated by their example.

To him who wishes to explore the ancient history of Ireland, its topography is singularly instructive. Many of its valuable records have been doomed to destruction, but there is a great deal of important information written on its soil. Unlike the topography of other countries, the names of places in Ireland, from its largest to its most minute denominations, are all significant, and expressive of some natural qualities or historical recollections. If the Irish language were to perish as a living language, the topography of Ireland, if understood, would be a lasting monument of its significance, its copiousness, its flexibility, and its force. A vast number of its names is traceable to the influence of Christianity. Such are all those commencing with *cill*, of which the number is evidence how thickly its churches were scattered over the land. The same may be said of *teampul* and *tearmuin*, but, being derived from the Latin language, they are more rare than the word *cill*, a genuine Celtic word. The words commencing with *lios* and *rath* are supposed to ascend to the time of the incursions of the Danes; but whatever be the period of their introduction, they and *dun* are expressive of military operations. Other denominations imply territory, either integral or in parts, such as *tir*, *baille*, *leath*, *trian*, *ceathradh*, *cuigadh*, etc., and mean the country, the village, half, third, fourth, or fifth of such a district. It is from *cuigadh*, or a fifth portion, our provinces were so called; and though now but four provinces are generally named, the corresponding word in Irish signifies a fifth, as *cuig chuighaide Eirean*, or the five provinces of Ireland. Hence, if a stone were not to be found to mark the ruins of the magnificence of Tara, the Irish name of a province will remain an enduring attestation of the ancient monarchy of Meath.

The name of *rus*, or *Ros*, so frequently characterizing



some of our Irish townlands, always signifies a peninsula or promontory, or, for a similar reason, an inland spot surrounded by moor or water. The words commencing with *magh*, or *Moy*, signify extensive plains, and assume the appellation of *cluan* when comparatively retired. The highlands, from the mountain to the sloping knoll, are well known by *sliabh*, *chnoc*, *tullagh*, or *Tully*, and *learg*, while *glean*, *lág*, called in English *Glyn* and *Lag*, demoninate the lowlands and the valleys. It is not to be supposed that the numberless lakes and streams that cover the plains or descend from its hills had not a large influence in giving their names to a great portion of the country. Accordingly we find *loch*, *tobar*, *abhain*, *seadan*, forming the commencement of the names of several townlands and villages. The qualities by which these several names are modified are as various as the properties of the soil and the traditional records of each locality.

Tobarnavian has, like other ancient names, employed and divided skillful etymologists and antiquarians. Some have derived the name from the excellent quality of its waters, not inferior to the juice of the grape, whilst others, with more strict regard to the just rules of etymology, as well as the truth of history, have traced it to the old legends of the Fenian heroes. *Tobar an fhioin* would be its correct name according to the first derivation, whereas *Tobar na b-fian* is its exact and grammatical appellation as connected with the historical and poetical legends of the followers of the great leader of the ancient Irish chivalry. Its situation, as well as the tales connected with the scenery by which it is surrounded, gives additional force to this etymology. It is situated at the base of Nephin, the second among all the mountains of Connaught in elevation, and inferior but to few in Ireland. The south view is bounded by a portion of the Ox Mountains, stretching from the Atlantic, in the form of an amphitheater. They are called the *Barna-na-gaoith* Mountains from a narrow and precipitous defile where the storm rules supreme, and rendered famous by the passage of the French in 1798, on their way to Castlebar.<sup>1</sup> Round the

<sup>1</sup> As exciting events take a strong hold of the youthful mind, the age of seven years at the time—the interval between 1791 and 1798—enables me vividly to recollect the distressing incidents of that period.

base of this circuitous range of hills is seen, as if to sleep, the peaceful surface of the beautiful Lake of Lavalla, bordering on the woods of Masbrook. Directly to the east, the large Lake of Con stretches from the Pontoon, to the northwest the lofty hill of *Chnoc Nania* intercepting the view of its surface, and again revealing to the eye, on the north side of the hill, another portion of the same sheet of waters. Beyond the extremity of the lake you can contemplate some of the most cultivated and picturesque portions of Tyrawley, stretching along in the distance as far as the hill of Lacken, of which the view is animated by a fanciful tower of modern construction.

Such is the view that presents itself from this elevated spot, forming the summit level of the district, from the sea to the Ox Mountains. In this remote district, secluded by its encircling woods, hills, and lakes, the olden legends and traditions of the land were preserved with a fond and religious fidelity. When the other provinces of Ireland and a large portion of Connaught were overrun and parceled out among strangers, the territories of Tyrawley were inherited by the descendants of the ancient septs until its fair fields were at length invaded and violated by the ruthless followers of Cromwell. For its long immunity from the scourge of the despoiler it paid at length the forfeit in the increased oppression to which its inhabitants were doomed; and whilst the descendants of the ancient settlers were mingled in a community of blood and interest with those of the Celtic race in other parts of Ireland, the Catholics of Tyrawley, like those of Tipperary, were doomed to be treated by those more recent taskmasters as aliens in country, in language, and in creed.

The retired position of Glyn-Nephin afforded a secure asylum to the songs and traditions of the olden times, and the indignities to which the inhabitants were subjected by the Covenanters who were planted among them served but to endear every relic of story or of minstrelsy which time had transmitted. It was here Bunting<sup>1</sup> collected some of the most tender and pathetic of those ancient airs to which Moore has since associated his exquisite poetry. It was here, too, on the banks of Loch Con,<sup>2</sup> that Mr. Hardiman

<sup>1</sup> See his 'Ancient Music of Ireland,' Index.

<sup>2</sup> See Hardiman's 'Irish Minstrelsy,' vol. i. page 341.

took down some of the sweetest specimens to be found in his collection of Irish minstrelsy. It was no wonder. The name of Carolan, who frequented the district, was yet familiar with the older natives of the valley of Nephin, and in no portion of Ireland did his soul-inspiring airs find more tuneful voices than were there heard artlessly pouring them forth amidst the solitude of the listening mountains.

Of the legends of Ireland, both oral and written, the people were not less retentive than of the songs of their bards. I knew myself some who, though they could not at all read English, read compositions in the Irish language with great fluency, and even of those who were not instructed to read, many could recite the Ossianic poems with amazing accuracy. While Macpherson was exhausting his ingenuity in breaking up those ancient poems and constructing an elaborate system of literary fraud out of their fragments, there were thousands in Ireland, and especially in Glyn-Nephin, who possessed those ancient Irish treasures of Ossian in all their genuine integrity, and whose depositions, could their depositions be heard, would have unveiled the huge imposture. There is scarcely a mountain, or rock, or river in Ireland that is not in some way associated with the name of Fion and his followers. On the highest peak of Nephin is still visible an immense cairne of large and loose stones called "*Leact Fionn*," or Fion's monument. Some fanciful etymologists are disposed to trace the name of Nephin, or Nefin, to the chief of the Fiana, insisting that it means *Neamh-Fionn*, as Olympus was the seat of the pagan divinities. But though the monument just alluded to may give weight to this opinion, the authority of Duaid Mac Firis is opposed to them, *Aemhthin* being, according to this learned antiquarian, its pure and primitive orthography. The circumstance of *Gol*, one of the most celebrated of those military champions belonging to this province, may well account for their intimate connection with our scenery; and as the Fiana were supposed to have been frequent and familiar visitors in those regions, it is no wonder that their superior quality would have drawn their attention to the waters of this fountain.

From the disastrous period of the wars of Cromwell

few or none of the Bishops of Killala, to the time of my two immediate predecessors, had a permanent residence in the diocese. Doctor Waldron, my lamented predecessor of pious memory, and Doctor Bellew filled up near the last half century of that dreary interval.<sup>1</sup> The notices of the lives of the bishops of the preceding portion are but scanty—nay, it would be difficult to supply some considerable chasms with their very names. This has been a misfortune not peculiar to the diocese of Killala. The churches of Ireland shared in the same calamity. It is to be hoped, however, that, whilst the material edifices which they erected have been destroyed or effaced, their names are written in the more valuable records of the Book of Life. Even of the bishops antecedent to that period the catalogue is imperfect. Duaid Mac Firbis, whom I have already quoted, has preserved the names of seven bishops of the Mac Celes,<sup>2</sup> who flourished between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. To such annalists as the Four Masters and the authors of the ‘Book of Lecan,’ etc., we are indebted for such fragments of ecclesiastical history as survived the wreck of violence and of time. I indulged a hope, when first I went to the Eternal City, to be able to trace back the unbroken stem of our episcopal succession, and, through it, many subordinate ecclesiastical branches. But even there the task became difficult, if not hopeless. It is some consolation that this diocese has supplied some of those who have been most successful in illustrating the annals of Ireland. The ‘Book of Lecan’ is prized by every scholar as one of the most valuable of our records, and the name of Mac Firbis ranks among those great benefactors who, in times of difficulty and darkness, cast a gleam of splendor over the declining literature of their country.

<sup>1</sup> The names of their immediate predecessors were Erwin, Skerret, Philips, MacDonnell, of whom the last, or most remote, in the series is here still recollected by some of the old and patriarchal natives.

<sup>2</sup> See the ‘Hi Fiana,’ published by the Archeological Society. The learned translator, Mr. John O’Donovan, does great justice to the memory of Duaid Mac Firbis, who earned the encomiums of O’Flaherty and Charles O’Connor.



## SOPHIE MAC INTOSH.

SOPHIE MAC INTOSH, before her marriage Sophie Donaclift, was born at Kinsale, County Cork, and resided there, in kindly intimacy with the fishing-folk and peasants, till her marriage with Henry Mac Intosh, now head-master of the Methodist College, Belfast. She has a delightful talent, especially for describing the people of her native town. A few of her stories have been gathered into a volume called 'The Last Forward.'

## JIM WALSH'S TIN BOX.

"Talkin' about railways," said my friend Pat Hurley to me one July evening, as he sat in the little garden in front of his cottage, "I could tell you a quare wan." Now we were not talking about railways, though we could have found plenty to say about this particular line, which runs from Cork "to the back of God-speed"; we were watching the train go out from a little country station in the South of Ireland. My friend was a porter on the same line, but just at present was on sick-leave for a few days. His tongue was as the pen of a ready writer; and, conscious of his powers as a story-teller, he kept his eyes and ears open for everything which added to his fund of entertainment.

"If ye'll give me lave to light me pipe, sir, I can tell ye something that'll divart ye."

I graciously granted his request, and as he filled a very decent-looking briar he began:

"Och, if Jim Walsh only heard what I'm talkin' about he'd murther me, for the same matther made a hullabaloo in the town, and the laugh that was riz agin the two of us ye never heard the like; not but many of thim that was laughing didn't know betther theirselves. Wan evenin' when we was clanin' out the carriages afther the thrain was in, we come on the quarest-lookin' tin box; the like of it we never sot an eye on before. There was nather mark nor token on it to tell a body who ownded it.

"'Bedad, that's the onhandiest-lookin' luggage I iver see,' sez Jim.

"'T is so,' says I, 'an' powerful heavy,' takin' a grip of it an' haulin' it out on the platform.

"There was only three ladies in that carriage, an' in coorse it had to belong to wan o' thim. We argued it somethin' mighty particular from the quare shape of it, let alone belongin' to wan o' the quality, so I contrived to persuade Jim that 't was the dacint thing to take it home to the craythur, an' lave it wid her that night before she'd be feelin' the want of it. Poor Jim is a very soft-hearted kind of bhoy, an' being younger and smarter than me, he shouldhered the conthrapshin and sthreeled off. Troth, he was back in an hour's time, an' the box wid him.

" 'Be jabbers,' sez he, 'me back 's bruk; ye might as well offer to carry the pyramids of Agypt.' He sot down wake like and wiped the sweat off his face an' round his neck wid his cap.

" 'Why didn't ye get shut of it?' sez I.

" 'Sure,' sez he, 'ye must be thinkin' it 's for an ornament I 'm wearing it; divil a wan o' thim would own up to it at all. I tuk it first to Miss Mary Murphy, an' she was at her tay, but she sent me out word that she had all her thraps right. I wint on thin to Mrs. Barry, an' afther her Mrs. Kelly. I was mistook wid thim too, bedad, for they was only in Cork for the day, an' they had no luggage that you might call luggage. I was bate entirely carryin' what might be a quarry o' stones for the weight, an' leppin' wid rage for havin' to do it. I thraced my steps back to Miss Mary Murphy, she bein' the likeliest of the three faymales, an' toul't the girl for God's sake to ax her misthress to have a look at the box, if it wouldn't be throublin' her honor, for I was heart-scalded wid dhraggin' it over land an' say. Miss Mary couldn't talk to me at wanst, be rayson o' company in the parlor, but she sint ordhers that I was to come in an' rest meself, the Lord bless her kind heart. She's a raal lady, is Miss Mary Murphy; there's not her aqual in the town. She sint me out a dhrink o' porter; bedad I was glad to get a houl't of it, an' whin I had me fingers on the glass I was ready to face the ould bhoy. After a bit Miss Mary come out, an' took wan look at me weight o' calamity, an' thin she laughed fit to shplit her stays.

" 'Och, Jim,' sez she, 'but ye 're the omadhaun.'

" 'For the love o' the Blessed Vargin, Miss,' sez I, 'say ye own this misfortunit thrunk.'

" 'I don't,' sez she, 'but I know who does.'

“ ‘Thin tell me,’ sez I, very polite, ‘where the blazes am I to take it to?’ ”

“ ‘I’d advise ye,’ sez she, ‘to take it to the Lost Property Office in Cork,’ an’ wid that she roared out laughin’ agin an’ ran away. I could hear ’em all inside screechin’ at the fun, whatever it was. So I shouldhered the monument wanst more, an’ here I am.

“ ‘Och, wisha! what *ould* fools we were! We sot down to considher what would be our nixt performance. Ye see, sir, at this time the station-master was sick in his bed, an’ couldn’t be bothered about anybody’s lost luggage, so we kep’ the thrunk for a couple of days, an’ thin we began to get mortal onaisy, be rayson o’ no one axin’ afther it. Wan mornin’ Pat saw in the papers that the Faynians had joined the Roosians, an’ some of ’em was took up be the polis for throwin’ bombs an’ dynamites about in a scandalous way. Bedad, the readin’ of it would terrify ye, the whole counthry was like to be blown up into bits. All of a suddint it bruk clear into our two minds what the *on-lucky* box was, an the cowl’d water ran down our backs whin we thought what might be happenin’ to us that minnit.

“ ‘Mother o’ heaven!’ sez I, ‘our last hour is come.’ ”

“ ‘An’ is Miss Mary Murphy a Faynian, or what?’ sez Jim; ‘faith anyhow we’ll take her advice an’ sind the bomb in to the Lost Property Office in Cork be the nixt thrain, while sowl and body are in the wan piece. ’T would be timptin’ Providence to kape it here any longer.’ ”

“ ‘So we agreed we’d say nothin’ for fear the guard would object to have it thravel alongside of him, an’ small blame to him if he did. So we labeled it ‘Lost Property,’ an’ shipped it unbeknownst into the van, behind the passengers, God forgive us! Och! the fools we were! An’ now, sir, ye’ll hardly believe the news that came to us from Cork the nixt day. Our grand dynamite affair was nothin’ but a thing for houldin’ hot wather. They puts thim in the carriages in cowl’d weather, foot-warmers they calls thim, an’ they tell me they have plinty of ’em in the city, but sorra a wan of ’em was iver sint out here before, so how were we to know? Ay, a foot-warmer, bedad, and it turned the laugh agin us from that day to this. But sure maybe it’s betther than what we thought it was.’ ”

## CHARLES MACKLIN.

(1690—1797.)

CHARLES MACKLIN, the actor-author, was born in Westmeath in the year 1690. In 1704 his father died, after losing most of his property, and in 1707 his mother "married a second husband, who opened a tavern in Dublin." In 1708 Macklin and two other youths ran away from school and went to London. He was brought back and for a time acted as badgeman to Trinity College. Again he ran away and again he was brought home by his mother, but the roving propensity was too strong in him, and he finally left home and became a strolling player. In 1725 he went to London and was engaged by Mr. Rich in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but it was not until 1734 that his public theatrical career really began.

In 1735 he had a dispute with a fellow-actor, whom in the heat of passion he wounded in the eye. The actor died and Macklin was tried and found guilty of manslaughter. In January, 1736, however, he resumed his post in the theater, and for some years thereafter continued to perform in that house with satisfaction to both manager and public. He made many innovations in the interpretation of well-known characters which stamp him as an epoch-making actor. For example, Shylock had hitherto been played farcically by a low comedian. Macklin gave the character the interpretation with which we are familiar to-day, and on one occasion a gentleman in the pit exclaimed, "This is the Jew which Shakespeare drew." He collected together a number of novices, including Foote and Hill, and opened the Haymarket Theater, with their help, in February, 1744. For four or five months he kept this theater open; afterward he returned to Drury Lane.

His first tragedy, 'King Henry the Seventh,' was almost a failure when produced in 1746. In April of the same year a farce entitled 'A Will or No Will; or, a Bone for the Lawyers,' met with no better success. In April, 1748, he produced 'The Club of Fortune Hunters; or, the Widow Bewitched.' This, like its predecessors, was a failure.

He continued on the stage until 1753, when he left it to establish a tavern in Covent Garden on a new principle. Ladies were invited to attend it, and lectures on art, science, history, literature, etc., were given there. The novelty of the idea made it successful for a while, but it failed; and Macklin returned to the stage.

His first really successful play, 'Love à la Mode,' was produced in 1760, and his masterpiece, 'The Man of the World,' in 1764. For nearly a quarter of a century after that he continued on the boards, playing in the characters of his own creation, until his memory failed, and at the age of nearly one hundred years he found himself helpless and penniless. The publication of his two most popular plays produced a sum of £2,600 (\$13,000), with which an annuity was purchased. Thenceforward until his death, July 11, 1797, at the great age of one hundred and seven years, he visited the theater nightly,



although he was unable to hear and was apparently unconscious of what was going on around him.

'Love à la Mode' and 'The Man of the World' are almost as well known to-day as when the author died. The names of the characters have entered into our language and our literature. Charles Macklin still remains a figure which looms large in the dramatic history of the eighteenth century.

## HOW TO GET ON IN THE WORLD.

From 'The Man of the World.'

*Scene, a Library.*

*Enter* SIR PERTINAX MAC SYCOPHANT *and his son* CHARLES EGERTON.

[Sir Pertinax lectures his son on his conduct towards Lord Lumbercourt, whose daughter he intends him to marry.]

*Sir Pertinax.* In one word, Charles, I have often told you, and now again I tell you, once for aw, that the manœuvres of pliability are as necessary to rise in the world as wrangling and logical subtlety are to rise at the bar: why, you see, sir, I have acquired a noble fortune, a princely fortune: and how do you think I raised it?

*Egerton.* Doubtless, sir, by your abilities.

*Sir Pertinax.* Doubtless, sir, you are a blockhead: nae, sir, I'll tell you how I raised it; sir, I raised it—by booing (*bows ridiculously low*), by booing: sir, I never could stand straight in the presence of a great mon, but always booed, and booed, and booed—as it were by instinct.

*Egerton.* How do you mean by instinct, sir?

*Sir Pertinax.* How do I mean by instinct! Why, sir, I mean by—by—by the instinct of interest, sir, which is the universal instinct of mankind. Sir, it is wonderful to think what a cordial, what an amicable—nay, what an infallible influence booing has upon the pride and vanity of human nature. Charles, answer me sincerely, have you a mind to be convinced of the force of my doctrine by example and demonstration?

*Egerton.* Certainly, sir.

*Sir Pertinax.* Then, sir, as the greatest favor I can confer upon you, I'll give you a short sketch of the stages of my booing, as an excitement, and a landmark for you

to boo by, and as an infallible nostrum for a man of the world to rise in the world.

*Egerton.* Sir, I shall be proud to profit by your experience.

*Sir Pertinax.* Vary weel, sir; sit ye down, then, sit you down here. (*They sit down.*) And now, sir, you must recall to your thoughts that your grandfather was a mon whose penurious income of captain's half-pay was the sum total of his fortune; and, sir, aw my provision fra him was a modicum of Latin, an expertness in arithmetic, and a short system of worldly counsel, the principal ingredients of which were, a persevering industry, a rigid economy, a smooth tongue, a pliability of temper, and a constant attention to make every mon well pleased with himself.

*Egerton.* Very prudent advice, sir.

*Sir Pertinax.* Therefore, sir, I lay it before you. Now, sir, with these materials I set out a raw-boned stripling fra the north, to try my fortune with them here in the south; and my first step in the world was a beggarly clerkship in Sawney Gordon's counting-house, here in the city of London: which you'll say afforded but a barren sort of a prospect.

*Egerton.* It was not a very fertile one, indeed, sir.

*Sir Pertinax.* The reverse, the reverse: weel, sir, seeing myself in this unprofitable situation, I reflected deeply; I cast about my thoughts morning, noon, and night, and marked every mon, and every mode of prosperity; at last I concluded that a matrimonial adventure, prudently conducted, would be the readiest gait I could gang for the bettering of my condition; and accordingly I set about it. Now, sir, in this pursuit, beauty! beauty! ah! beauty often struck my een, and played about my heart, and fluttered, and beat, and knocked, and knocked, but the devil an entrance I ever let it get; for I observed, sir, that beauty is, generally,—a proud, vain, saucy, expensive, impertinent sort of a commodity.

*Egerton.* Very justly observed.

*Sir Pertinax.* And therefore, sir, I left it to prodigals and coxcombs, that could afford to pay for it; and in its stead, sir, mark!—I looked out for an ancient, weel-join-tured, superannuated dowager; a consumptive, toothless, phthisicky, wealthy widow; or a shriveled, cadaverous piece

of deformity, in the shape of an izzard, or an appersi-and—or, in short, ainything, ainything that had the siller—the siller—for that, sir, was the north star of my affections. Do you take me, sir? was nae that right?

*Egerton.* O! doubtless, doubtless, sir.

*Sir Pertinax.* Now, sir, where do you think I ganged to look for this woman with the siller? nae till court, nae till playhouses or assemblies; nae, sir, I ganged till the kirk, till the Anabaptist, Independent, Bradlonian, and Muggletonian meetings; till the morning and evening service of churches and chapels of ease, and till the midnight, melting, conciliating love-feasts of the Methodists; and there, sir, at last I fell upon an old, slighted, antiquated, musty maiden, that looked—ha, ha, ha! she looked just like a skeleton in a surgeon's glass case. Now, sir, this miserable object was religiously angry with herself and aw the world: had nae comfort but in metaphysical visions and supernatural deliriums—ha, ha, ha! Sir, she was as mad—as mad as a Bedlamite.

*Egerton.* Not improbable, sir: there are numbers of poor creatures in the same condition.

*Sir Pertinax.* O! numbers—numbers. Now, sir, this cracked creature used to pray, and sing, and sigh, and groan, and weep, and wail, and gnash her teeth constantly morning and evening at the tabernacle in Moorfields. And as soon as I found she had the siller, aha! good traith, I plumped me down upon my knees, close by her—cheek by jowl—and prayed, and sighed, and sung, and groaned, and gnashed my teeth as vehemently as she could do for the life of her; ay, and turned up the whites of mine een, till the strings awmost cracked again. I watched her motions, handed her till her chair, waited on her home, got most religiously intimate with her in a week: married her in a fortnight, buried her in a month, touched the siller, and with a deep suit of mourning, a melancholy port, a sorrowful visage, and a joyful heart, I began the world again (*rises*); and this, sir, was the first boo, that is, the first effectual boo, I ever made till the vanity of human nature. Now, sir, do you understand this doctrine?

*Egerton.* Perfectly well, sir.

*Sir Pertinax.* Ay, but was it not right? was it not ingenious, and weel hit off?

*Egerton.* Certainly, sir: extremely well.

*Sir Pertinax.* My next boo, sir, was till your ain mother, whom I ran away with fra the boarding-school; by the interest of whose family I got a guid smart place in the treasury; and, sir, my vary next step was intill parliament, the which I entered with as ardent and as determined an ambition as ever agitated the heart of Cæsar himself. Sir, I booded, and watched, and hearkened, and ran about, backwards and forwards, and attended, and dangled upon the then great mon, till I got into the vary bowels of his confidence; and then, sir, I wriggled, and wrought, and wriggled, till I wriggled myself among the very thick of them. Ha! I got my snack of the clothing, the foraging, the contracts, the lottery tickets, and all the political bonuses, till at length, sir, I became a much wealthier man than one half of the golden calves I had been so long a-booming to: and was nae that booming to some purpose?

*Egerton.* It was indeed, sir.

*Sir Pertinax.* But are you convinced of the guid effects and of the utility of booming?

*Egerton.* Thoroughly, sir.

*Sir Pertinax.* Sir, it is infallible. But, Charles, ah! while I was thus booming, and wriggling, and raising this princely fortune, ah! I met with many heartsores and disappointments fra the want of literature, eloquence, and other popular abeeleties. Sir, guin I could but have spoken in the house, I should have done the deed in half the time, but the instant I opened my mouth there they aw fell a-laughing at me; aw which deficiencies, sir, I determined, at any expense, to have supplied by the polished education of a son, who I hoped would one day raise the house of Mac Sycophant till the highest pitch of ministerial ambition. This, sir, is my plan: I have done my part of it, nature has done hers; you are popular, you are eloquent, aw parties like and respect you, and now, sir, it only remains for you to be directed.

[*Egerton*, however, was not to be directed to please his father, but married *Constantia*, after some plotting and counter-plotting among the principal parties concerned.]



## ANECDOTES OF MACKLIN.

One day Dr. Johnson quoted a passage from a Greek poet in support of his opinion. "I don't understand Greek though, doctor," said Macklin. "Sir," said Johnson, pompously, "a man who undertakes to argue should understand all languages." "Oh, very well," returned Macklin; "how will you answer this argument?" and immediately treated him to a long quotation in Irish.

One night, sitting at the back of the front boxes with a gentleman of his acquaintance, one of the underbred box-lobby loungers of the day stood up immediately before him, and being rather large in person, covered the sight of the stage from him. Patting him gently on the shoulder with his cane, Macklin politely asked him "when he saw or heard anything *very* entertaining on the stage, to turn round and let him and the gentleman beside him know of it; for you see, my dear sir," added the veteran, "that at present we must totally depend on you as a telegraph." This had the desired effect, and the loungeer walked off.

An Irish dignitary of the Church, not remarkable for his veracity, complaining that a tradesman of his parish had called him a liar, Macklin asked what reply he had made him. "I told him," said the bishop, "that a lie was among those things that I *dared* not commit." "And why, doctor," returned Macklin, with an indescribable sort of comic frown, "why did you give the rascal *so erroneous a notion of your courage?*"

## MISS LETITIA MACCLINTOCK.

THE MacClintock family, of which this clever authoress is a member, is principally connected with Dundalk, and other places in the County Louth. Miss McClintock has so far, we believe, published no volume, but she has written some delightful folk-lore contributions for various Irish periodicals, such as *The Dublin University Magazine*, 1878, and English periodicals, like *Belgravia*.

## JAMIE FREEL AND THE YOUNG LADY.

### A DONEGAL TALE.

Down in Fannet, in times gone by, lived Jamie Freel and his mother. Jamie was the widow's sole support; his strong arm worked for her untiringly, and as each Saturday night came round, he poured his wages into her lap, thanking her dutifully for the halfpence which she returned him for tobacco.

He was extolled by his neighbors as the best son ever known or heard of. But he had neighbors, of whose opinion he was ignorant—neighbors who lived pretty close to him, whom he had never seen, who are, indeed, rarely seen by mortals, except on May eves and Halloweens.

An old ruined castle, about a quarter of a mile from his cabin, was said to be the abode of the "wee folk." Every Halloween were the ancient windows lighted up, and passers-by saw little figures flitting to and fro inside the building, while they heard the music of pipes and flutes.

It was well known that fairy revels took place; but nobody had the courage to intrude on them.

Jamie had often watched the little figures from a distance, and listened to the charming music, wondering what the inside of the castle was like; but one Halloween he got up and took his cap, saying to his mother, "I'm awa' to the castle to seek my fortune."

"What!" cried she, "would you venture there? you that's the poor widow's one son! Dinna be sae venturesome an' foolitch, Jamie! They'll kill you, an' then what'll come o' me?"

"Never fear, mother; nae harm'll happen me, but I maun gae."

He set out, and as he crossed the potato-field, came in sight of the castle, whose windows were ablaze with light, that seemed to turn the russet leaves, still clinging to the crabtree branches, into gold.

Halting in the grove at one side of the ruin, he listened to the elfin revelry, and the laughter and singing made him all the more determined to proceed.

Numbers of little people, the largest about the size of a child of five years old, were dancing to the music of flutes and fiddles, while others drank and feasted.

"Welcome, Jamie Freel! welcome, welcome, Jamie!" cried the company, perceiving their visitor. The word "Welcome" was caught up and repeated by every voice in the castle.

Time flew, and Jamie was enjoying himself very much, when his hosts said, "We're going to ride to Dublin to-night to steal a young lady. Will you come too, Jamie Freel?"

"Ay, that will I!" cried the rash youth, thirsting for adventure.

A troop of horses stood at the door. Jamie mounted, and his steed rose with him into the air. He was presently flying over his mother's cottage, surrounded by the elfin troop, and on and on they went, over bold mountains, over little hills, over the deep Lough Swilly, over towns and cottages, where people were burning nuts, and eating apples, and keeping merry Halloween. It seemed to Jamie that they flew all round Ireland before they got to Dublin.

"This is Derry," said the fairies, flying over the cathedral spire; and what was said by one voice was repeated by all the rest, till fifty little voices were crying out, "Derry! Derry! Derry!"

In like manner was Jamie informed as they passed over each town on the route, and at length he heard the silvery voices cry, "Dublin! Dublin!"

It was no mean dwelling that was to be honored by the fairy visit, but one of the finest houses in Stephen's Green.

The troop dismounted near a window, and Jamie saw a beautiful face, on a pillow in a splendid bed. He saw the young lady lifted and carried away, while the stick which was dropped in her place on the bed took her exact form.

The lady was placed before one rider and carried a short way, then given another, and the names of the towns were cried out as before.

They were approaching home. Jamie heard "Rathmullan," "Milford," "Tamney," and then he knew they were near his own house.

"You 've all had your turn at carrying the young lady," said he. "Why wouldn't I get her for a wee piece?"

"Ay, Jamie," replied they, pleasantly, "you may take your turn at carrying her, to be sure."

Holding his prize very tightly, he dropped down near his mother's door.

"Jamie Freel, Jamie Freel! is that the way you treat us?" cried they, and they too dropped down near the door.

Jamie held fast, though he knew not what he was holding, for the little folk turned the lady into all sorts of strange shapes. At one moment she was a black dog, barking and trying to bite; at another, a glowing bar of iron, which yet had no heat; then, again, a sack of wool.

But still Jamie held her, and the baffled elves were turning away, when a tiny woman, the smallest of the party, exclaimed, "Jamie Freel has her awa' frae us, but he sall hae nae gude o' her, for I'll mak' her deaf and dumb," and she threw something over the young girl.

While they rode off disappointed, Jamie lifted the latch and went in.

"Jamie, man!" cried his mother, "you 've been awa' all night; what have they done on you?"

"Naething bad, mother; I ha' the very best of gude luck. Here's a beautiful young lady I ha' brought you for company."

"Bless us an' save us!" exclaimed the mother, and for some minutes she was so astonished that she could not think of anything else to say.

Jamie told his story of the night's adventure, ending by saying, "Surely you wouldna have allowed me to let her gang with them to be lost forever?"

"But a *lady*, Jamie! How can a lady eat we'er poor diet, and live in we'er poor way? I ax you that, you foolitch fellow?"

"Weel, mother, sure it's better for her to be here nor over yonder," and he pointed in the direction of the castle.



Meanwhile, the deaf and dumb girl shivered in her light clothing, stepping close to the humble turf fire.

"Poor crathur, she's quare and handsome! Nae wonder they set their hearts on her," said the old woman, gazing at her guest with pity and admiration. "We maun dress her first; but what, in the name o' fortune, hae I fit for the likes o' her to wear?"

She went to her press in "the room," and took out her Sunday gown of brown druggie; she then opened a drawer, and drew forth a pair of white stockings, a long snowy garment of fine linen, and a cap, her "dead dress," as she called it.

These articles of attire had long been ready for a certain triste ceremony, in which she would some day fill the chief part, and only saw the light occasionally, when they were hung out to air; but she was willing to give even these to the fair trembling visitor, who was turning in dumb sorrow and wonder from her to Jamie, and from Jamie back to her.

The poor girl suffered herself to be dressed, and then sat down on a "creepie" in the chimney corner, and buried her face in her hands.

"What'll we do to keep up a lady like thou?" cried the old woman.

"I'll work for you both, mother," replied the son.

"An' how could a lady live on we'er poor diet?" she repeated.

"I'll work for her," was all Jamie's answer.

He kept his word. The young lady was very sad for a long time, and tears stole down her cheeks many an evening while the old woman spun by the fire, and Jamie made salmon nets, an accomplishment lately acquired by him, in hopes of adding to the comfort of his guest.

But she was always gentle, and tried to smile when she perceived them looking at her; and by degrees she adapted herself to their ways and mode of life. It was not very long before she began to feed the pig, mash potatoes and meal for the fowls, and knit blue worsted socks.

So a year passed, and Halloween came round again. "Mother," said Jamie, taking down his cap, "I'm off to the ould castle to seek my fortune."

"Are you mad, Jamie?" cried his mother, in terror;

"sure they 'll kill you this time for what you done on them last year."

Jamie made light of her fears and went his way.

As he reached the crab-tree grove, he saw bright lights in the castle windows as before, and heard loud talking. Creeping under the window, he heard the wee folks say, "That was a poor trick Jamie Freel played us this night last year, when he stole the nice young lady from us."

"Ay," said the tiny woman, "an' I punished him for it, for there she sits, a dumb image by his hearth; but he does na' know that three drops out o' this glass I hold in my hand wad gie her her hearing and her speeches back again."

Jamie's heart beat fast as he entered the hall. Again he was greeted by a chorus of welcomes from the company—"Here comes Jamie Freel! welcome, welcome, Jamie!"

As soon as the tumult subsided, the little woman said, "You be to drink our health, Jamie, out o' this glass in my hand."

Jamie snatched the glass from her and darted to the door. He never knew how he reached his cabin, but he arrived there breathless, and sank on a stone by the fire.

"You're kilt surely this time, my poor boy," said his mother.

"No, indeed, better luck than ever this time!" and he gave the lady three drops of the liquid that still remained at the bottom of the glass, notwithstanding his mad race over the potato-field.

The lady began to speak, and her first words were words of thanks to Jamie.

The three inmates of the cabin had so much to say to one another, that long after cock-crow, when the fairy music had quite ceased, they were talking round the fire.

"Jamie," said the lady, "be pleased to get me paper and pen and ink, that I may write to my father, and tell him what has become of me."

She wrote, but weeks passed, and she received no answer. Again and again she wrote, and still no answer.

At length she said, "You must come with me to Dublin, Jamie, to find my father."

"I ha' no money to hire a car for you," he replied, "an' how can you travel to Dublin on your foot?"

But she implored him so much that he consented to set out with her, and walk all the way from Fannet to Dublin. It was not as easy as the fairy journey; but at last they rang the bell at the door of the house in Stephen's Green.

"Tell my father that his daughter is here," said she to the servant who opened the door.

"The gentleman that lives here has no daughter, my girl. He had one, but she died better nor a year ago."

"Do you not know me, Sullivan?"

"No, poor girl, I do not."

"Let me see the gentleman. I only ask to see him."

"Well, that's not much to ax; we'll see what can be done."

In a few moments the lady's father came to the door.

"Dear father," said she, "don't you know me?"

"How dare you call me your father?" cried the old gentleman, angrily. "You are an impostor. I have no daughter."

"Look in my face, father, surely you'll remember me."

"My daughter is dead and buried. She died a long, long time ago." The old gentleman's voice changed from anger to sorrow. "You can go," he concluded.

"Stop, dear father, till you look at this ring on my finger. Look at your name and mine engraved on it."

"It certainly is my daughter's ring; but I do not know how you came by it. I fear in no honest way."

"Call my mother, *she* will be sure to know me," said the poor girl, who, by this time, was crying bitterly.

"My poor wife is beginning to forget her sorrow. She seldom speaks of her daughter now. Why should I renew her grief by reminding her of her loss?"

But the young lady persevered, till at last the mother was sent for.

"Mother," she began, when the old lady came to the door, "don't *you* know your daughter?"

"I have no daughter; my daughter died and was buried a long, long time ago."

"Only look in my face, and surely you'll know me."

The old lady shook her head.

"You have all forgotten me; but look at this mole on my neck. Surely, mother, you know me now?"

"Yes, yes," said the mother, "my Gracie had a mole on

her neck like that; but then I saw her in her coffin, and saw the lid shut down upon her."

It became Jamie's turn to speak, and he gave the history of the fairy journey, of the theft of the young lady, of the figure he had seen laid in its place, of her life with his mother in Fannet, of last Halloween, and of the three drops that had released her from her enchantment.

She took up the story when he paused, and told how kind the mother and son had been to her.

The parents could not make enough of Jamie. They treated him with every distinction, and when he expressed his wish to return to Fannet, said they did not know what to do to show their gratitude.

But an awkward complication arose. The daughter would not let him go without her. "If Jamie goes, I'll go too," she said. "He saved me from the fairies, and has worked for me ever since. If it had not been for him, dear father and mother, you would never have seen me again. If he goes, I'll go too."

This being her resolution, the old gentleman said that Jamie should become his son-in-law. The mother was brought from Fannet in a coach and four, and there was a splendid wedding.

They all lived together in the grand Dublin house, and Jamie was heir to untold wealth at his father-in-law's death.

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## FAR DARRIG IN DONEGAL.

Pat Diver, the tinker, was a man well-accustomed to a wandering life, and to strange shelters; he had shared the beggar's blanket in smoky cabins; he had crouched beside the still in many a nook and corner where poteen was made on the wild Innishowen mountains; he had even slept on the bare heather, or on the ditch, with no roof over him but the vault of heaven; yet were all his nights of adventure tame and commonplace when compared with one especial night.

During the day preceding that night, he had mended all the kettles and saucepans in Moville and Greencastle,



and was on his way to Culdaff, when night overtook him on a lonely mountain road.

He knocked at one door after another asking for a night's lodging, while he jingled the halfpence in his pocket, but was everywhere refused.

Where was the boasted hospitality of Innishowen, which he had never before known to fail? It was of no use to be able to pay when the people seemed so churlish. Thus thinking, he made his way towards a light a little further on, and knocked at another cabin door.

An old man and woman were seated one at each side of the fire.

"Will you be pleased to give me a night's lodging, sir?" asked Pat respectfully.

"Can you tell a story?" returned the old man.

"No, then, sir, I canna say I'm good at story-telling," replied the puzzled tinker.

"Then you maun just gang further, for none but them that can tell a story will get in here."

This reply was made in so decided a tone that Pat did not attempt to repeat his appeal, but turned away reluctantly to resume his weary journey.

"A story, indeed," muttered he. "Auld wives' fables to please the weans!"

As he took up his bundle of tinkering implements, he observed a barn standing rather behind the dwelling house, and, aided by the rising moon, he made his way towards it.

It was a clean, roomy barn, with a piled-up heap of straw in one corner. Here was a shelter not to be despised; so Pat crept under the straw, and was soon asleep.

He could not have slept very long when he was awakened by the tramp of feet, and, peeping cautiously through a crevice in his straw covering, he saw four immensely tall men enter the barn, dragging a body, which they threw roughly upon the floor.

They next lighted a fire in the middle of the barn, and fastened the corpse by the feet with a great rope to a beam in the roof. One of them then began to turn it slowly before the fire. "Come on," said he, addressing a gigantic fellow, the tallest of the four—"I'm tired; you be to tak' your turn."

"Faix an' troth, I'll no turn him," replied the big man. "There's Pat Diver in under the straw, why wouldn't he tak' his turn?"

With hideous clamor the four men called the wretched Pat, who, seeing there was no escape, thought it was his wisest plan to come forth as he was bidden.

"Now, Pat," said they, "you'll turn the corpse, but if you let him burn you'll be tied up there and roasted in his place."

Pat's hair stood on end, and the cold perspiration poured from his forehead, but there was nothing for it but to perform his dreadful task.

Seeing him fairly embarked in it, the tall men went away.

Soon, however, the flames rose so high as to singe the rope, and the corpse fell with a great thud upon the fire, scattering the ashes and embers, and extracting a howl of anguish from the miserable cook, who rushed to the door, and ran for his life.

He ran on until he was ready to drop with fatigue, when, seeing a drain overgrown with tall, rank grass, he thought he would creep in there and lie hidden till morning.

But he was not many minutes in the drain before he heard the heavy trampling again, and the four men came up with their burthen, which they laid down on the edge of the drain.

"I'm tired," said one, to the giant; "it's your turn to carry him a piece now."

"Faix and troth, I'll no carry him," replied he, "but there's Pat Diver in the drain, why wouldn't he come out and tak' his turn?"

"Come out, Pat, come out," roared all the men, and Pat, almost dead with fright, crept out.

He staggered on under the weight of the corpse until he reached Kiltown Abbey, a ruin festooned with ivy, where the brown owl hooted all night long, and the forgotten dead slept around the walls under dense, matted tangles of brambles and ben-weed.

No one ever buried there now, but Pat's tall companions turned into the wild graveyard, and began digging a grave.

Pat, seeing them thus engaged, thought he might once

more try to escape, and climbed up into a hawthorn tree in the fence, hoping to be hidden in the boughs.

"I'm tired," said the man who was digging the grave; "here, take the spade," addressing the big man, "it's your turn."

"Faix an' troth, it's no my turn," replied he, as before. "There's Pat Diver in the tree, why wouldn't he come down and tak' his turn?"

Pat came down to take the spade, but just then the cocks in the little farmyards and cabins round the abbey began to crow, and the men looked at one another.

"We must go," said they, "and well is it for you, Pat Diver, that the cocks crowed, for if they had not, you'd just ha' been bundled into that grave with the corpse."

Two months passed, and Pat had wandered far and wide over the County Donegal, when he chanced to arrive at Raphoe during a fair.

Among the crowd that filled the Diamond he came suddenly on the big man.

"How are you, Pat Diver?" said he, bending down to look into the tinker's face.

"You've the advantage of me, sir, for I havena' the pleasure of knowing you," faltered Pat.

"Do you not know me, Pat?" Whisper—"When you go back to Innishowen, you'll have a story to tell!"

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### GRACE CONNOR.

Thady and Grace Connor lived on the borders of a large turf bog, in the parish of Clondevaddock, where they could hear the Atlantic surges thunder in upon the shore, and see the wild storms of winter sweep over the Muckish mountain, and his rugged neighbors. Even in summer the cabin by the bog was dull and dreary enough.

Thady Connor worked in the fields, and Grace made a livelihood as a peddler, carrying a basket of remnants of cloth, calico, drugget, and frieze about the country. The people rarely visited any large town, and found it convenient to buy from Grace, who was welcomed in many a lonely house, where a table was hastily cleared, that she

might display her wares. Being considered a very honest woman, she was frequently intrusted with commissions to the shops in Letterkenny and Ramelton. As she set out towards home, her basket was generally laden with little gifts for her children.

"Grace, dear," would one of the kind housewives say, "here 's a farrel<sup>1</sup> of oaten cake, wi' a taste o' butter on it; tak' it wi' you for the weans;" or, "Here 's half-a-dozen of eggs; you 've a big family to support."

Small Connors of all ages crowded round the weary mother, to rifle her basket of these gifts. But her thrifty, hard life came suddenly to an end. She died after an illness of a few hours, and was waked and buried as handsomely as Thady could afford.

Thady was in bed the night after the funeral, and the fire still burned brightly, when he saw his departed wife cross the room and bend over the cradle. Terrified, he muttered rapid prayers, covered his face with the blanket; and on looking up again the appearance was gone.

Next night he lifted the infant out of the cradle, and laid it behind him in the bed, hoping thus to escape his ghostly visitor; but Grace was presently in the room, and stretching over him to wrap up her child. Shrinking and shuddering, the poor man exclaimed, "Grace, woman, what is it brings you back? What is it you want wi' me?"

"I want naething frae you, Thady, but to put thon wean back in her cradle," replied the specter, in a tone of scorn. "You 're too feared for me, but my sister Rose willna be feared for me—tell her to meet me to-morrow evening, in the old wallsteads."

Rose lived with her mother, about a mile off, but she obeyed her sister's summons without the least fear, and kept the strange tryst in due time.

"Rose, dear," she said, as she appeared, before her sister in the old wallsteads, "my mind's oneasy about them twa' red shawls that 's in the basket. Matty Hunter and Jane Taggart paid me for them an' I bought them wi' their money, Friday was eight days. Gie them the shawls the morrow. An' old Mosey McCorkell gied me the price o' a wiley coat; it 's in under the other things in the basket. An' now farewell; I can get to my rest."

<sup>1</sup> When a large, round, flat griddle cake is divided into triangular cuts, each of these cuts is called a farrel, farli, or parli.



“Grace, Grace, bide a wee minute,” cried the faithful sister, as the dear voice grew fainter, and the dear face began to fade—“Grace, darlin! Thady? The children? One word mair!” but neither cries nor tears could further detain the spirit hastening to its rest!

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### A DONEGAL FAIRY.

Ay it’s a bad thing to displease the gentry, sure enough—they can be unfriendly if they’re angered, an’ they can be the very best o’ gude neighbors if they’re treated kindly.

My mother’s sister was her lone in the house one day wi’ a’ big pot o’ water boiling on the fire, and ane o’ the wee folk fell down the chimney, and slipped wi’ his leg in the hot water.

He let a terrible squeal out o’ him, an’ in a minute the house was full o’ wee crathurs pulling him out o’ the pot, an’ carrying him across the floor.

“Did she scald you?” my aunt heard them saying to him.

“Na, na, it was mysel’ scalded my ainsel’,” quoth the wee fellow.

“A weel, a weel,” says they. “If it was your ainsel’ scalded yoursel’, we’ll say nothing, but if she had scalded you, we’d made her pay.”

## JAMES (SEUMAS) MACMANUS.

(1868 —)

SEUMAS MACMANUS was born at Mountcharles, Donegal, Dec. 31, 1868. He worked on his father's farm while getting his education, and at eighteen became master where he had been scholar. Meanwhile he listened eagerly to the old stories of the peasants and stored them in his memory. He began contributing very early to various Dublin newspapers and to the local papers. His first book, 'Shuilers from Heathy Hills,' was published in 1893. In 1895 came 'The Ladin' Road to Donegal.' Since then his books have followed each other in rapid succession, and are increasingly popular in this country. Among them we may mention 'The Bewitched Fiddle,' 'Donegal Fairy Stories,' 'In the Chimney Corner,' 'Through the Turf Smoke,' and 'The Wager.' His special forte lies in his humorous descriptions of peasant life.

### WHY T'OMAS DUBH WALKED.

From 'Humors of Donegal.'

T'omas's good woman reached to each of us a fine bowl of cream with an iron spoon in it of the size a hungry man likes.

"Musha, craythurs, it's stharriv'd with the hunger yez must be. Fill the far-lan's first out i' that pot, an' the minnit yez is done, I'll have yez brewed such a dhrap o' tay as 'ill rouse the hearts in yez."

Neither T'omas *Dubh* nor I needed much persuasion, other than that given by crying stomachs, to attack it with hearty good-will. Before the fire we sat, and we drew the pot between us, and, getting our legs about it, plunged in our spoons with small delay, ladling up the stirabout as right hungry men can, sousing it in the cream, and speeding it on again to our watering mouths; for, when you've been on the hills from early morning till late at night, and eaten but a few mouthfuls of oat-bread and butter in the interim, what with the walking, the running, the spieling, the sliding, what with the whiff of the heather, and with all the *feurgortash*<sup>1</sup> you must have tramped over, I'll warrant, though you have been the most dismal dyspeptic

<sup>1</sup> *Feurgortash*, hungry-grass.

was ever on a doctor's books, you 'll bring back an appetite with an edge like the east wind. T'omas and I fetched back just such appetites, and very little else, for I was (putting it mildly) an indifferent shot, and tried T'omas's temper sorely.

As T'omas had put it in anticipation, a fine pot of stir-about with a bowl of yellow cream proved "no mad dog to him," nor yet to me. Neither of us had time for a word. "Ivery time ye spaik it 's a mouthful lost," was T'omas's maxim. We dug our ways through the pot from either side, till only the thinnest film separated our "claims," when T'omas rung his spoon in the empty bowl and said, "God be thankit!" on which I, too, feeling a sensation of satisfaction permeating the far-lands, threw my spoon to the bottom of the pot with a "Thanks be to God, and Amen!"

And now Ellen was pouring out for us two large bowls of tea that was thick and as dark as a blind window.

"Do ye like yer tay sthrong, Jaimie?" she asked me.

"Well," I said, shaking my head doubtfully at the black flood she was pouring into the bowl, "my mother doesn't commonly make it so sthrong."

"An' there ye are now," she said. "That's how docthors differ. T'omas here wouldn't tell his name for tay if ye didn't make it as sthrong for him as the shafts of a cart."

"Why, I should think it a mortal bad plan to make a habit of takin' yer tay like that, T'omas *Dubh*," I said.

"Tay," T'omas said oracularly, as he gazed at it with a blissful expression in his eye—"tay," he said, "is niver no good—an' I 'd as soon ye 'd give me so much dish-water to dhrink—if it's not made that a duck might walk on it."

I had grave doubts about this, but as Ellen had the bowls now creamed, and the piles of oat-bread and stack of butter at our elbows, I couldn't afford time to dispute it.

T'omas and I attacked the pile and the stack and the bowls of tea so bravely, and sustained the attack so spiritedly that it was little wonder that Ellen expressed the opinion that she "wouldn't like to be the aiting-house would do a big thrade with many such customers." We didn't stop to bandy compliments with her. And T'omas only passed

two remarks during the demolition. He said: "Ma'am, if what yer bread wants in hardness was borrowed from yer butther, there'd be a big 'mendment on the two of them;" and later he said reflectively, "The back o' my han' an' the sole o' my fut to you, Meenavalla!" I gave him an inquisitive look, hereupon, whilst in the act of having what T'omas would call a good "shlug" out of my bowl; but T'omas was too intent upon his business to mind my look. When T'omas felt both hunger and thirst allayed, and that, over and above, he had taken in something for positive pleasure, he pushed his emptied bowl from him, blessed him with all the fervor of a man satisfied with himself, Ellen, and the whole world, and winding up with another "God be thankit!" turned to the fire, drew out his short brown pipe and began to fill it; and I, feeling within that blissful sensation which pervades the breast of one who hungered and has fed heartily, did in every particular likewise.

"What put me in mind of it," T'omas said suddenly from out of the reek of smoke the little brown pipe was raising, "was your firin'."

I blew a spy-hole through my own halo of smoke, and tried to see T'omas on the other side of the fire. "Put ye in mind of what?"

"Meenavalla. An' the way of it was, your firin' put me in mind of the Red Poocher."

I didn't quite see the connection, but I asked, "An' what sort of shot was the Red Poocher?"

"The best from h— to Guinealand."

"Yes," I said, modesty and vainglory struggling within me.

"An' then ye bein' the *worst* shot atween the same two *dis-thricks*, ye naturally put me in mind of him."

Now I did not, and do not, claim to be an expert marksman, but I confess the comparison, drawn as it was anti-thetically, hurt my feelings.

So I smoked on as silently as the asthmatic gully I pulled would permit. And T'omas, beyond the fire, proved himself my fellow—even his pipe noisily confessed the same weakness.

"Av coorse," T'omas said, after a couple of minutes, "ye knew I was gamekeeper at Meenavalla wanst!"



"I did."

"Did ye know what fetched me out of it?"

"It must 'a been that the owner considhered T'omas Dubh had too good a reputation, and was too honest, for to be wasted in Meenavalla."

"I was five years in Meenavalla"—T'omas sat upon a stool so low that his knees stuck up on a level with his breast, he rested his elbows on his knees and his chin in his hands, and told his story to the fire—"five years, an' contented in throth I was with it; for meself and Ellen was snug an' warm, plenty to ait, an' not much to do, an' a fire all the winther would roast a quadhraoopit. But the fourth saison there was an English jintleman from a place they call Hartfoord had the shootin' in the place taken. But lo an' behould ye! the first week in A'gust the weather was mortal fine, an' I was tempted to slip aff over to me mother's counthry to help her win the grain o' hay, for she was in black need o' help—without a manbody nixt or near her wee place. Well over to her, to Cashelaragan, I slipped for the week, an' put as much of her wee grain o' hay through me fingers as I could do in the time, an' then back again. An' the first news met me slap in the face when I come back was, that I wasn't away the second night till the poochers was on the place, an' night an' nightly they had shot it for the remaindher o' the week!

"The curse o' the crows light on the same poochers, an' a hard bed to them! But when the English jintleman come, it's the poor shootin', Lord knows, he had: an' the sweetest of tempers wasn't his—small blame, indeed, to the man anondher the circumstances. He sayed he might as well have takin' the elephant-shootin' as the grouse-shootin' of Meenavalla. He wanted to know was there e'er a chance of a loy-on or a bear, or any other baste o' prey on the place, he might get the chance of a shot at. I, of coorse, toul' him there was no loy-ons in this part o' the wurrl'; an' I sayed there was no bear barrin' wan, an' if he shot that wan he was liable to be hung for shuicide—"

"Are ye sure ye sayed that, T'omas?"

"Sartint sure—but it was when I got the rascal's back turned. But I tell him till his face wan thing. It was of a day he had the heart o' me bruck with the *chirmin'* an' *charmin'* an' the blasphaimin' he carried on with. Siz I

till him, 'Yer honor,' siz I, 'there's wan way, an' if we could work it we'd get frightsome big bags o' game, an' no mistake!' 'What way's that?' siz he, comin' till a stan'still. 'If ye can manage to put me on sich a way,' siz he, 'I'll make it well worth your while.' 'Well, I'm mortal thankful to yer honor,' siz I, back again till him, 'an' the way's simple enough—if it only worked.' 'D—ye,' siz he, lettin' a tearin' *ouns* (oath) out of him, 'an' out with it at wanst, till we hear what it's lake.' 'Well, it's this, yer honor,' siz I. 'If ye could somehow or other manage to fetch down a grouse with ivery growl ye give, an' a snipe with ivery curse, we'd have mighty full bags ere we'd be long on the hill—do ye see?'

"An' faith he did see it, an' it's some poor body's prayer I must 'a had about me at the time kept him from puttin' the contents of his gun intil me sowl. An' I then larnt what Peadhar *Mor* the tailyer (God rest him!) used often tell me—that a madman an' an Englishman is two shouldn't be joked with.

"Anyhow, this lad took himself off in a fortnight with a bigger load of sin (I'm thinkin') than snipes, an' he wrote a square parch of a complaint to Belfast, to Misther McCran, the owner o' the place, an' Misther McCran he give me the divil to ait over the business. He went within an ace of makin' me cut me stick, an' threatened that if iver he'd hear of a single brace of birds bein' pooched off the place again, I'd go, as sure as me name was T'omas.

"Well, glory be to goodness, when I come by a good thing I know it; an', small blame to me, I like to stick till it; so I sayed to meself, 'T'omas Dubh,' siz I, 'plaise the Lord, ye'll sleep with wan eye open an' the other niver closed for the saisons to come, an' then ye'll be as wide awake as who's-the-other; an', from this out, the poocher who puts salt on your tail 'ill be as cliver a man as yerself.'

"Well and good, the nixt saison come round, an' an Englishman again tuk the shootin' of Meenavalla. He was a Misther Bullock (Lord save us! what onchristian names them English big bugs do have), an' he owned wan o' the grannest houses, I b'lieve, from head to fut o' London sthreet. Well, howsomedivir, this Misther Bullock had took the shootin' this year, and when Misther McCran in-

formed me of this, he toul' me also if there was so much as the mark of a poocher's heel found on all the place I would get laive to go travelin' for me health."

"An' for yer appetite, eh, T'omas?"

"On or about the twelfth of A'gust I gets a lettther from Misther Bullock himself to tell me he had another shootin' taken down the country in the neighborhood of Glenveigh, an' that himself an' a friend he was fetchin' with him would spend a week on the Glenveigh mountain first, an' then they'd drive up through the Glenties way on his buggy, an' take the next week out of Meenavalla; an' for me to be prepared for them on or close afther the twentieth. An' he says it was toul' him the lan' had been pooched last year, till the shootin' of it wasn't worth the powdher, and to remember that *he* wasn't goin' to stan' no sich nonsense; if there was a feather touched on the place he would shue me masther for all he was worth. 'Make yer mind aisy, me boy,' siz I when I read his lettther, about that. 'The poocher who wings a bird on Meenavalla atween now an' the twentieth, 'ill be a conshumin'ly cliver fellow, who's in the habit o' gettin' up afore he goes to bed at all.' And very good care I had taken for the three weeks gone that no poocher would look at it across a march-ditch; an' betther care still, if betther could be, I was goin' to take that gun's-iron (barrin' me own) wouldn't be leveled over it for the nixt eight days. For I was on it a'most day an' night, an' the tail of a poocher's coat never wanst showed; an' I was detarmined it should be so till the Big Fellow himself would step on the grass.

"It was just three evenin's afther the letter come that I was out as usual on the hill, an' I was havin' a couple of puffs at the grouse on me own account, when I noticed a thrap dhrivin' along the road below; an' half an hour afther, I sees Ellen on top o' the skreg above the house, wavin' her shawl to me. 'Surely,' siz I to meself, 'it's not the Bullock arrived?' But when I reached Ellen, that same was the identical news she had for me. An' I'll not deny that I give a hearty good curse. 'He seen me shootin', Ellen, as he come along the road, conshumin' till him!' But I hurried down to the house. Wan jintleman was coolin' the pony (a purty wan) up an' down the road; an' the other, who was my man, Ellen toul' me, was in the

house. I put the boudest face I could on me, and marched in as undaunted as if I'd been only sayin' me prayers on the hill. But I knew be the scowl iv him I was in for it.

"'Are you Gallagher?' siz he, quite short an' without reachin' his han' to me. 'Yis, yer honor,' siz I, removin' me hat, 'Tomas *Dubh* Gallagher—an' ye're mighty welcome to these parts,' raichin' him me han', and givin' him a mortal sight warmer shake hands than, I seen, he wanted. 'Was them poochers I seen on the hill, Gallagher, as I come along?' siz he—though mighty fine he knew who the poocher was at the same time. So, all things considhered, I thought it best to tell the thruth, an' shame the divil. 'No, sir,' siz I, 'it was meself.' 'What!' siz he, 'have *you* turned poocher as well as presarver? Upon my word, a purty fellow, ye are! a purty gamekeeper! What did ye fetch down?' 'Nothin', please yer honor,' siz I; 'for nothin' it was.' 'Well, please goodness,' siz he, 'I'll not sleep in me bed the night till I report ye to yer master, an' I'm now givin' ye warnin' of it.' I pleaded with him as best I could, and showed him the outs and ins o' the thing, but I might as well 'a been spaikin' Spanish to pavin'-stones: he was bound to report me, an' report me he would; for it had always been his opinion, he sayed, that afther all the cry-out again' poochers, there was no poochers worse nor the gamekeepers themselves—an' in the intherests of his brother-sportsmen all over the kingdom, he sayed, more nor in his own intherest, he'd have to report it. 'I see,' he says, 'ye got my letther,' tossin' it from him onto the table, for the letther had been lyin' in the windy from we got it; an' he had it in his han' when I come in. 'I wasn't to have come, as I sayed there, till the twentieth; but my sweetest curse upon all poochers—not forgettin' all gamekeepers—my sweetest curse on the whole assortment o' them, my Glenveigh place when I come on it was either pooched, or gamekeeped, or both, an' I wouldn't have got a hamper of birds off it in a month. I have promised a great number of presents of fowls to my frien's in England—promised to have them with them in the first week, and it's lookin' purty like as if my promise is goin' to be bruck for the first time in my life—an' all through poochers an' gamekeepers, d—n them! Be ready,'



siz he, afther he had foamed an' fumed up an' down the house, and cursed curses that I wondered didn't burn a hole in the roof gettin' out—'be ready,' siz he, 'afore the screek o' day the morra mornin', an' be out with us till I see what we can find in the nixt couple o' days. In the meantime, go out an' house that pony, an' give him the best care Meenavalla can afford; yer wife 'ill make a little shake-down for ourselves, an' give us a bite of anything aitable, for our bellies is biddin' our backs good-morra with the fair dint o' the hunger.'

"The first sthray light wasn't on the hill in the mornin' till the three of us was there afore it, an' us bangin' away for all we were worth. The two jintlemen got intil betther humor when they found how plenty the birds was, and they fetchin' them down like hailstones. But, behold ye, I used always feel more or less pride in meself as bein' a purty dandy shot, but I can tell ye them two jintlemen very soon knocked the concait out o' me; the second jintleman was a pleasure to see shootin'; but to see the Big Fellow himself puffin' powdher was a sight for sore eyes. That man, sir, could kill round a corner. Goin' on forty years, now, I've been handlin' a gun, an' have come in the way of a good many sportsmen that knew what end of the gun the shot come out of as well as who's-the-nixt, but that man's aigual or anything comin' within an ass's roar of it I nivir yet did meet.

"Anyhow, to make a long story short, we dhropped the birds so fast—or, I should say, *he* dhropped them so fast, for though we lowered a smart number enough for or'nary Christians, it was nothing at all in comparishment with what he did—so fast did they dhrop that again' the third night he had the place purty lonesome enough or game. He had got all nicely hampered an' packed off; an' he started, himself an' his companion, off in their buggy nixt mornin', sayin' he'd have another thry at Glenveigh again, an' be back to Meenavalla wanst more in somewhat betther nor a week's time. Though both o' them graised me fist like jintlemen afore they went, he didn't seem to relent a bit about the report to Mither McCran—it was his solemn duty, he said, an' he couldn't overlook it.

"It was only the second evenin' afther, I was comin' down off the hill, an' just as I had got onto the road, an'

I carryin' hung over the top of me gun a brace of snipe I managed, by good managementship, to scrape up, when roun' the bend o' the road, afore I could say 'God bliss me!' comes a thrap tearin', with two gintlemen on it. 'Bad luck to yez!' siz I, 'an' God forgive me for cursin', dhroppin', at the same time, both guns and birds, for I was sartint sure it was the chaps right back on me. But, in another minute, I seen I was mistaken, for naither o' them had the red whiskers o' my man: so I lifted me belongin's, an' went on whistlin'. When the thrap overtuk me, it pulls up, an' without as much as Good-morra, Good-evenin', or The devil take ye, the biggest-lookin' bug o' the two snaps me up with, 'How did you get them birds, me man?'

"'By goin' for them,' siz I. I knew it was an ondaicent way to answer a sthranger, but the baul'nness of him went agin' me grain. 'Who are you, sir?' was the next imperence he out with. 'I'm a son o' me mother's,' siz I, 'an' maybe ye know me bettther now.' 'Maybe,' siz he, 'ye'll be so kind as to tell me where Black Thomas Gallagher, the gamekeeper, lives in these parts.' 'Sorra be aff me,' siz I to meself, 'what's this, or who is he this, I've been saucin'?' 'Yis,' I siz to him, 'I think I can show ye that, bekase I'm the identical man himself.' 'Oh, indeed,' siz he, pullin' himself together, 'are ye, indeed? I didn't think when I took Meenavalla for the saison that I had got sich a witty gamekeeper intil the bargain. I'm a lucky man, throth,' siz he, an' his naybor laughed hearty. I turned square on the road, an' I looks at him. 'Ye're anondher a great mistake, sir,' siz I; 'the shootin' o' this place has been taken by Misther Bullock of London.' 'Exactly,' siz he, 'Misther Bullock of London (which is me) has got the privilege of *payin'* for the shootin'; and his gamekeeper, be all signs, is to get the fun an' the snipes.' 'Come, now,' siz I, 'none o' yer thricks upon travelers. Misther Bullock o' London was here the beginnin' o' the week, an' shot the lan' as clean as the day it was cree-aited, and there's not a jintleman from wan end to the other of London sthreet but maybe is at the present spakin' sinkin' his tooth in wan o' the grouse, and wishin' to the Lord he was ten times hungrier.'

"But *mo bhron!*<sup>1</sup> the face that jintleman (an' his nay-

<sup>1</sup> *Mo bhron*, to my sorrow.

bor, too) dhrew on himself, when I sayed this, was some-  
thin' frightsome to behould; an' may I niver die in sin if  
the gun didn't shake in me han'. He thundered out of  
him sich an oath as would be a godsend to a quarryman  
for splittin' rocks, an'—

"Ellen, *a chara*,"<sup>1</sup> said T'omas, "I misdoubt me this fire  
would be out long ago if ye hadn't the doore boulded.  
Throw a grain iv thurf an' another lump of fir on it, *a*  
*thaisge*."<sup>2</sup>

"Well, T'omas?"

"Well, Jaimie?"

"I want to hear it out. *Was* that Bullock?"

"Conshumin' till him, iv coorse it was."

"An' him shot the place? The red fellow?"

"Was the Red Poocher, av course, who was afther  
sthrippin' Bullock's Glenveigh shootin' as bare as a bald  
head just afore Bullock come on it."

"An' then what happened to you, T'omas?"

"I walked—an' I'm here now."

### A STOR, GRA GEAL MOCHREE.<sup>3</sup>

The braes they are aflame with whin,  
The glens with flowers rejoice;  
In every bush a gladsome bird  
Lifts up a tuneful voice.  
But whin and flower and bonny bird,  
And each sweet melody,  
But adds an ache to my sore heart,  
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

For, whins may flame and flowers may bloom,  
And sun flood hill and plain,  
And birds on every bough may sing  
"Sweet Summer's come again;"  
Yet I shall shiver for the chill  
That holds the heart of me—  
My Sun has set, my Summer fled,  
A stor, Gra geal mochree!

<sup>1</sup> *A chara*, my friend.      <sup>2</sup> *A thaisge*, my darling.

<sup>3</sup> *A stor, gra geal mochree*, bright treasure of my heart.

You were my cherished Flower of Flowers,  
 You were my Warbler sweet,  
 You were my Sun of Summer kind,  
 You were my world complete;  
 'T was Nothingness beyond you, when  
 Those arms enfolded me—  
 Now I'm alone with loneliness,  
 A stor, Gra geal mochree!

The Flower has withered on the brae,  
 The Bird has quit the tree,  
 And all the world has weary grown,  
 For my sad heart and me:  
 Yet patiently through empty years  
 My sorrow would I dree,  
 Did you but look your love once more,  
 A stor, Gra geal mochree!

The grass waves o'er your dear black head,  
 The cold clay wraps you round,  
 It's lonesome for you lying there  
 So deep in the dark ground,  
 Where my arms can never reach you,  
 Where you can never see  
 The blinding love that fills my eyes,  
 A stor, Gra geal mochree!

'T is sad to think those eyes don't light,  
 And I, your Heart, so near;  
 'T is sore that I should call and call,  
 And you refuse to hear,  
 But sleep, *a rúin*,<sup>1</sup> for sure 't is Night:  
 And soon glad Dawn shall be,  
 When lips will meet and souls will greet,  
 A stor, Gra geal mochree!

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#### MY INVER BAY.

Oh! Inver Bay on a harvest day,  
 And the sun goin' down the sky;  
 When with many's a laugh the boats put off,  
 And many's the merry cry!  
 To Cork's own cove though one may rove,  
 They will not find *mo croidhe*!<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *A rúin*, my dear.

<sup>2</sup> *Mo croidhe*, pronounced *machree*, my heart.



A rarer bay, a fairer bay,  
A sweeter bay nor thee.  
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad,  
I wouldn't swap, not I,  
My Inver Bay on a harvest day,  
And the sun goin' down the sky.

A purtier boat there's not afloat  
Than Donal Rose's "Nan,"  
A boulder crew, nor boys more true  
There's not in wide Irelan'.  
A long, long pull, a sthrong, sthrong pull,  
And one right hearty cheer,  
Our "Nan" so brave, she tops the wave,  
And our comrades' boats we clear;  
We lead the throng, we sthrike a song,  
We rise it loud and high  
On Inver Bay, of a harvest day,  
And the sun goin' down the sky.

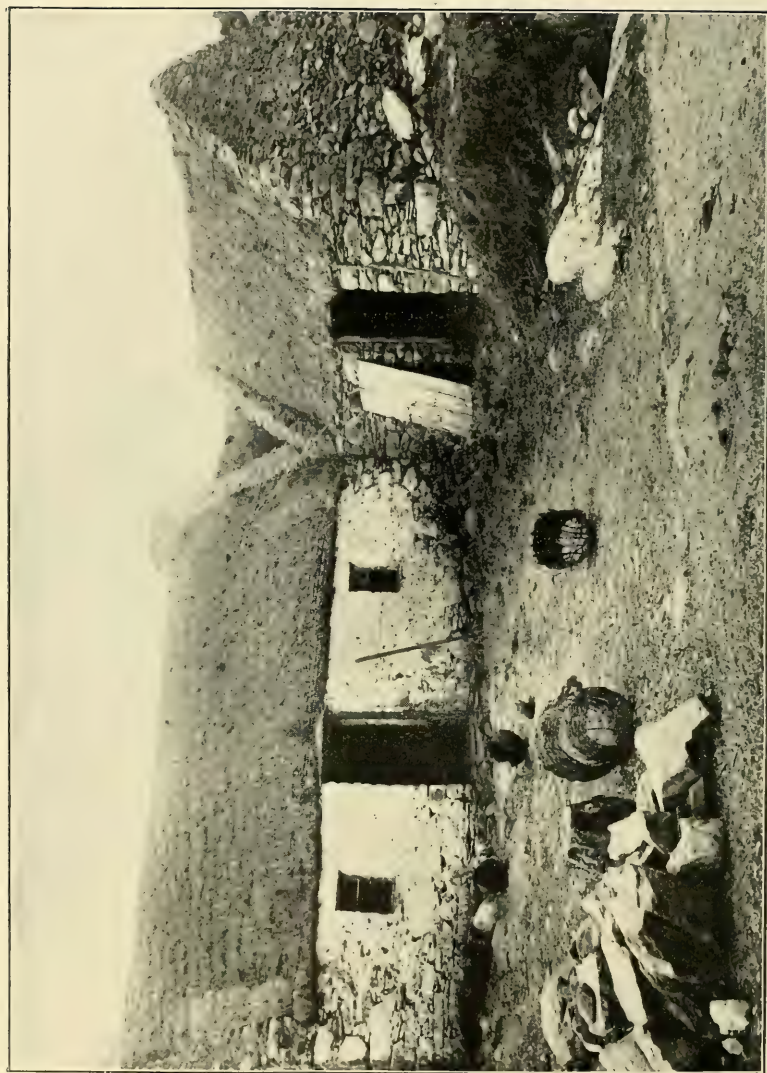
Till we reach away where the herrin's play,  
There's neither slack nor slow;  
As quick as thought our nets are shot,  
On the thwarts, then we lie low,  
And many's the stave rolls over the wave,  
And many's the yarn is told;  
The sea all white, with silver bright,  
The air all filled with gold—  
A scene so grand, God's good right hand  
It ne'er reached from on high,  
As Inver Bay on a harvest day,  
And the sun goin' down the sky.

O'er Norroway it's give me sway,  
With a palace wide and broad,  
With silks and wine and jewels fine,  
And hundreds at my nod—  
In robes all gay, with golden spray  
It's dhress me you might do;  
But I'd loathe your wine, your jewels fine,  
Your gold and your kingdom too;  
For a ragged coat, in Donal's boat,  
It's I'd lament and sigh,  
And Inver Bay of a harvest day,  
With the sun goin' down the sky.

Our bravest sons, our stoutest ones  
Have rushed across the say,  
And God He knows each wind that blows  
Is waftin' more away!  
It's sore distress does them hard press,  
They dhrop their heads and go—  
Oh, Sorrow's Queen, it's you has seen  
Their hearts big swelled with woe!  
Though gold they make, their hearts they break,  
And they sit them down and cry,  
For Inver Bay on a harvest day,  
And the sun goin' down the sky;

Oh! Inver Bay on a harvest day,  
And the sun goin' down the sky;  
When with many's the laugh the boats put off,  
And many's the merry cry!  
To Cork's own cove though one may rove,  
They will not find, *mo croidhe!*  
A rarer bay, a fairer bay,  
A sweeter bay nor thee!  
For the Kaiser's rod and his realms so broad  
I wouldn't swap, not I,  
My Inver Bay on a harvest day,  
And the sun goin' down the sky.





DESERTED CABINS



## MRS. SEUMAS MACMANUS (ANNA JOHNSTON).

(1866—1902.)

MRS. MACMANUS ("Ethna Carbery") was born in Ballymena, Dec. 3, 1866. She lived nearly all her life in Belfast, till her marriage with the well-known novelist in 1901. To the great grief of all who knew her, and to the abiding loss of Irish literature, in the flower of her youth and the blossoming of her genius, she closed her eyes on the Ireland of her heart's love April 21, 1902. She wrote much prose and verse, and began publishing when she was about fifteen. Her first poetry was published over the name of "Ethna Carbery." She contributed to most of the Irish magazines and newspapers of her time, and to *Harper's Magazine*, the *New York Criterion*, *The Century*, and other American periodicals.

Since her death her poems have been collected and published in one volume, entitled 'The Four Winds of Eirinn.' The collection, which was begun in her lifetime, was finished and edited by her husband; the book was immediately successful, no less than nine editions having been sold within a year of its appearance. In the very beautiful introduction of this little volume we are told that "from childhood till the closing hour, every fiber of her frame vibrated with love of Ireland. Before the tabernacle of poor Ireland's hopes she burned in her bosom a perpetual flame of faith. Her great warm heart kept the door of its fondest affection wide open to all who loved Ireland—and lived for Ireland, and strove for Ireland—and in her heart of hearts was sacredly cherished the memory of the holy dead who died for Ireland.

"Our Motherland has had daughters as noble, as brave, as faithful and loving as Anna Johnston, but never was gathered to the Mother's breast one more noble-souled, upright, courageous of heart, or one more passionately faithful, than she."

### THE PASSING OF THE GAEL.

They are going, going, going from the valleys and the hills,  
They are leaving far behind them heathery moor and mountain  
rills,  
All the wealth of hawthorn hedges where the brown thrush  
sways and trills.

They are going, shy-eyed colleens and lads so straight and tall,  
From the purple peaks of Kerry, from the crags of wild Imaal,  
From the greening plains of Mayo and the glens of Donegal.

They are leaving pleasant places, shores with snowy sands out-  
spread;  
Blue and lonely lakes a-stirring when the wind stirs overhead;  
Tender living hearts that love them, and the graves of kindred  
dead.

They shall carry to the distant land a tear-drop in the eye,  
 And some shall go uncomforted—their days an endless sigh  
 For Kathaleen Ní Houlihan's sad face, until they die.

Oh, Kathaleen Ní Houlihan, your road's a thorny way,  
 And 't is a faithful soul would walk the flints with you for  
     aye,  
 Would walk the sharp and cruel flints until his locks grew  
     gray.

So some must wander to the East, and some must wander  
     West;  
 Some seek the white wastes of the North, and some a Southern  
     nest:  
 Yet never shall they sleep so sweet as on your mother breast.

The whip of hunger scourged them from the glens and quiet  
     moors,  
 But there's a hunger of the heart that plenty never cures;  
 And they shall pine to walk again the rough road that is yours,

Within the city streets, hot, hurried, full of care,  
 A sudden dream shall bring them a whiff of Irish air—  
 A cool air, faintly-scented, blown soft from elsewhere.

*Oh, the cabins long-deserted!—Olden memories awake—*  
*Oh, the pleasant, pleasant places!—Hush! the blackbird in the*  
     *brake!*  
*Oh, the dear and kindly voices!—Now their hearts are fain to*  
     *ache.*

They may win a golden store—sure the whins were golden too;  
 And no foreign skies hold beauty like the rainy skies they  
     knew;  
 Nor any night-wind cool the brows as did the foggy dew.

. . . . .

They are going, going, going, and we cannot bid them stay;  
 The fields are now the strangers' where the strangers' cattle  
     stray.  
*Oh! Kathaleen Ní Houlihan, your way's a thorny way!*

## I-BREASIL.

There is a way I am fain to go—  
To the mystical land where all are young,  
Where the silver branches have buds of snow,  
And every leaf is a singing tongue.

It lies beyond the night and day,  
Over shadowy hill and moorland wide,  
And whoso enters casts care away,  
And wistful longings unsatisfied.

There are sweet white women, a radiant throng,  
Swaying like flowers in a scented wind:  
But between us the veil of earth is strong,  
And my eyes to their luring eyes are blind.

A blossom of fire is each beauteous bird,  
Scarlet and gold on melodious wings,  
And never so haunting a strain was heard  
From royal harp in the Hall of Kings.

The sacred trees stand in rainbow dew,  
Apple and ash and the twisted thorn,  
Quicken and holly and dusky yew,  
Ancient ere ever gray Time was born.

The oak spreads mighty beneath the sun  
In a wonderful dazzle of moonlight green—  
O would I might hasten from tasks undone,  
And journey whither no grief hath been!

Were I past the mountains of opal flame,  
I would seek a couch of the king-fern brown,  
And when from its seed glad slumber came,  
A flock of rare dreams would flutter down.

But I move without in an endless fret,  
While somewhere beyond earth's brink, afar,  
Forgotten of men, in a rose-rim set,  
I-Breasil shines like a beckoning star.

## FEITHFAILGE.

*The blue lake of Devenish!*  
I put my thousand blessings there;  
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)  
On shadow waters all a-stir,  
And on the wind-blown honeysuckle  
Beauty of Feithfailge's hair.

*The blue lake of Devenish!*  
I pray, if God but grant the grace,  
(*The blue lake of Devenish,*)  
To win that dear enchanted place,  
Where spring bides in the apple-blossom,  
Beauty of Feithfailge's face.

*The blue lake of Devenish!*  
I vex the purple dark with sighs—  
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)  
Across the world my sorrow flies,  
A-hunger for the gray and wistful  
Beauty of Feithfailge's eyes.

*The blue lake of Devenish!*  
I wander far, yet find no rest—  
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)  
Sore-haunted ever, and oppressed  
By dreams that pillow on the snow-white  
Beauty of Feithfailge's breast.

*The blue lake of Devenish,*  
She walks there in the quiet, meet  
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)  
For prayerful thoughts, and visions sweet,  
And cool green grasses kiss the lightsome  
Beauty of Feithfailge's feet.

*The blue lake of Devenish,*  
I would the red gold were my part,  
(*The blue lake of Devenish*)  
Ripe fields, and herds upon Drimart,  
That by my fire might shine the lovellt  
Beauty of Feithfailge's heart.



THE COLD SLEEP OF BRIGHIDÍN.<sup>1</sup>

There's a sweet sleep for my love by yon glimmering blue wave,  
But alas! it is a cold sleep in a green-happed narrow grave.

O shadowy Finn, move slowly,

Break not her peace so holy,

Stir not her slumber in the græss your restless ripples lave.

My Heart's Desire, my Treasure, our wooing time was brief,  
From the misty dawns of April till the fading of the leaf,

From the first clear cuckoo calling

Till the harvest gold was falling,

And my store of joy was garnered at the binding of the sheaf.

There came another lover, more swift than I, more strong,  
He bore away my little love in middle of her song;

Silent, ah me! his wooing,

And silent his pursuing,

Silent he stretched his arms to her who did not tarry long.

So in his House of Quiet she keeps her troth for aye  
With him, the stronger lover, until the Judgment Day:

And I go lonely, lonely,

Bereft of my one only

Bright star, Rose-blossom, Singing-bird that held the year at  
May.

The purple mountains guard her, the valley folds her in,  
In dreams I see her walking with angels cleansed of sin.

Is heaven too high and saintly

For her to hear, though faintly,

One word of all my grieving on her grave beside Loch Finn?

## SHIELA-NI-GARA.

Shiela-ni-Gara,<sup>2</sup> it is lonesome where you bide,  
With the plovers circling over and the sagans spreading wide,  
With an empty sea before you and behind a wailing world,  
Where the sword lieth rusty and the Banner Blue is furled.

Is it a sail you wait, Shiela? Yea, from the Westering sun.

Shall it bring joy or sorrow? Oh joy sadly won.

Shall it bring peace or conflict? The pibroch in the glen

And the flash and crash of battle round a host of fighting men.

<sup>1</sup> In the light of after-events, this song—even in the very particulars of season and month—proves to have been the singer's own inspired death lament.

<sup>2</sup> *Shiela-ni-Gara*, one of the allegorical names of Ireland.

Green spears of Hope rise round you like grass blades after  
 drouth,  
 And there blows a white wind from the East, a red wind from  
 the South,  
 A brown wind from the West, *Agra*, a brown wind from the  
 West—  
 But the black, black wind from the Northern hills, how can you  
 love it best?  
 Said Shiela-ni-Gara, “’T is a kind wind and a true,  
 For it rustled soft through Aileach’s Halls and stirred the hair  
 of Hugh;  
 Then blow, wind! and snow, wind! What matters storm to me  
 Now I know the fairy sleep must break and set the sleepers  
 free!”

But, Shiela-ni Gara, why rouse the stony dead,  
 Since at your call a living host shall circle you instead?  
 Long is our hunger for your voice—the hour is drawing near—  
*O Dark Rose of our Passion! call and our hearts shall hear.*

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### THE BROWN WIND OF CONNAUGHT.

The brown wind of Connaught  
 Across the bogland blown  
 (The brown wind of Connaught)  
 Turns my heart to a stone;  
 For it cries my name at twilight,  
 And cries it at the noon—  
 “O, Mairgreath Ban! O, Mairgreath Ban!”  
 Just like a fairy tune.

The brown wind of Connaught,  
 When Dermot came to woo  
 (The brown wind of Connaught)  
 It heard his whispers too;  
 And while my wheel goes whirring,  
 It taps on my window-pane,  
 Till I open wide to the Dead outside,  
 And the sea-salt misty rain.

The brown wind of Connaught  
With women wailed one day  
(The brown wind of Connaught)  
For a wreck in Galway Bay;  
And many the dark-faced fishers  
That gathered their nets in fear,  
But one sank straight to the Ghostly Gate—  
And he was my Dermot Dear.

The brown wind of Connaught,  
Still keening in the dawn  
(The brown wind of Connaught)  
For my true love that's gone.  
Oh, cold green wave of danger,  
Drift him a restful sleep—  
O'er his young black head on its lowly bed,  
While his weary wake I keep.

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#### OUR ROAD.

Here is the road that you must climb with me,  
This road that winds between the hill and sea,  
And leads to where our quiet home shall be.

Love waits us there—not proud, nor kingly clad,  
Oh! just a little joyous country lad,  
With tender wiles to make our tired hearts glad.

No barbéd arrow doth he hold for us—  
But outstretched hands, divine and generous.  
Would all sad wayfarers were welcomed thus!

The world hath tortured—yet immense our gain  
To find enduring peace around us twain,  
I, weary of my wanderings, you of your disdain.

## THOMAS McNEVIN.

(1810—1846.)

THOMAS McNEVIN was one of the most promising of the Young Ireland party, and his early death deprived his country of a very remarkable intellect. He was probably a Galway man, and was born about 1810. He was graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was called to the Irish bar. In 1831 he published 'Gerald,' a dramatic poem, and in 1836 an 'Address delivered before the College Historical Society.' He was one of the early recruits to *The Nation's* staff under Charles Gavan Duffy, and, besides writing very frequently for that paper, contributed two volumes to the 'Library of Ireland,' namely, a 'History of the Irish Volunteers of 1782,' 1845, and 'The Confiscation of Ulster,' 1846.

He also edited the volume of selections of R. L. Sheil's 'Speeches,' which was published in 1845. He had a considerable practice at the bar, and was prominent in the councils of the Repeal Association, Catholic Association, and the '82 Club.

Smith O'Brien and many others of the Young Irelanders considered McNevin as one of the most promising of that group. "I look upon him," O'Brien wrote, "as a man of real genius, with great capacity for public affairs. . . . We will make of him a statesman of whom Ireland will be proud." Unfortunately McNevin did not live to earn this title. He died at Rose Park, County Galway, July 13, 1846.

## PICTURE OF ULSTER.

From 'The Confiscation of Ulster.'

There are many derivations given by different writers of the name of Ulster. Some assert that it comes from Uladh, which signifies "great wealth," thus indicating that fatal fertility which attracted the cupidity of the neighboring British races. Others attribute it to Ollamh, a celebrated monarch, who several centuries before our era reigned over the kingdom of Ulster. The name of Uladh was applied in later times solely to Dalaradia (which the Irish pronounce Dal-aree), comprising the following districts—Iveagh, Magennis's country; Kinelarty, Mac Artan's country; the Andes, the country of Savadges; Clanaodhbuigh, upper and lower; the principality of MacNeill Boye, "a bloodie rebbele." This name obtained the classic form of Ulidia, and the general designation of the Northern kingdom was dignified into Ultonia.



Ancient Ulster, "that land good and flourishing, with many excellent commodities, plentiful in all kinds of provisions, the soil rich and fertile, the air sweet and temperate, the havens very safe and commodious"—that illustrious seat of piety and the center of enlightenment—comprised the territories of Oirgiall, or Uriell, now Louth, Monaghan, and Armagh, with some parts of Tyrowen and Fermanagh; Dal-Rieda, the northern part of Antrim; Tir Eogain and Tirconnail, now Tyrowen, Derry, and Donegal; and Fermanagh.

The aspect of the country is bold and picturesque. Filled with fertile and extensive plains and exquisite "glynnes," it possesses still nobler features in the majestic mountains of Down, where Slieve Donnard raises his lofty head three thousand feet above the sea. Through Antrim, Tyrowen, Coleraine, Tyrconnell, and Fermanagh, the eye rests everywhere upon these great children of Nature,—in Cavan the lofty Cuilcagh, the cradle of the Shannon, from which it pours its wealth of waters through eleven counties, towers in pride above the ancient territories of the O'Reillys. But of a still more exquisite beauty are those small, conical hills, covered with the teeming evidences of fertility, with their green uplands and finely cultivated slopes, skirted with overhanging woods, that have as yet escaped the axe. The folly of superstition, which imposed on the credulity of such writers as the priest Cambrensis, has peopled these vales and glynnes and romantic hills with fountains of wonder-working power; but the only marvels to be witnessed there are the miracles of beauty which Nature's kindly hand is ever working.

Scattered over the face of Ulster are lakes or loughs, some possessing the magnitude of inland seas, and others much smaller, but deep and well stored with fish—"so that they are not only delightful, especially such as are situated in some dale or valley, or environed round about by pleasant little hills (as it falleth out in the most of them), but also commodious and profitable, affording good opportunity of building houses and castles on their borders, which was done in many places by the English and the Scotch, who had made several fair plantations, and *would have done more* if it had not been hindered by that horrible rebellion of the bloody Irish, in the beginning of

which many of them were destroyed by these barbarians." These diminutive lakes were dotted with islands, which are both "commodious and pleasant." In the isles of the larger lakes, such as Lough Erne and the Lake of Feral, we are told by Boate, were oftentimes to be found the dwellings of the planters. Such of the islands as were not inhabited were without woodland, but being in general covered with sweet grass they were turned into pasture for all kinds of cattle.

Boate gives a pleasing picture of the studious and contemplative life of those who dwelt in the sweet sylvan solitudes of the lakes, where they passed their time in much contentment, finding there not only privacy and quiet with opportunity for study and contemplation, "but besides great delightfulness in the place, with a variety of very sweet pastimes in fowling, fishing, planting, and gardening." Certainly it was not without true Scotch foresight that these apostles of civility adopted the Ulster mission. In one of the large isles of Lough Erne, Sir Henry Spottiswood had a fine seat, surrounded after the most approved planter-fashion with frowning battlements and bawns that would have won approving smiles from Pynnar; orchards bending under the white weight of their blossoms; gardens rich in every child of Flora; and a picturesque village with its church and steeple (and doubtless an incumbent with his due proportion and his glebe lands), which comfortable establishment, "whether it is in being yet or destroyed by the barbarian and bloody rebels I am not informed." Possibly the barbarian rebels may have cast some looks upon their old pleasure grounds in the loughs, greatly to the disconcerting of Sir Henry. The dreams of Spenser were disturbed after some such fashion in the palace of Desmond, on the banks of Mulla.

Lough Erne is filled with islands, the most remarkable of which, though not for natural beauty, is Devenish. It contains the ruins of an ancient priory of the date of 1449, which, however, could not have for any great length of time escaped the marauding barbarism of the day; for Sir John Davies, in his letter to Salisbury (1606), says that the Lord Deputy, during his Northern circuit, held his sessions in the Isle of Devenish, *in the ruins of an old abbey there*. But though Lough Erne has more picturesque beauty,

Lough Neagh is a lake of greater size and greater importance. It waters five of the counties, three of them being escheated lands, Tyrowen, Armagh, and Derry. The waters of this great inland sea are swelled by six river tributaries and numberless brooks. It was said to possess healing and petrifying powers, and Stewart mentions that a lough near Armagh, which had been drained by Mr. Maxwell at Eanachbuidhe (afterwards called Rosebrook), possessed the latter quality in a great degree. There are several magnificent inlets of the sea to which the name of lake has been given, namely Strangford, Swilly, Foyle. In Cavan, Lough Outer extends over eight miles in length, and on the borders of Meath is the beautiful Lough Sheelin. Various smaller lakes are scattered through the North, all possessing a rare degree of picturesque beauty. It is said that many singular sudden births of lakes, bursting fiercely from the earth by volcanic action, have occurred in Ulster. More than a thousand years before our era, Lough Foyle broke upon the bordering countries, in an inundation from which it took its name of Feral, having carried off in its waves Feabhal, the son of Lodin, one of the Danaanic chiefs. Later by two centuries Lough Erne, rushing forth with the same disastrous fury, covered whole tracts of country; and still later (A. D. 62), Lough Neagh buried immense plains, swept away villages and people, and hid the most elegant architectural remains beneath its rushing waters:

“ On Lough Neagh’s banks, as the fisherman strays,  
When the cold, calm eve’s declining,  
He sees the Round Towers of other days  
In the waves beneath him shining.”

That these eruptions were the produce of volcanic action, may be concluded from the fact that basaltic rocks, which are admitted to be of volcanic origin, are present on the shores of Neagh.

The inland counties being thus supplied with these great and beautiful sheets of water, the northern, eastern, and western frontier is the Sea. Round the vast coast, from Carlingford Bay, whose waves wash the southern shores of Down even to the Erne, which is a link of connection between that lovely lake and the Atlantic, numerous bays, deeply indenting that ocean frontier line, open their arms

wide to commerce. The east is irregular, running along the Ardes, the ancient territory of the Savadges, to the Giant's Causeway, that great basaltic wall, that columnar barrier, vast, precipitous, sublime, placed on the shores of Antrim as it were to protect the island from the northern seas.

A very startling edifice of nature is the columned green-stone promontory of Fairhead, or Benmore, a spiral precipice two hundred and fifty feet above the sea, which latter beats with solemn and majestic swell upon the huge rocks that lie in broken masses, like a waste of ruins, at its feet. Near the Causeway, on the crest of a brown basaltic rock, stand the interesting ruins of Dunluce Castle. Along the whole line of coast, on many a cape and promontory and on several of the islands, are the remains of abbeys and churches, which attest the antiquity and beauty of the ecclesiastical architecture of ancient Ireland. . . .

The leading rivers of Ulster are the Boyle, the Blackwater, and the Bann, and though the other streams are generally of small extent, they nearly all terminate in capacious bays and loughs, giving to the country the means of water communication and a large number of secure and spacious harbors, whilst they form an agreeable feature in the landscape. The Blackwater now runs through a highly cultivated and rich country, but at the time of the Plantation its banks were the rudest portion of the North. . . .

The bogs of Ulster are numerous and extensive, occupying much over two hundred thousand acres of the province. The much discussed question of the origin of these bogs is fortunately not necessary in this place; the probability is, however, that the want of drainage has been the cause of their growth. To a considerable extent, and considering the lack of coal and latterly of wood, they have been useful, but the proportion which bogs bear to available land in Ulster is far too great. Dr. Warner made a handsome suggestion, for at once bestowing property on the Ulster Catholics and making some use of the bogs—namely, to give the Papists a title to the latter, on condition of their reclaiming the undrained bog-land. Whatever may be their origin, or their utility, they are a characteristic feature in the northern landscape. The dry bog looks fair and pleasant, contrasting with the green meadows and the pictur-



esque knolls of Ulster scenery, but the water and muddy bogs are neither very useful, nor at all a matter of ornament.

Ireland has been called the woody island, and Ulster contributed largely to that name. In the old days, before the Anglo-Norman arrival, the land was full of forests. But when the Norman pirates and robbers had established their settlements, they commenced in the districts where they were masters to demolish the woods, for the purpose of increasing the amount of valuable land (though they appear for many centuries to have made scant profit of what they had), and to deprive "the rogues and thieves who used to lurk in the woods of their refuge and their starting holes." At the time Boate wrote, the woods had been, by this process of reformation, very much reduced; the forests and the independence of the people went together; for after Hugh O'Neill's war the quantity of timber had diminished and has continued to decrease to such a degree that Ireland would probably now be characterized by the absence of woods. But even at the termination of the wars of the League, Ulster remained well supplied with wood; for example, all that highly cultivated district through which the Blackwater flows was then a dense forest. The exigencies of building, resulting from the conditions of the plantation, soon however destroyed, even quicker than war or the axe, the remaining wood; and the lofty trees beneath whose canopy so many generations of the people of the soil had wandered, loved, and fought, gave shelter to their bitterest enemies, and strength and permanence to their baronial castles.

The evidence of the former abundance of timber, putting out of account the statements of writers, is furnished by every bog in the country. At Stranmore near Monallen a forest of oak, ash, and alder was discovered in the last century lying in layers, for over a mile, and at eight feet depth below the surface; and there is scarcely a bog in Ireland which could not give its contribution from the buried timber of the country. A great want of wood is experienced in Ireland; timber is never planted by the people; and, in most parts of Ireland, there are no landlords either to plant it themselves, or to encourage their tenantry to do so. . . .

On the coast of Antrim at Ballycastle the remains of coal-mining are visible, and of a date stretching further back into antiquity than the most credulous advocates of Irish civilization have ever gone, rebuking by their presence the apathy of more modern times. Wood, in his inquiry touching the primitive inhabitants of Ireland, says these coal-mines were worked by the Danaanic colony. At all events, they were from an early period productive, and of which facts, Dr. Boate has the easy impudence to say that the Anglo-Normans were the first to work them. . . .

In a rivulet of Tyrowen, called Miola, which falls into Lough Neagh, gold has been gathered of the purest metal; and modern science, with a gravity that does not belong to ancient speculation, has sanctioned the convictions of national pride, that this country is rich in the possession of those attractive treasures for which man has toiled and fought and died in every age.

Ulster participated largely in all that made Ireland beautiful, wealthy, and civilized. She had fertility, comeliness, and strength; she was a well-chosen victim for the passions of conquest, a fit subject for the cupidity of her despoilers.

## DANIEL OWEN MADDEN.

(1815—1859.)

DANIEL OWEN MADDEN, the only son of Owen Maddyn, a merchant of Cork, was born in the town of Mallow in the year 1815. The change in the spelling of his name he made to distinguish himself from another Irish *littérateur* who bore the name of Maddyn ; but his works are entered under the old form of name in the catalogues of the British Museum. At a very early age he contributed articles to Irish journals and magazines. His first book appeared in 1843, and was entitled 'Ireland and its Rulers since 1829.' In 1846 he published 'The Right Hon. J. P. Curran' and 'A Memoir of the Life of the Right Hon. Henry Grattan.' He was an enthusiastic admirer of Grattan, and in 1853 produced a volume of that statesman's speeches, with a commentary on his career and character, a second edition of which was published in 1854.

He also wrote the first volume of 'The Age of Pitt and Fox,' a work of brilliant promise, though its unfavorable reception discouraged him from completing it. This was followed in 1848 by 'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.' In 1842 he had migrated to London, where he became permanently connected with *The Press* newspaper. In his new home he wrote 'Wynville, or Clubs and Coteries'; 'The Game of Brag, or the Batteray Boys, a Comic Novel'; and 'The Chiefs of Parties,' the latter being his last and most successful work. He also published anonymously 'Mildmay, or the Clergyman's Secret.' A suggestion made in *The Athenæum* by a reviewer of 'Wynville' induced him to turn his attention to men instead of questions, and the hint is acknowledged by him in the preface to 'The Chiefs of Parties.'

About the year 1857 he returned to Dublin, having engaged with Mr. Skeet, the publisher of his earlier works, to devote himself to history and biography. While in Dublin he also wrote occasionally on Irish topics for *The Athenæum*, as he had done for several years previously in London.

He died in Dublin, Aug. 6, 1859, and was buried with his ancestors beneath the chimies of the Shandon Bells.

Madden was a genuine Irishman—racy, talkative, sparkling, and prodigal of help to his young literary brethren, many of whom owed their rise to him. The only memoir of him extant is an interesting letter by Mr. Fitzpatrick to *The Athenæum*.

## DANIEL O'CONNELL AND BIDDY MORIARTY.

From 'Revelations of Ireland in the Past Generation.'

When Daniel O'Connell was yet a very young man his talent for vituperative language was so great that he was deemed matchless as a scold. There lived in Dublin a cer-

tain woman, Biddy Moriarty by name, who kept a huckster's stall on one of the quays nearly opposite the Four Courts. She was a first-class virago—formidable with both fist and tongue—so that her voluble imputation had become almost proverbial in the country roundabout.

Some of O'Connell's friends thought that he could defeat her with her own weapons, while others ridiculed the idea. The Kerry barrister could not stand this, so he backed himself for a match. Bets were offered, and taken, and it was decided that the matter should be settled at once. So proceeding to the huckster's stall with a few friends, O'Connell commenced the attack on the old lady:

"What is the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?"

"Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is; and what have you to say agin it? and one-and-sixpence's the price of the stick. Troth it's cheap as dirt, so it is."

"One-and-sixpence for a walking-stick; whew! Why, you are no better than an impostor to ask eighteen pence for what cost you two pence."

"Two pence, your grandmother," replied Mrs. Biddy. "Do you mane to say that it's chating the people I am? Impostor, indeed!"

"Ay, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth," rejoined O'Connell.

"Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, you old *diagonal*," cries O'Connell, calmly.

"Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that," cried Mrs. Moriarty, "I'll make you go quicker nor you came."

"Don't be in a passion, my old *radius*—anger will only wrinkle your beauty."

"By the hokey, if you say another word of impudence, I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely common scrub; and sorry I'd be to soil my fists upon your carcass."

"Whew! boys, what a passion old Biddy is in; I protest as I am a gentleman—"

"Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman! Wisha, by gor, that bangs Banager. Why, you potato-faced pippin-sneezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like



you pick enough of common Christian decency to hide your Kerry brogue?"

"Easy now—easy now," cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good humor; "don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whisky-drinking *parallelogram*."

"What's that you call me, you murderin' villain?" roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"I call you," answered O'Connell, "a *parallelogram*; and a Dublin Judge and jury will say that it's no libel to call you so."

"Oh, tare-an-ouns! oh, holy Biddy! that an honest woman like me should be called a *parrybellygrum* to her face. I'm none of your *parrybellygrums*, you rascally gallows bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-lickin' bliggard!"

"Oh, not you, indeed!" retorted O'Connell; "why, I suppose you'll deny that you keep a *hypothénuse* in your house."

"It's a lie for you, you robber; I never had such a thing in my house, you swindling thief."

"Why, sure, all of your neighbors know very well that you keep not only a *hypothénuse*, but that you have two *diameters* locked up in your garret, and that you go out to walk with them every Sunday, you heartless old *heptagon*."

"Oh, hear that, ye saints in glory! Oh, there's bad language from a fellow that wants to pass for a jintleman. May the divil fly away with you, you wicker from Munster, and make celery-sauce of your rotten limbs."

"Ah, you can't deny the charge, you miserable *sub-multiple* of a *duplicate ratio*."

"Go rinse your mouth in the Liffey, you nasty tickle-pitcher; after all the bad words you speak it ought to be filthier than your face, you dirty chicken of Beelzebub."

"Rinse your own mouth, you wicked-minded *polygon*—to the deuce I pitch you, you blustering *intersection* of a strong *superficies*!"

"You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw I'll—" But here she gasped for breath, unable to hawk up any more words, for the last volley of O'Connell had nearly knocked the wind out of her.

"While I have a tongue I'll abuse you, you most inimit-

able *periphery*. Look at her, boys! there she stands—a convicted *perpendicular in petticoats*! There's contamination in her *circumference* and she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you're found out, you *rectilinear-antecedent* and *equiangular* old hag! 'T is with you the devil will fly away, you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection of a vortex*!"

Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he very prudently made a timely retreat.

"You have won the wager, O'Connell, here's your bet," cried the gentleman who had proposed the contest.

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### WILLIAM PITT.

From 'The Chiefs of Parties.'

And now he is again at the Treasury. He gives a look at his office-book, and observes the number of interviews with all manner of people that he has appointed for this day. While looking over it he utters a regret that he has not Pretymann still for private secretary; and while he is making a note in comes William Grenville with a hurried letter from Dr. Willis, from Windsor, written in a more sanguine mood about the king; and their colloquy is interrupted by Dundas, who talks at once of more "ratting" amongst their supporters, but says the Scotch members will be faithful. "I wish we could say the same of 'more important people,'" said Pitt; "for example, Thurlow." The word has scarcely left his lips when the chancellor is announced, and Dundas mutters a Scotch saying in which "the deil" is all that is heard, and soon after Pitt is closeted with one who looks black and bold enough to make us think again of Dundas's proverb. He is indeed "the black-browed phantom" that he was described by Burke, and Pitt thinks of Fox's witty saying that "there never was any man so wise as Thurlow 'looked.'" But calmly and proudly Pitt looks down upon the arch-schemer, while the deep intriguer tries to hide his heart from that penetrating gaze.

Well, they have not broken with each other yet. Thurlow has come to talk about the Irish chancellorship, for Lord Lifford has resigned at last, and Fitzgibbon wants to get it. In a few minutes he departs, and Pitt is forced to select from his crowded antechamber what persons he will see. The first he names is "Bob Smith"—Phœbus! what a name! He is quite a pet of the great statesman, and like most of his favorites he comes from the city—a banker, still residing east of Temple-Bar, but shortly to emerge into a splendid mansion in the Green Park, and wear the sparkling coronet of "Carrington." And next he sees the Irish Fitzgibbon—small in stature, but great in audacity of design—a provincial Thurlow, as towering in arrogance as his English prototype—yet Pitt likes his clear intellect and his ready comprehension of the minister's imperializing views. Then come the thronging deputations from the city—West Indian planters raising an alarm about Wilberforce's plans for abolition, and East Indian merchants with talk about shipping, voyaging, cargoes, excise, Eastern possessions, and all the perplexed business matter on which Pitt's mind rejoices to exercise itself. He is quite happy listening to all their statements: his intuitively logical intellect grasps the relations of their facts to that scheme of commercial empire which is ever and anon recurring to his great teeming brain. Yet he listens without emotion while he is told of the city project of yesterday to purchase him an annuity of three thousand a year in case he should be driven from power.

## RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN.

(1798–1886.)

RICHARD ROBERT MADDEN was born in 1798, and was educated in Dublin. He studied medicine in Paris, Naples (where he met Lady Blessington and her circle), and London. He was zealous in the cause of the negroes in Jamaica and Australia, and later aided the starving peasants in Ireland.

He is best known as the author of 'The United Irishmen, their Lives and Times,' 'The Life and Martyrdom of Savonarola,' 'The Literary Life and Correspondence of the Countess of Blessington,' 'Travels in Turkey,' 'Infirmities of Genius,' and a history of Irish periodical literature.

He was a member of the Royal Irish Academy and of the Society of Medical Science. He died in 1886.

## BYRON AND THE BLESSINGTONS AT GENOA.

From 'Memoirs of the Countess of Blessington.'

The 1st of April, 1823, Lady Blessington's strong desire was gratified—she saw Byron. But the lady was disappointed, and there is reason to believe that the lord, always indisposed abroad to make new acquaintances with his countrymen or women, was on the occasion of this interview taken by surprise, and not so highly gratified by it as might have been expected, when the *agrémens* and personal attractions of the lady are taken into consideration.

Lady Blessington's expression of disappointment has a tincture of asperity in it which is seldom, indeed, to be found in her observations. There are very evident appearances of annoyance of some kind or another in the account given by her of this interview, occasioned either by the reception given her by Byron, or at some eccentricity, or absence of mind, that was unexpected, or apparent want of homage on his part to her beauty or talents on this occasion, to which custom had habituated her.

It must also be observed, that the interview with her ladyship is described as having been sought by Lord Byron. It is more than probable, however, a little ruse was practiced on his lordship to obtain it. It is stated by one who has a good knowledge of all the circumstances of this visit,



that a rainy forenoon was selected for the drive to Byron's villa; that shelter was necessitated, and that necessity furnished a plea for a visit which would not have been without some awkwardness under other circumstances. Lord Blessington, having been admitted at once on presenting himself at Byron's door, was on the point of taking his departure, apologizing for the briefness of the visit on account of Lady Blessington being left in an open carriage in the court-yard, the rain then falling, when Byron immediately insisted on descending with Lord Blessington, and conducting her ladyship into his house.

"When we arrived," says Lady Blessington, "at the gate of the court-yard of the Casa Saluzzo, in the village of Albano, where he resides, Lord Blessington and a *gentleman of our party* left the carriage and sent in their names. They were admitted immediately, and experienced a very cordial reception from Lord Byron, who expressed himself delighted to see his old acquaintance. Byron requested to be presented to me, which led to Lord Blessington's avowing that I was in the carriage at the gate, with my sister. Byron immediately hurried out into the court, and I, who heard the sound of steps, looked through the gate, and beheld him approaching quickly towards the carriage without his hat, considerably in advance of the other two gentlemen."

The visit was a long one; and many questions were asked about old friends and acquaintances. Lady Blessington says Byron expressed warmly, at their departure, the pleasure which the visit had afforded him—and she doubted not his sincerity; not that she would arrogate any merit in her party to account for his satisfaction, but simply because she could perceive that Byron liked to hear news of his old associates, and to pass them *en revue*, pronouncing sarcasms on each as he turned up in conversation.

In a previous notice of this interview, which bears some internal evidence of having been written long after the period it refers to, lamenting over the disappointment she felt at finding her beau ideal of a poet by no means realized, her ladyship observes: "Well, I never will allow myself to form an ideal of any person I desire to see, for disappointment never fails to ensue."

Byron, she admits, had more than usual personal attractions, "but his appearance nevertheless had fallen short of her expectations." There is no commendation, however, without a concomitant effort at depreciation. For example, her ladyship observes, "His laugh is musical, but he rarely indulged in it during our interview; and when he did, it was quickly followed by a graver aspect, as if he liked not this exhibition of hilarity. Were I asked to point out the prominent defect of Byron's manner, I should pronounce it to be a flippancy incompatible with the notion we attach to the author of 'Childe Harold' and 'Manfred,' and a want of self-possession and dignity that ought to characterize a man of birth and genius. Notwithstanding this defect, his manners are very fascinating—more so, perhaps, than if they were dignified; but he is too gay, too flippant for a poet." . . .

Byron and the Blessingtons continued to live on the most intimate terms, we are told by Lady Blessington, during the stay of the latter at Genoa; and that intimacy had such a happy influence on the author of 'Childe Harold,' that he began to abandon his misanthropy. On the other hand, I am assured by the Marquise de Boissy, formerly Countess of Guiccioli, that the number of visits of Byron to Lady Blessington during the entire period of their sojourn in Genoa did not exceed five or six at the utmost, and that Byron was by no means disposed to afford the opportunities that he believed were sought, to enable a lady of a literary turn to write about him. But D'Orsay, she adds, at the first interview, had struck Byron as a person of considerable talent and wonderful acquirements for a man of his age and former pursuits. "Byron from the first liked D'Orsay; he was clever, original, unpretending; he affected to be nothing that he was not."

Byron sat for his portrait to D'Orsay, that portrait which subsequently appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine*, and afterward as a frontispiece of her ladyship's work, 'Conversations with Lord Byron.'

His lordship suffered Lady Blessington to lecture him in prose, and, what was worse, in verse. He endeavored to persuade Lord Blessington to prolong his stay in Genoa, and to take a residence adjoining his own named "Il Paradiso." And a rumor of his intention to take the place for

himself, and some good-natured friend observing "Il diavolo é ancora entrato in Paradiso," his lordship wrote the following lines:

"Beneath Blessington's eyes  
The reclaimed Paradise  
Should be free as the former from evil;  
But if the new Eve  
For an apple should grieve,  
What mortal would not play the devil?"

But the original conceit was not in poetry.

Lady Blessington informed me that, on the occasion of a masked ball to be given in Genoa, Byron stated his intention of going there, and asked her ladyship to accompany him: *en badinant* about the character she was to go in, some one had suggested that of Eve—Byron said, "As some one must play the devil, I will do it." . . .

At length in the early part of June, 1823, the Blessingtons took their departure from Genoa, and Moore tells us how the separation affected Byron:

"On the evening before the departure of his friends, Lord and Lady Blessington, from Genoa, he called upon them for the purpose of taking leave, and sat conversing for some time. He was evidently in low spirits, and after expressing his regret that they should leave Genoa before his own time of sailing, proceeded to speak of his own intended voyage in a tone full of despondence. 'Here,' said he, 'we are all now together; but when, and where, shall we meet again? I have a sort of boding that we see each other for the last time; as something tells me I shall never again return from Greece.' Having continued a little longer in this melancholy strain, he leaned his head upon the arm of the sofa on which they were seated, and, bursting into tears, wept for some minutes, with uncontrollable feeling. Though he had been talking only with Lady Blessington, all who were present in the room observed, and were affected by, his emotion, while he himself, ashamed of his weakness, endeavored to turn off attention from it by some ironical remark, spoken with a sort of hysterical laugh, upon the effects of nervousness. He had, previous to this conversation, presented to each of the party some little farewell gift—a book to one, a print from his bust by Bartolini to another, and to Lady Blessington

a copy of his Armenian Grammar, which had some manuscript remarks of his own on the leaves. In now parting with her, having begged, as a memorial, some trifle which she had worn, the lady gave him one of her rings; in return for which he took a pin from his breast, containing a small cameo of Napoleon, which he said had long been his companion. The next day Lady Blessington received from him the following note:

“ ‘ ALBARO, June 2, 1823.

“ ‘ My dear Lady Blessington,—I am *superstitious*, and have recollected that memorials with a *point* are of less fortunate augury; I will, therefore, request you to accept, instead of the *pin*, the enclosed chain, which is of so slight a value that you need not hesitate. As you wished for something *worn*, I can only say that it has been *worn* oftener and longer than the other. It is of Venetian manufacture, and the only peculiarity about it is that it could only be obtained at or from Venice. At Genoa they have none of the same kind. I also enclose a ring, which I would wish *Alfred* to keep; it is too large to *wear*; but it is formed of lava, and so far adapted to the fire of his years and character. You will perhaps have the goodness to acknowledge the receipt of this note, and send back the pin (for good luck's sake), which I shall value much more for having been a night in your custody.

“ ‘ Ever faithfully your obliged, etc.

“ ‘ P. S. I hope your *nerves* are well to-day, and will continue to flourish.’ ” . . .

In 1828, again at Genoa, Lady Blessington, alluding to Byron's death, writes: “ I sat on the chair where I had formerly been seated next him; looking from the window whence he had pointed out a beautiful view; and listened to Mr. Barry's graphic description of the scene, when, becalmed in the Gulf of Genoa, the day he sailed for Greece, he returned and walked through the rooms of his deserted dwelling, filled with melancholy forebodings. He had hoped to have found in it *her* whom he was destined never more to behold—that fair and young Italian lady, the Countess Guiccioli—whose attachment to him had triumphed over every sentiment of prudence and interest, and by its devotion and consistency half reduced its sin. But



she, overwhelmed by grief at the sad parting, had been placed in a traveling carriage while almost in a state of insensibility, and was journeying toward Bologna, little conscious that he whom she would have given all she possessed on earth to see once more was looking on the chamber she had left and the flowers she had loved, his mind filled with a presentiment that they should never meet again.

*"Such is one of the bitter consequences resulting from the violation of ties never severed without retribution."*

## WILLIAM K. MAGEE (JOHN EGLINTON).

MR. MAGEE is a native of Dublin and is the son of an Irish Protestant clergyman who died recently. He was born about the year 1869 and was educated at the High School in his native city, where he was a class-fellow of W. B. Yeats. His collegiate course in Trinity College was a distinguished and brilliant one and he is now one of the assistant librarians of the National Library, Dublin.

His writings have chiefly appeared in *The United Irishman*, a paper which takes a keen interest in the present Irish revival. His first book, whose clearness and thoughtfulness attracted much attention, was 'Two Essays on the Remnant,' 1896; more recently he has published more essays under the title of 'Pebbles from the Brook,' 1902.

### WHAT IS THE REMNANT?

From 'Two Essays on the Remnant.'

A great literary period such as the nineteenth century opens with a joyous outburst of song, individual life rising buoyant on the wave of national life, and a few glad voices cresting with utterance the secular movement. Such voices were Goethe and Schiller in Germany; Wordsworth, Shelley, and others, in England. A studious lull ensues, and then comes a period of a more varied and ampler utterance, distinguished not alone by that early enthusiasm but enriched and enlarged through the ensuing interval of general culture: this is the period of art and criticism, still upborne on the flowing tide of national life; in the Victorian era it has been the period of the idyll, the essay, the novel. At present we see that taking place which has taken place at the close of all similar epochs—the Periclean, the Augustan. The tide of national life sets to ebb, and the general impulse of development subsiding with it, idealists inevitably divide into two classes—those who content themselves with maintaining a decadent literature, art, and science, and those who feel prompted to perpetuate the onward impulse in their own individual lives.

If in the previous epoch individual life finds ample scope in culture, observation, and production, it now casts about to discover and further in itself a power which will enable it to live in and by itself. It is an aspiration which may

bring inarticulateness and ineffectuality into the lives of those who embrace it; but such as it is, it is a real thing, an innate impulse of the mind, and the few who elect to live by it are alone fulfilling the conditions of existence at that point of time. Those who do so are the Remnant.

They are not unhappy, as the conventional suppose, but happy as those who are in love or fulfilling nature's purposes in any other way. The inheritor of nineteenth century culture seeks in his better moments no further inducement than that questioning impulse which works in his mind, as it worked in the minds of the Stoic inheritors of Greek and Roman culture. This it is with which he shall go forth and conquer. Behind him falls away the latest efflorescence of art and song, but in his seeming rejection of it he carries its seed into the future, the potentiality of new intellectual eras: for here is the paradox of the situation, that with this Remnant, which seems to cut itself adrift from all progress, the eternal cell of human progress is lodged. Cast off, as it were, from the parent stem, fertilization ensues in the individual mind through that which Plato described as the assimilation of truth: "What birth is to existence, belief is to truth." So surely as there is an epoch of utterance, of imagination, of culture, it is followed by one of assimilation, asceticism, belief. Ideas which in the previous epoch have been adequately manifested and expressed in art and criticism begin then to take on the nature and semblance of doctrine, and the terms of religion which relate to a radical change in personality come into force: "Ye have sown, now you must reap;" "If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them." The impulse of criticism, to see things as in themselves they really are, yields, when satisfied, to contemplation, which aspires to receive into the individual life the irrefragable and immortal quality of ideas themselves.

And yet our doctrine of a Chosen People, for whom the time is come that they should go forth into the wilderness and build the City of God, may appear, to say the least of it, a little crude. It might be thought that the existence of a Chosen People, of a tribe of idealists, in the heart of civilization, is an unmixed advantage for both it and them: that they, on their side, find there material on which to operate, stuff with which to cope, while, on the other side,

the State is continually renovated and quickened through the abode within it of such a tribe. And up to a certain point this is true. The ripening in a nation of the children of light to a Chosen People is the ripening too of that nation. When wisdom and foresight appear in a citizen he inevitably becomes, like Joseph, the adviser of Pharaoh.

And literature—what conceivable reason is there for its existence but the elevation of mankind? It is indeed no mean advantage for a State to have a Milton or a Bacon among its citizens. Whatever of grace and of spiritual impulse appears in a State, springs from the abode within it of a Chosen People. Yet there comes a time when the Chosen People and the State, if either are to fulfill the conditions of their existence, must take different ways—when Moses, or in our own time Thoreau, Whitman, Tolstoi, and others, appear, to call them forth to build in the wilderness the City of God. That is the period when the external application of ideas is become impossible, when the progress of the State comes to a standstill, when all development is individual and a Remnant is formed. Come forth, say then these prophets, you that believe or have good hope, ye have sown, now you must reap! Come forth, you that are quickened with that most ancient and most modern faculty by which men enjoy *themselves*! As your strength languishes without toil, so your wills languish without belief? Come forth and inherit your ideas, and live the great life beneath sun and moon!

In the present case it was less Pharaoh who would not let the Chosen People go than the Chosen People who have wished to remain. For whereas up to this, idealists had followed their proper task mostly for their private gratification and as a paragon—and even that, a little earlier, with one eye on the stake and the torture-chamber—there was now, as one result of the French Revolution, a huge demand created for ideas themselves all the world over. And whereas in Egypt the Chosen People had shown an available dexterity in brick-making, it was now mainly their skill in writing for which a use was found: a facility of theirs which has been found to fit in so well that in the course of the century they have been taking over almost all the literary work which crops up in an advanced stage of civilization. The pen indeed seems to grow to the hand



of an idealist, to carry his slender finger like an Arab horseman over the silent plains of foolscap. Take any one else and set him down to write: he will botch and hesitate where your born literary man, in a trice, will have whipped his thoughts into their due places, as if really thoughts were the material with which nature had best fitted him to cope. And in an age when facilities count for so much, this facility of the literary man with thoughts has suggested to those powers who control the reins of affairs, the withdrawal of him from tasks which others can do as well as he—brick-making and so on—and special licensing of him, as it were, to work according to his aptitude *in thoughts*, under wisely concessive supervision: to mold verses and build the lofty rhyme according to his liking.

In this capacity, then, of thought-artisans, or, speaking generally, artists and critics, it is that the chosen people have remained within the civil jurisdiction, and gradually swollen to what we have called that curiously situated class of Literary Men, who, in virtue of the dexterity described, and the ever-increasing demand for it, have been advanced from point to point of honor and influence, while remaining as they started a class subservient to alien interests. What though Pharaoh is greater on his throne, has he not said, According unto your word shall all my people be ruled? Thus amid the stress of a ruder and a noisier commerce do the idealists ply their trade in the heart of civilization, conforming the methods of their own with those of the other, and forgetting the austere delights of the wilderness in the solace of fine linen and a golden chain.

What is the essential difference between work and slavery? While we belong by our sympathies to a community, not the most menial task set us to the end of the general advantage can be called slavery. When our occupation is a manual drudgery imposed upon us without our consent, that is no doubt a form of slavery, but the mind can rise above it and even turn it to account, as did Epicurus. So long as the body labors for itself and for the mind, that is work. Once the mind consents to labor for the body, that is slavery. And it is the mind whose service conventional life requires—that faculty of original thought, at the center of each man's nature, which alone

utilizes all that the five senses bring him in and which alone makes it worth his while to be alive.

The case, so far as Literary Men are concerned, lies thus. Just as every man is born into the world with a certain amount of capacity for working with his hands, so is a certain capacity for thinking for himself implanted in the mind of each man, which it was the original intention of nature that he should develop. But just as the child of fortunate parents is not threatened with the alternative of manual labor or starvation, so the mind need not nowadays acquire ideas for itself in order to ward off vacuity. For here comes in the function of idealists—to minister intellectual interests in all kinds of ingenious ways to an unbelieving public: since indeed, under no conditions, must man live by bread alone.

And he who, rather than any other, may be likened to Joseph in Egypt, as having by reason of his prosperity become indirectly the cause of the captivity of his brethren, was Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, the artist. Not that he was an artist in the elder and absolute sense of the word in which Milton or Michael Angelo were artists, who put themselves, and not their dead selves, into their works; yet in connection with art his name is all-important, as that of one who discovered, at a time when the atmosphere of Europe was unduly charged with ideas, and threatened to enter the life of each man with disastrous consequences to society, the vast capacities of art as an absorbent medium. He was nothing less than the Franklin of idealism, whose discovery withdrew the excess of ideas from the air, and made them, what they had scarcely been before, agents of civilization. Plato, where he defines what he terms belief as being to truth what birth is to existence, indicates an identification on the part of each man with his ideas which has a strange, old-world sound to people like us, who can hold, in virtue of the imaginative reason, all ideas in turn without attaching ourselves to any.

In a word, Goethe inaugurated the method of St. Beuve as contrasted with that of St. Paul. And as Joseph, whatever subsequent miseries were traceable to his prosperity in Egypt, remains to this day one of the glories of Israel, so must Goethe remain forever one of the glories of idealism. We have ourselves made a pilgrimage to his labor-

atory in the peacefully laid out old town of Weimar, at that season when the year has rolled back its Autumnal mists and fruitfulness and the summer-dried roads are bright with dust under glooming skies—a square and self-sufficient mansion, with posterior gardens, standing back by itself in an open and elevated space. Disturbed only by the presence of a government official (who seemed to feel himself identified with at least Goethe's ideas), we stood in that small sanctum where, morning after morning, those powerful and luminous eyes, directed upon the tablet, drew the great ideas of the world to incarnate themselves thereon before them. Into this quiet little chamber came the restless and swarming ideas which had lately seemed to cloud all the plains of Europe under their wings and minister ecliptic darkness to the performance of evil deeds: they came and were compelled within the magic inclosures of 'Wilhelm Meister,' of 'Faust,' which the master had drawn on his desk. They came to him out of every land and out of every clime, ideas which had dwelt richly in the Greek mind, which had illuminated the dark faces of Hebrew seers, which had obsessed heretics to their doom. And when his memoirs came to be written and the secrets of his laboratory more or less transpired, it was found that he had used no other magic instrument than that of perfect physical well-being; and if at times the ignobilities incident to life, the breath of the gray east wind, or mere humor remaining over from an indiscretion of diet, dulled its edge, he could yield without any uncouth or pathetic struggle, and acknowledge the elder powers of time and fate. He associated young Schiller with himself as apprentice, or Zaublerlehrling, and the work went forward briskly under their joint partnership: a glorious concern, which made of quiet little Weimar the very chief emporium of ideas in Europe. Out of their mere surplus, the two illustrious partners faced round on their contemporaries and amused themselves, like young men who fling hot pennies to the rabble, with discharging their desirable ideas, in form of epigrams, on people who had none.

A glorious time they had of it, tasting here on earth the life of gods. And when at last Goethe died—his worn-out apprentice long since under the sod—insatiate to the last of the common sunlight, and bequeathed his intellectual

fortunes to the artists (had he had his will he would have bequeathed unto them the kingdom of heaven!), it seemed indeed as though, by the establishment in each nation of a community of efficient idealists, the consummations of the promised land would not exclude the generousities of the flesh-pots of Egypt: as though that civilization which had made Goethe chief councilor would surrender its blind hand to the children of light, and suffer art to lead it into those new heavens and new earth of which our own Wordsworth and Shelley had caught a glimpse. But yet a little while, and the flood-tide which had upborne Goethe and Schiller had begun to ebb. Civilization parts off with its own concerns and its own huge problems, and idealists remain where the flood-tide has raised them. Or shall they sink with it? Many will no doubt elect to do so, and become to Goethe and Schiller what Silius Italicus and Statius became to Horace and Vergil, ministering with an ever-dwindling imaginative reason to the requirements of civilization. For the rest—the Remnant—nothing remains but to discover a motive for existence within themselves, to search for the promised land of believers.

As with a thousand articles of small ware—puppets, engravings, pencils, and what not—so the best thoughts may still be said to bear the impress, “made in Germany.” They are made there out of the carcasses of old books, in a way somewhat like that which Vergil divulges for the manufacture of bees. Germany itself remains as passive as a bee-hive to the in- and outgoings of its air-born swarms, which fly humming in large numbers thence into the more honied plains of other lands, and sojourn beneath alien sycamores. If you would know how beautifully pedantry plays into the hands of poetry, go to one of the thought-raising districts of Germany, look down from the neighboring border of the forest upon a university town, and watch the lights come out at nightfall around the citadel, like spring primroses. At that hour the professors are leaving the libraries each with his day’s gleanings put by securely in his note-book: two or three thoughts of the best quality disentangled patiently from tradition and ready for use. Where do they all go to? Well, a child might ask the same question of the constant grimy yield of northern England: his parent only wonders how New-



castle can warm so many hearths. So the wonder here is, how these quiet little places should be equal to the demand of idealists all the world over. The prosperity of England is largely due to its extraordinary supply of coals, and England is called *schmutzig* by Germany, whose national trade leaves it at least cleaner hands. Yet, to a thoughtful mind, the coal-trade of England and the ideal-trade of Germany excite analogous misgivings. Paradoxes, shreds of reading, and dry sticks fagoted, employed by the Chosen People, at work in each nation, in defect of the aboriginal and plastic idea, begin to suggest some of those shifts to which Israel was reduced in Egypt when it became necessary to produce bricks without straw.

Make haste, therefore, ye Remnant, and begone! Be assured that the wave which still floats you in prosperity will recede, as it has done again and yet again, so far back into history as our documents afford us a glimpse! Take your occasion, and be not found in the receding of the wave! Threatening times are behind, when the State, which now tolerates and caresses you and arrays some of you in fine linen, must remember that, after all, it *is* the State, and that if it is to deal effectively with difficulties and dangers which, after all, concern itself alone, it must draw itself together and clear of you, and go down, unbroken and resigned, in the great relapse.

## WILLIAM MAGINN.

(1794—1842.)

DR. MAGINN was born in Cork, July, 1794, and was educated in his father's private school in that city. At the age of ten Maginn was a prodigy of learning. He entered Trinity College when quite young and was graduated in 1811 with distinction. In the same year he returned to Cork for the purpose of assisting his father. When Maginn was little over twenty his father died and he filled his place.

He was school-mastering in Cork when he began contributing to *Blackwood's* those sketches in which Cork people were not slow to recognize themselves. To Mr. Blackwood he was only "Mr. Scott." One day he presented himself at the office of the magazine and desired in a broad Irish brogue to see Mr. Blackwood. "On being closeted together," writes Dr. Moir, "Mr. Blackwood thought to himself, as he afterward informed me, 'Here at last is one of the wild Irishmen, and come for no good purpose, doubtless.'"

"'You are Mr. Blackwood, I presume,' said the stranger.

"'I am,' answered that gentleman.

"'I have rather unpleasant business with you, regarding some things which appeared in your magazine. They are—so and so. Would you be so kind as to give me the name of the author?'

"'That requires consideration,' said Mr. Blackwood, 'and I must first be satisfied that—'

"'Your correspondent resides in Cork, doesn't he? You need not make any mystery about that.'

"'I decline at present,' said Mr. B., 'giving any information on that head, before I know more of this business—of your purpose—and who you are.'

"'You are very shy, sir,' said the stranger. 'I thought you corresponded with Mr. Scott of Cork,' mentioning the assumed name under which the doctor had hitherto communicated with the magazine.

"'I beg to decline giving any information on that subject,' was the response of Mr. Blackwood.

"'If you don't know him, then,' sputtered out the stranger, 'perhaps—perhaps you could know your own handwriting,' at the same time producing a packet of letters from his pocket. 'You need not deny your correspondence with that gentleman—I am that gentleman.'

"Such was the whimsical introduction of Dr. Maginn to Mr. Blackwood, and after a cordial shake of the hand and a hearty laugh the pair were in a few minutes up to the elbows in friendship."

He married in 1823, and shortly afterward gave up his school and removed to London.

"Maginn began his London career under brilliant auspices," says Sir Richard Garnett in 'The Dictionary of National Biography.' "His connection with *Blackwood's* and the *Literary Gazette* recom-



*William Maginn*

WILLIAM MAGINN





mended him to Murray, who thought for a time of intrusting him with the biography of Byron, who must soon have discovered that Maginn wanted the first qualification of a biographer, interest in his subject. Murray nevertheless enlisted him in his abortive journalistic enterprise, *The Representative*, but Maginn, according to an anecdote related by S. C. Hall and confirmed by an allusion in a letter from Lockhart, speedily incurred disgrace by yielding to what was becoming his besetting failing of intemperance. He was sent off to Paris as foreign correspondent, 'but,' says Dr. Smiles, 'proved better at borrowing money than writing articles.' He was brought back as editor of the lighter portion of the paper at £700 (\$3,500) a year, and is accused of having hastened its inevitable catastrophe by imprudent paragraphs.

"While in Paris he had begun a novel apparently more serious and elaborate than usual with him, which David Macbeth Moir, to whom the chapters were shown by Blackwood, considered 'full of power, originality, and interest.' It was never completed, and appears to be lost. Returning to England, he became joint editor of *The Standard* along with Dr. Stanley Lees Giffard, a position which would have insured him a competence but for the unfortunate habits, which not only destroyed his health and his means, but overstrained the forbearance and confidence of his creditors. His powers, nevertheless, were still unimpaired, as he proved by an irresistibly grotesque and delightfully absurd extravaganza, 'Whitehall, or the Days of George IV.,' 1827, and a singular contrast, the dignified and impressive story of 'The City of the Demons,' in *The Literary Souvenir* in the following year. It was intended as the forerunner of a series of rabbinical tales which never appeared. Maginn's editorial connection with *The Standard* does not seem to have been of long duration, and it was probably upon its termination that he formed a less reputable and more permanent one with *The Age*, then edited by the notorious C. M. Westmacott.

"The suspension for some unexplained reason of his contributions to *Blackwood's* in 1828 left him free for the most memorable of his undertakings, the establishment of *Fraser's Magazine* in 1830. Having allied himself with Hugh Fraser, a clever Bohemian of the day, from whom, and not from the publisher, the magazine received its appellation, Maginn walked with his confederate into the shop of James Fraser, produced a quantity of manuscript ready for the printer, and arranged on the spot for the appearance of the periodical. The first three or four numbers were principally from Maginn's pen, but he never acted as editor. The new magazine was in the main an imitation of *Blackwood's*, whose characteristic features it equaled or surpassed; but the junction of Carlyle, Thackeray, and other men of genius soon gave it an independent character, and for many years it stood decidedly at the head of English monthlies.

"None of its features, probably, was more generally popular than Maginn's 'Gallery of Literary Characters,' where his humorous letter-press, made incisive by the necessity of condensation, kept pace with Maclise's perfectly inimitable sketches, enough of caricatures to be laughable, enough of portraits to be valuable memorials of the persons depicted. Maginn here wrote at his best; his paro-

dies of Disraeli and Carlyle are especially excellent. His deliberate unfairness to political and literary adversaries passed unnoticed, if not applauded, at a time of violent excitement. 'The Fraserians' and the 'Report on *Fraser's Magazine*' were also remarkable contributions; others, though even more amusing, were founded on practical jokes which a man of refined feeling would not have permitted himself.

"Resuming his connection with *Blackwood's* in 1834, he wrote for it 'The Story without a Tail,' and his masterpiece in humorous fiction, 'Bob Burke's Duel with Ensign Brady.' In 1836 his attack—credibly stated to have been written in an hour in Fraser's back parlors, 'when the whole party were heated with wine'—upon the Hon. Grantley Berkeley's worthless novel of 'Berkeley Castle' led to a most brutal assault upon the publisher by the exasperated author, and to a duel between him and Maginn, in which shots were thrice exchanged without effect."

The following year, 1837, is indicated by Maginn's biographers as the commencement of his decadence, when his constitution began to yield to the effects of prolonged dissipation and his embarrassments amounted to absolute bankruptcy. His literary talent, nevertheless, for a time showed no sign of decay. Drawing upon the stores of erudition which he must have accumulated while yet at Cork, he produced about this time his mock review of Southey's 'Doctor,' justly described by Professor Bates as "a farrago of Rabelaisian wit and learning," and his three essays on the 'Learning of Shakespeare,' "brilliant in treatment and discursive in illustration," says the same critic, "though leaving Farmer's essay where it found it." The pleasantness of Maginn's disquisition is somewhat marred by his aggressive tone toward his predecessor, and the unfounded notion under which he seems to labor, that ignorance of the classics was imputed to Shakespeare as a defect. He also contributed essays on Shakespeare as well as other articles to *Bentley's Miscellany*, the prologue to which was written by him. In 1838 he began to publish in *Fraser's* his 'Homeric Ballads,' versified episodes from the *Odyssey*, whose value depends entirely upon the point of view from which they are regarded. As exercises in the ballad style of poetry they are exceedingly clever, and justify Matthew Arnold's characterization of them as "genuine poems"; but if intended as restorations of the genuine spirit of Homer, they deserve all the withering scorn heaped upon them by the same critic as dismal perversions of the Homeric spirit. They certainly served to explode the conception of Homer as a kind of Greek "Blind Harry." If this service on Maginn's part was unintentional, it must be admitted that his notes display much scholarship and much acuteness. They were considerably abridged when the 'Ballads' were published separately in 1850, and the editor also allowed himself liberties with the text.

A much more successful though less known experiment followed in 1839; a series of reproductions of Lucian's Dialogues in the form of blank-verse comedies. Here the tone throughout is most felicitous, but the general effect was too refined for the average reader; and while the 'Homeric Ballads' have been reprinted and much

discussed, the Lucianic comediettas have disappeared without leaving a trace, except Peacock's manifest imitation in his version of the 'Querolus.' It is even said that some were returned to him by the publisher of the magazine, a liberty which Fraser would not have presumed to take a few years before. Maginn was evidently going down. The death of L. E. Landon, over whose life he had, inadvertently or otherwise, thrown so deep a shadow, is said to have occasioned him intense grief. He wrote more than ever in *The Age* and *Argus*, and compromised what little character for consistency he possessed by contributing at the same time to the radical *True Sun*, and eventually gave the full measure of his political cynicism in the 'Tobias Correspondence' in *Blackwood's*, which he declared to contain "the whole art and mystery of editing a newspaper."

This clever production was written while hiding from bailiffs in a garret in Wych Street. His circumstances were indeed desperate; he had broken with Fraser; the Conservatives, perhaps on account of his connection with disreputable journalists, refused to assist him by place or pension; private aid from the King of Hanover, Sir Robert Peel, Lockhart, Thackeray, and others proved insufficient; thrown into a debtor's prison, he was compelled to obtain his discharge as an insolvent, and emerged broken-hearted and in an advanced stage of consumption. He retired to Walton-on-Thames, where he died Aug. 21, 1842. His last moments should have been cheered by a munificent donation of £100 (\$500) from Sir Robert Peel, but there is reason to believe that this was never communicated to him. Lockhart wrote his epitaph in lines whose superficial burlesque cannot conceal their real feeling. Two years afterward 'John Manesty,' a novel of Liverpool life in the eighteenth century, was published in his name by his widow, with a dedication to Lockhart. Editorship and dedication should insure its genuineness, but it is utterly unworthy of his powers, and, though illustrated by Cruikshank, has fallen into total oblivion.

Dr. Maginn's learning was almost past belief. German, Italian, French, and Spanish he could speak and write fluently, and he rhymed in Greek and Latin as easily as in English.

'Maginn's Miscellanies' were published in New York (1855-57) in five volumes, edited by Dr. Shelton Mackenzie, as follows: Vols. I. and II. contain 'The O'Doherty Papers,' Vol. III. 'The Shakespeare Papers,' Vol. IV. 'The Homeric Ballads,' Vol. V. 'The Fraserian Papers,' with a life of the author.

## BOB BURKE'S DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY.

HOW BOB BURKE, AFTER CONSULTATION WITH WOODEN-LEG  
WADDY, FOUGHT THE DUEL WITH ENSIGN BRADY FOR THE  
SAKE OF MISS THEODOSIA MACNAMARA.

"At night I had fallen asleep fierce in the determination  
of exterminating Brady; but with the morrow, cool reflec-



tion came—made probably cooler by the aspersion I had suffered. How could I fight him when he had never given me the slightest affront? To be sure, picking a quarrel is not hard, thank God, in any part of Ireland; but unless I was quick about it he might get so deep into the good graces of Dosy, who was inflammable as tinder, that even my shooting him might not be of any practical advantage to myself. Then, besides, he might shoot me; and, in fact, I was not by any means so determined in the affair at seven o'clock in the morning as I was at twelve o'clock at night. I got home, however, dressed, shaved, etc., and turned out. 'I think,' said I to myself, 'the best thing I can do is to go and consult Wooden-leg Waddy; and, as he is an early man, I shall catch him now.' The thought was no sooner formed than executed; and in less than five minutes I was walking with Wooden-leg Waddy in his garden, at the back of his house, by the banks of the Blackwater.

"Waddy had been in the Hundred-and-First, and had seen much service in that distinguished corps."

"I remember it well during the war," said Anthony Harrison, "we used to call it the Hungry-and-Worst;—but it did its duty on a pinch nevertheless."

"No matter," continued Burke, "Waddy had served a good deal, and lost his leg somehow, for which he had a pension besides his half-pay, and he lived in ease and affluence among the Bucks of Mallow. He was a great hand at settling and arranging duels, being what we generally call in Ireland a *judgmatical* sort of a man—a word which, I think, might be introduced with advantage into the English vocabulary. When I called on him, he was smoking his meerschaum, as he walked up and down his garden in an old undress coat, and a fur cap on his head. I bade him good morning, to which salutation he answered by a nod, and a more prolonged whiff.

"'I want to speak to you, Wooden-leg,' said I, 'on a matter which nearly concerns me.' On which I received another nod, and another whiff in reply.

"'The fact is,' said I, 'that there is an Ensign Brady of the 48th quartered here, with whom I have some reason to be angry, and I am thinking of calling him out. I have come to ask your advice whether I should do so or not. He has deeply injured me by interfering between me and



the girl of my affections. What ought I to do in such a case?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But the difficulty is this—he has offered me no affront, direct or indirect—we have no quarrel whatever—and he has not paid any addresses to the lady. He and I have scarcely been in contact at all. I do not see how I can manage it immediately with any propriety. What then can I do now?'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'Still these are the facts of the case. He, whether intentionally or not, is coming between me and my mistress, which is doing me an injury perfectly equal to the grossest insult. How should I act?'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But then I fear if I were to call him out on a groundless quarrel, or one which would appear to be such, that I should lose the good graces of the lady, and be laughed at by my friends, or set down as a quarrelsome and dangerous companion.'

"'Do not fight him, by any means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'Yet as he is a military man, he must know enough of the etiquette of these affairs to feel perfectly confident that he has affronted me; and the opinion of a military man, standing in the rank and position of a gentleman, could not be overlooked without disgrace.'

"'Fight him, by all means,' said Wooden-leg Waddy.

"'But then, talking of gentlemen, I own he is an officer of the 48th, but his father is a fish-tackle seller in John Street, Kilkenny, who keeps a three-halfpenny shop where you may buy everything from a cheese to a cheese-toaster, from a felt hat to a pair of brogues, from a pound of brown soap to a yard of huckaback towels. He got his commission by his father's retiring from the Ormonde interest, and acting as whipper-in to the sham freeholders from Castlecomer; and I am, as you know, of the best blood of the Burkes—straight from the De Burgos themselves—and when I think of that I really do not like to meet this Mr. Brady.'

“‘Do not fight him, by any means,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy.”

“This advice of your friend Waddy to you,” said Tom Meggot, interrupting Burke, “much resembles that which Pantagruel gave Panurge on the subject of his marriage, as I heard a friend of mine, Percy of Gray’s Inn, reading to me the other day.”

“I do not know the people you speak of,” continued Bob, “but such was the advice which Waddy gave me.

“‘Why,’ said I, ‘Wooden-leg, my friend, this is like playing battledore and shuttlecock; what is knocked forward with one hand is knocked back with the other. Come, tell me what I ought to do.’

“‘Well,’ said Wooden-leg, taking the meerschaum out of his mouth, ‘*in dubiis suspice*, etc. Let us decide it by tossing a halfpenny. If it comes down *head*, you fight—if *harp*, you do not. Nothing can be fairer.’

“I assented.

“‘Which,’ said he, ‘is it to be—two out of three, as at Newmarket, or the first toss to decide?’

“‘Sudden death,’ said I, ‘and there will soon be an end of it.’

“Up went the halfpenny, and we looked with anxious eyes for its descent, when, unluckily, it stuck in a gooseberry bush.

“‘I don’t like that,’ said Wooden-leg Waddy, ‘for it’s a token of bad luck. But here goes again.’

“Again the copper soared to the sky, and down it came—*head*.

“‘I wish you joy, my friend,’ said Waddy, ‘you are to fight. That was my opinion all along, though I did not like to commit myself. I can lend you a pair of the most beautiful dueling pistols ever put into a man’s hand—Wogden’s, I swear. The last time they were out they shot Joe Brown of Mount Badger as dead as Harry the Eighth.’

“‘Will you be my second?’ said I.

“‘Why, no,’ replied Wooden-leg, ‘I cannot; for I am bound over by a rascally magistrate to keep the peace, because I barely broke the head of a blackguard bailiff, who came here to serve a writ on a friend of mine, with one of my spare legs. But I can get you a second at once. My nephew, Major Mug, has just come to me on a few days’

visit, and, as he is quite idle, it will give him some amusement to be your second. Look up at his bedroom—you see he is shaving himself.’

“In a short time the Major made his appearance, dressed with a most military accuracy of costume. There was not a speck of dust on his well-brushed blue surtout—not a vestige of hair, except the regulation whiskers, on his closely-shaven countenance. His hat was brushed to the most glossy perfection—his boots shone in the jetty glow of Day and Martin. There was scarcely an ounce of flesh on his hard and weather-beaten face, and, as he stood rigidly upright, you would have sworn that every sinew and muscle of his body was as stiff as whipcord. He saluted us in military style, and was soon put in possession of the case. Wooden-leg Waddy insinuated that there were hardly as yet grounds for a duel.

“‘I differ,’ said Major Mug, ‘decidedly—the grounds are ample. I never saw a clearer case in my life, and I have been principal or second in seven-and-twenty. If I collect your story rightly, Mr. Burke, he gave you an abrupt answer in the field, which was highly derogatory to the lady in question, and impertinently rude to yourself?’

“‘He certainly,’ said I, ‘gave me what we call a short answer; but I did not notice it at the time, and he has since made friends with the young lady.’

“‘It matters nothing,’ observed Major Mug, ‘what you may think or she may think. The business is now in *my* hands, and I must see you through it. The first thing to be done is to write him a letter. Send out for paper—let it be gilt-edged, Waddy—that we may do the thing genteelly. I’ll dictate, Mr. Burke, if you please.’

“And so he did. As well as I can recollect the note was as follows:—

“‘SPA WALK, MALLOW, June 3, 18—.

Eight o’clock in the morning.

“‘Sir,—A desire for harmony and peace, which has at all times actuated my conduct, prevented me, yesterday, from asking you the meaning of the short and contemptuous message which you commissioned me to deliver to a certain young lady of our acquaintance, whose name I do not choose to drag into a correspondence. But now that

there is no danger of its disturbing any one, I must say that in your desiring me to tell that young lady she might consider herself as d——d, you were guilty of conduct highly unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman, and subversive of the discipline of the hunt. I have the honor to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,

“ ‘ROBERT BURKE.

“ ‘P. S.—This note will be delivered to you by my friend Major Mug, of the 3d West Indian; and you will, I trust, see the propriety of referring him to another gentleman without further delay.’

“ ‘That, I think, is neat,’ said the Major. ‘Now, seal it with wax, Mr. Burke, with wax—and let the seal be your arms. That’s right. Now, direct it.’

“ ‘Ensign Brady?’

“ ‘No—no—the right thing would be, “Mr. Brady, Ensign, 48th Foot,” but custom allows, “Esquire.” That will do.—“Thady Brady, Esq., Ensign, 48th Foot, Barracks, Mallow.” He shall have it in less than a quarter of an hour.’

“The Major was as good as his word, and in about half an hour he brought back the result of his mission. The Ensign, he told us, was extremely reluctant to fight, and wanted to be off on the ground that he had meant no offense, did not even remember having used the expression, and offered to ask the lady if she conceived for a moment he had any idea of saying anything but what was complimentary to her.

“ ‘In fact,’ said the Major, ‘he at first plumply refused to fight; but I soon brought him to reason. Sir,’ said I, ‘you either consent to fight or refuse to fight. In the first case the thing is settled to hand, and we are not called upon to inquire if there was an affront or not; in the second case, your refusal to comply with a gentleman’s request is, of itself, an offense for which he has a right to call you out. Put it, then, on any grounds, you must fight him. It is perfectly indifferent to me what the grounds may be; and I have only to request the name of your friend, as I too much respect the coat you wear to think that there can be any other alternative.’ This brought the chap to his senses, and he referred me to Captain Codd, of



his own regiment, at which I felt much pleased, because Codd is an intimate friend of my own, he and I having fought a duel three years ago in Falmouth, in which I lost the top of this little finger, and he his left whisker. It was a near touch. He is as honorable a man as ever paced a ground; and I am sure that he will no more let his man off the field until business is done than I would myself.'

"I own," continued Burke, "I did not half relish this announcement of the firm purpose of our seconds; but I was in for it, and could not get back. I sometimes thought Dosy a dear purchase at such an expense, but it was no use to grumble. Major Mug was sorry to say that there was a review to take place immediately, at which the Ensign must attend, and it was impossible for him to meet me until the evening; 'but,' added he, 'at this time of the year it can be of no great consequence. There will be plenty of light till nine, but I have fixed *seven*. In the meantime, you may as well divert yourself with a little pistol practice, but do it on the sly, as, if they were shabby enough to have a trial, it would not tell well before the jury.'

"Promising to take a quiet chop with me at five, the Major retired, leaving me not quite contented with the state of affairs. I sat down and wrote a letter to my cousin, Phil Purdon of Kanturk, telling him what I was about, and giving directions what was to be done in the case of any fatal event. I communicated to him the whole story—deplored my unhappy fate in being thus cut off in the flower of my youth—left him three pair of buckskin breeches—and repented my sins. This letter I immediately packed off by a special messenger, and then began half-a-dozen others, of various styles of tenderness and sentimentality, to be delivered after my melancholy decease. The day went off fast enough, I assure you; and at five the Major and Wooden-leg Waddy arrived in high spirits.

"'Here, my boy,' said Waddy, handing me the pistols, 'here are the flutes; and pretty music, I can tell you, they make.'

"'As for dinner,' said Major Mug, 'I do not much care; but, Mr. Burke, I hope it is ready, as I am rather hungry. We must dine lightly, however, and drink not much. If we

come off with flying colors we may crack a bottle together by-and-by; in case you shoot Brady, I have everything arranged for our keeping out of the way until the thing blows over—if he shoot you, I'll see you buried. Of course, you would not recommend anything so ungenteel as a prosecution. No. I'll take care it shall all appear in the papers, and announce that Robert Burke, Esq., met his death with becoming fortitude, assuring the unhappy survivor that he heartily forgave him, and wished him health and happiness.'

"'I must tell you,' said Wooden-leg Waddy, 'it's all over Mallow, and the whole town will be on the ground to see it. Miss Dosy knows of it, and is quite delighted—she says she will certainly marry the survivor. I spoke to the magistrate to keep out of the way, and he promised that, though it deprived him of a great pleasure, he would go and drive five miles off—and know nothing about it. But here comes dinner. Let us be jolly.'

"I cannot say that I played on that day as brilliant a part with the knife and fork as I usually do, and did not sympathize much in the speculations of my guests, who pushed the bottle about with great energy, recommending me, however, to refrain. At last the Major looked at his watch, which he had kept lying on the table before him from the beginning of dinner—started up—clapped me on the shoulder, and declaring it only wanted six minutes and thirty-five seconds of the time, hurried me off to the scene of action—a field close by the castle.

"There certainly was a miscellaneous assemblage of the inhabitants of Mallow, all anxious to see the duel. They had pitted us like game-cocks, and bets were freely taken as to the chances of our killing one another, and the particular spots. One bet on my being hit in the jaw, another was so kind as to lay the odds on my knee. A tolerably general opinion appeared to prevail that one or other of us was to be killed; and much good-humored joking took place among them while they were deciding which. As I was double the thickness of my antagonist, I was clearly the favorite for being shot; and I heard one fellow near me say, 'Three to two on Burke, that he's shot first—I bet in ten-pennies.'

"Brady and Codd soon appeared, and the preliminaries

were arranged with much punctilio between our seconds, who mutually and loudly extolled each other's gentleman-like mode of doing business. Brady could scarcely stand with fright, and I confess that I did not feel quite as Hector of Troy, or the Seven Champions of Christendom, are reported to have done on similar occasions. At last the ground was measured—the pistols handed to the principals—the handkerchief dropped—whiz! went the bullet within an inch of my ear—and crack! went mine exactly on Ensign Brady's waistcoat pocket. By an unaccountable accident, there was a five-shilling piece in that very pocket, and the ball glanced away, while Brady doubled himself down, uttering a loud howl that might be heard half a mile off. The crowd was so attentive as to give a huzza for my success.

“Codd ran up to his principal, who was writhing as if he had ten thousand colics, and soon ascertained that no harm was done.

“‘What do you propose,’ said he to my second—‘What do you propose to do, Major?’

“‘As there is neither blood drawn nor bone broken,’ said the Major, ‘I think that shot goes for nothing.’

“‘I agree with you,’ said Captain Codd.

“‘If your party will apologize,’ said Major Mug, ‘I’ll take my man off the ground.’

“‘Certainly,’ said Captain Codd, ‘you are quite right, Major, in asking the apology, but you know that it is my duty to refuse it.’

“‘You are correct, Captain,’ said the Major. ‘I then formally require that Ensign Brady apologize to Mr. Burke.’

“‘I as formally refuse it,’ said Captain Codd.

“‘We must have another shot, then,’ said the Major.

“‘Another shot, by all means,’ said the Captain.

“‘Captain Codd,’ said the Major, ‘you have shown yourself in this, as in every transaction of your life, a perfect gentleman.’

“‘He who would dare to say,’ replied the Captain, ‘that Major Mug is not among the most gentlemanlike men in the service, would speak what is untrue.’

“Our seconds bowed, took a pinch of snuff together, and proceeded to load the pistols. Neither Brady nor I was

particularly pleased at these complimentary speeches of the gentlemen, and, I am sure, had we been left to ourselves, would have declined the second shot. As it was, it appeared inevitable.

"Just, however, as the process of loading was completing, there appeared on the ground my cousin, Phil Purdon, rattling in on his black mare as hard as he could lick. When he came in sight he bawled out—

"‘I want to speak to the plaintiff in this action—I mean, to one of the parties in this duel. I want to speak to you, Bob Burke.’

"‘The thing is impossible, sir,’ said Major Mug.

"‘Perfectly impossible, sir,’ said Captain Codd.

"‘Possible or impossible is nothing to the question,’ shouted Purdon; ‘Bob, I *must* speak to you.’

"‘It is contrary to all regulation,’ said the Major.

"‘Quite contrary,’ said the Captain.

"Phil, however, persisted, and approached me. ‘Are you fighting about Dosy Mac?’ said he to me in a whisper.

"‘Yes,’ I replied.

"‘And she is to marry the survivor, I understand.’

"‘So I am told,’ said I.

"‘Back out, Bob, then; back out, at the rate of a hunt. Old Mick Macnamara is married.’<sup>1</sup>

"‘Married!’ I exclaimed.

"‘Poz,’ said he, ‘I drew the articles myself. He married his housemaid, a girl of eighteen; and’—here he whispered.

"‘What,’ I cried, ‘six months!’

"‘Six months,’ said he, ‘and no mistake.’

"‘Ensign Brady,’ said I, immediately coming forward, ‘there has been a strange misconception in this business. I here declare, in presence of this honorable company, that you have acted throughout like a man of honor and a gentleman, and you leave the ground without a stain on your character.’

"Brady hopped three feet off the ground with joy at the unexpected deliverance. He forgot all etiquette, and came forward to shake me by the hand.

"‘My dear Burke,’ said he, ‘it must have been a mistake; let us swear eternal friendship.’

<sup>1</sup> Mick Macnamara was an old bachelor uncle of the lady's, whose wealth she expected to inherit.



“‘For ever,’ said I, ‘I resign you Miss Theodosia.’

“‘You are too generous,’ he said, ‘but I cannot abuse your generosity.’

“‘It is unprecedented conduct,’ growled Major Mug. ‘I’ll never be a second to a *Pekin* again.’

“‘*My* principal leaves the ground with honor,’ said Captain Codd, looking melancholy nevertheless.

“‘Humph!’ grunted Wooden-leg Waddy, lighting his meerschaum.

“The crowd dispersed much displeased, and I fear my reputation for valor did not rise among them. I went off with Purdon to finish a jug at Carmichael’s and Brady swaggered off to Miss Dosy’s. His renown for valor won her heart. It cannot be denied that I sunk deeply in her opinion. On that very evening Brady broke his love, and was accepted. Mrs. Mac. opposed, but the red-coat prevailed.

“‘He may rise to be a general,’ said Dosy, ‘and be a knight, and then I will be Lady Brady.’

“‘Or if my father should be made an earl, angelic Theodosia, you would be Lady Thady Brady,’ said the ensign.

“‘Beautiful prospect!’ cried Dosy, ‘Lady Thady Brady! What a harmonious sound!’

“But why dally over the detail of my unfortunate loves? Dosy and the Ensign were married before the accident which had befallen her uncle was discovered; and, if they were not happy, why, then you and I may be. They have had eleven children, and, I understand, he now keeps a comfortable eating-house close by Cumberland Basin in Bristol. Such was my duel with Ensign Brady of the 48th.”

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### DANIEL O’ROURKE.<sup>1</sup>

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O’Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka’s tower. I knew the man well: he lived at the

<sup>1</sup>This was written for Crofton Croker by Dr. Maginn, together with other stories, and, as they were included in the former’s ‘*Fairy Legends*’ without a signature, they have been hitherto assigned to Croker.

bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he, at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair, and a red nose; and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts, in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Bonaparte or any such was ever heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen after all, saving your honor's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and maybe give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end, and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes; and there was no grinding for rent, and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in a year, but now it's another thing; no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost. And so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyasheenogh, I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way,


and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog. I began to scratch my head, and sing the Ullagone<sup>1</sup>—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, ‘Daniel O’Rourke,’ says he, ‘how do you do?’ ‘Very well, I thank you, sir,’ says I; ‘I hope you’re well;’ wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. ‘What brings you here, Dan?’ says he. ‘Nothing at all, sir,’ says I; ‘only I wish I was safe home again.’ ‘Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?’ says he. ‘’T is, sir,’ says I, so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much, and fell into the water. ‘Dan,’ says he, after a minute’s thought, ‘though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who ’tends mass well, and never flings stones at me or mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,’ says he, ‘so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you’d fall off, and I’ll fly you out of the bog.’ ‘I am afraid,’ says I, ‘your honor’s making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horse-back on an eagle before?’ ‘’Pon the honor of a gentleman,’ says he, putting his right foot on his breast, ‘I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog—besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.’

“It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadence. ‘I thank your honor,’ says I, ‘for the loan of your civility; and I’ll take your kind offer.’ I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the thrick he was going to serve me. Up—up—up, God knows how far up he flew. ‘Why, then,’ said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why? I was in his power entirely; ‘sir,’ says I, ‘please your honor’s

<sup>1</sup> *Ullagone*, lament.

glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'Arrah, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off a *cowld* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he: 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to, but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way [drawing the figure thus  on the ground with the end of his stick].

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 't was so far.' 'And, my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg and pray and beseech you to stop half-an-hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' says he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why, then, sure I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and spilt, and smashed all to bits; you are a vile deceiver, so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 't will keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I



got off his back with a heavy heart, took hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon, and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

“When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, ‘Good morning to you, Daniel O’Rourke,’ said he, ‘I think I’ve nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year’ (’t was true enough for him, but how he found it out is hard to say), ‘and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cockthrow.’

“‘Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute, you?’ says I. ‘You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hooked nose, and to all your breed, you black-guard.’ ’T was all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever, without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before—I suppose they never thought of greasing ’em, and out there walks—who do you think, but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

“‘Good morrow to you, Daniel O’Rourke,’ said he; ‘how do you do?’ ‘Very well, thank your honor,’ said I. ‘I hope your honor’s well.’ ‘What brought you here, Dan?’ said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master’s, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

“‘Dan,’ said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, ‘you must not stay here.’ ‘Indeed, sir,’ says I, ‘’t is much against my will I’m here at all; but how am I to go back?’ ‘That’s your business,’ said he; ‘Dan, mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.’ ‘I’m doing no harm,’ says I, ‘only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall

off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveler lodging; I'm sure 't is not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 't is a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'And with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed) that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes, with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand; 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling, at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me!' says I, 'this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth when, whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese; all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenogh, else how should they know *me*? The *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honor's the same.' 'I think 't is falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had

taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought within myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand, sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia!' said I, 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind; 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, 'will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over her,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he; 'if I dropped you now you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I; 'I know better than that, for it is just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.' 'If you must, you must,' said he; 'there, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and, faith, he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail, he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'t was a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off o' that;' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she

was splashing all over me—for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own. ‘Get up,’ said she again; ‘and of all places in the parish would no place *sarve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? and uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.’ And sure enough I had, for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moon, and flying ganders, and whales driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I’d lie down in the same spot again, I know that.”



## JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE.

(1815—1872.)

JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE was born in Cork in 1815. He was designed for the bar; but his tastes turned to journalism, and in 1841 he established the *Cork Examiner*, which rapidly advanced in public favor and became a recognized authority on national affairs. In 1843 Mr. Maguire was called to the bar, but he was so deeply immersed in literature and politics that he could not give much time to his profession. In 1852 he was elected Member of Parliament for Dungarvan. In 1853 he was elected Mayor of Cork, and distinguished his year of office by earnest endeavors for the improvement of the city. In 1856 he visited Rome, paid his respects to Pius the Ninth, and gleaned sufficient information to enable him to write his popular work, 'Rome and its Ruler,' or, as it was subsequently named in an improved edition, 'The Pontificate of Pius the Ninth.' The 'Life of Father Mathew,' published in 1862, is pleasing and popular, and was written from personal knowledge. In 1866 Mr. Maguire resigned his seat for Dungarvan, and became Member for his native city of Cork.

In the same year he visited America, with the view of making observations upon Irish life in this country. 'The Irish in America' appeared shortly after his return and gained immense popularity, not only among Irish people in all parts of the world, but in quarters where its contents might effect the object he had in view, viz., the righting of what he supposed to be Irish wrongs. Mr. Maguire was an advocate of woman's rights and a supporter of female suffrage. His novel 'The Next Generation,' published in 1871, was written with the design of setting forth the possible state of society when these so-called rights should obtain. A number of his articles on Home Rule, which appeared in *The Examiner*, were published in book form shortly before his death, which took place at his residence, Stephen's Green, Dublin, Nov. 1, 1872. He was unselfishly devoted to the cause of his country and his people, especially advocating home manufactures and the removal of personal disabilities. He succeeded in putting through Parliament a bill to give relief to Irish paupers in England after a residence of six months instead of five years.

## THE IRISH IN THE WAR.

From 'The Irish in America.'

From the very circumstances of their position it was almost a matter of inevitable necessity that the Irish citizens of America should ally themselves with the political party which, with respect to the foreigner and the stranger, adopted the liberal and enlightened policy of

Jefferson and Madison. The Irish, then, being Democrats, naturally sympathized with the prevailing sentiment of the Southern States, which was strongly Democratic. And yet, notwithstanding this sympathy, the result of a general concurrence of opinion with that of the South, the Irish of the Northern States not merely remained faithful to the flag of the Union, but were amongst the foremost and the most enthusiastic of those who rallied in its defense, and the most steadfast in their support of the Federal cause, from the moment that the first gun, fired in Charleston, echoed through the land, to the hour when Lee surrendered, and the war was at an end. Whatever their opinions or feelings as to the conduct of those who, justly or unjustly, were held responsible for bringing about or precipitating the contest, and deeply as they felt the injury which war was certain to inflict on the country of their adoption, the Irish-born citizens never wavered in their duty. None more bitterly deplored than they did the sad consequences of civil strife—a conflict which would bring into deadly collision kindred races even of their own people; but once the rupture was irrevocable, they calmly accepted their position. From the first moment to the last, they were animated by a high sense of duty, and an earnest feeling of patriotism. Fortunately for the honor and fame of the Irish, there was in their motives an utter absence of the baneful passions of hatred and revenge, or the least desire to crush or humiliate their opponents. War with all its tremendous consequences they faced as a stern and terrible necessity; but they entered into it with a chivalrous and Christian spirit, which never deserted them throughout the prolonged struggle. They did not stop to argue or split hairs as to the constitutional rights alleged to be involved; they acted, as they felt, with the community amid whom they lived, and with whom their fortunes were identified.

The feeling was the same at both sides of the line. The Irish in the South stood with the State to which, as they believed, they owed their first allegiance, and, as was the case in the North, they caught the spirit of the community of whom they formed part. They were also profoundly grieved at the necessity for war, and would have gladly avoided the calamity of an open rupture. Southern Irish-

men have told me that they shed tears of bitter anguish when, in vindication of what they held to be the outraged independence of their State, which to them was the immediate home of their adoption, they first fired on the flag of that glorious country which had been an asylum to millions of their people. The Northern Irishman went into the war for the preservation of the Union—the Southern Irishman for the independence of his State. And each, in his own mind, was as thoroughly justified, both as to right and duty, principle and patriotism, as the other.

With the political or constitutional question involved at either side I have no business whatever; and were I competent to disentangle it from the maze into which conflicting opinions and subtle disquisitions have brought it, I should still, from a feeling of delicacy, decline dealing with a subject which may not, as yet, be freely handled without exciting anger and irritation. I have heard the undisguised sentiments of Irishmen at both sides of the line—every man of them loving America with a feeling of profound attachment, and I, who stand, as it were, on neutral ground, have as full faith in the patriotism and purity of motive of the Northern as the Southern, the Confederate as the Federal.

In their zeal for the cause which Irishmen on each side mutually and of necessity espoused, they did not at all times, perhaps could not, make due allowance for the feelings and convictions of their countrymen who fought under opposing banners, or fairly consider the position in which they were placed, and the influences by which they were surrounded. Thus, while the Northern Irishman could not comprehend how it was that the Southern Irishman, though sympathizing with every passionate throb of the community in which he lived, and whose every feeling or prejudice he thoroughly shared, could possibly take up arms against the Union—against the Stars and Stripes—that “terror of tyrants and hope of the oppressed;” in the same way, the Southern Irishman could not reconcile it to his notions of consistency, that the very men who sought to liberate their native land from British thralldom should join with those who were doing their utmost to subjugate and trample under foot the liberties of a people fighting for their independence. But, were the struggle

to be fought over again, both—Irishmen of the North and Irishmen of the South—would fall inevitably into the same ranks, and fight under the same banner; and though each could not, at least for a time, do justice to the motives of the other, every dispassionate observer, who took their mutual positions into account, should do so. .

An American general, one of the most thoughtful and intelligent men whom I have ever met, remarked to me one day: “Nothing during the war was more admirable than the fidelity of your countrymen, at both sides, to the State in which they lived. North or South, they were equally devoted, equally faithful, sharing in every emotion of the community of which they formed part. I know that some of your countrymen at our side could not make allowance for those of the other side, and in fact would hear nothing said in their defense; but I always held the conviction that not only could they not have done otherwise, consistently with their duty, but that the manner in which they did it redounds to their lasting honor. The war has tried the Irish, and they stood the test well, as good citizens and gallant soldiers. This has been my opinion from the first; and it is the same now that the war is happily at an end.”

Perhaps to no other man of Irish blood was the Federal government more indebted than to that gifted and gallant Irishman over whom, in the mystery and darkness of the night, the turbid waters of the Missouri rolled in death—Thomas Francis Meagher. Passionately attached to the land which for so many years had been the asylum and hope of millions of the Irish people, he infused into his brilliant oratory all the ardor of his soul, and the strong fidelity of his heart. The Union was the object of his veneration; its flag the emblem of its greatness and glory. Meagher “of the sword” was in his element at least; and as his fiery words rang through the land, they roused the enthusiasm of a race whose instincts are essentially warlike, and whose fondest aspirations are for military renown. Animated no less by a sense of their duties as citizens, than thrilled by accents that stimulated their national pride, the very flower of the Irish youth of the Northern States rallied under the flag of the Union. . . .

America is a country of wonders, where things are to be seen of which the Old World mind can have no conception.



But nothing that I beheld impressed me with the same admiration, and indeed with the same astonishment, as the manner in which a people, whose tremendous struggle of four long years' duration enchained the attention of every civilized nation, returned to the peaceful pursuit of civil life. To my mind, there was something great beyond description in this unrivaled spectacle. A few months before, and the earth resounded with the clash of armed legions, mightier and more numerous than any which Europe had assembled for centuries; and where is the trace of this colossal conflict in the hearing and deportment of the people? You may behold its marks and traces in the desolate track of the conqueror; in the sedge-broom now usurping the once fruitful soil; in rifled and ruined dwellings abandoned to decay; in buried cities arising anew from their ashes: in crumbling embankments and road-side ramparts, which cost so much blood and so many gallant lives to take or to defend,—but in the calm dignified attitude of the great American people, who have sheathed the sword and laid aside the rifle, you cannot perceive them.

Where, you unconsciously ask, are the soldiers, the fighting men, the heroes, who bore a distinguished part in that protracted contest? Have the brigades, the divisions, the corps, the armies, of which we read in bulletin and report—have they sunk into the earth, or have they vanished into the air? If not, how are these men of war employed?—can they settle down to the ordinary pursuits of life; or have they been fatally intoxicated by the smoke and excitement of battle, and utterly demoralized by the license of the camp? You shall see.

Who is that remarkable-looking man, with something of the clanking saber in his carriage, yet with nothing more warlike in his hand than a memorandum book, with a bundle of harmless papers protruding from the breast-pocket of a coat that seems to cling to his broad chest as if it were a uniform? A commercial agent. Yes, now; but what was he a few months since? One at whose mere mention wives and mothers paled, and with the incantation of whose name nurses hushed their fractious charge—a daring leader of cavalry, whose swoop was as fierce and sudden as the eagle's.

Here, down in this new city, in the midst of the tall pines, you see that coach factory, full of wagons and buggies of all kinds; and what is that bearded man employed at? A sewing-machine? Impossible; it can't be—and yet it is. Yes, it is. That tall bearded man held high rank in his corps; but, the war over, and halting idleness, he established this thriving factory; and with his own hands he is now sewing and embroidering the curtains of that carriage which is to be sent for in a day or two by its purchaser.

At yon lawyer's desk, covered with open or tape-bound documents, an anxious client awaiting his opinion of that knotty case, sits one, now immersed in the intricacy of a legal problem, whose natural element seemed to be amid the thickest press of battle, where squadrons rushed on serried bayonets, or dashed at belching batteries.

Calmly giving some minute instruction to a deferential clerk, respecting a delayed train, or dictating an answer to some impatient inquiry concerning a missing parcel or a bale of dry goods left behind, is a man whose wisdom and whose courage were the hope of a cause; prudent in council, skillful in strategy, calm and cool in conflict.

Behind that counter, in that store, or perched on that office desk, is he who has done so many brilliant feats, to the wonder of the foe, and the rapture of his friends.

Rushing headlong through the street, in his eagerness to keep an appointment, in which there is to be much talk of bales of cotton, cargoes of corn, or hogsheads of strong wine, is the soldier whose movements were of lightning celerity, who, by right of his lavished blood, had established a kind of vested interest in every desperate undertaking.

And here, at this editor's table, with ink, and paste, and scissors at elbow, up to his eyes in "proofs," and young "devils" clamorous for "copy," you have a dashing colonel, a fortunate general, a famous artillery officer—now as tranquilly engaged in the drudgery of his "daily" as if he had never led his regiment at the charge, never handled a division or a corps, or never decided a victory with his guns; as if, in fact, he had only learned of war in the pages of Grecian or Roman history, or read of it in one of his European "exchanges."

Hush! you are in a seat of learning, in which the hopeful citizen of a great country is being trained for its future citizenship. You perceive that quiet-looking elderly gentleman smiling kindly on that bright eager lad, as he speaks to him with gentle voice. That quiet-looking gentleman is the man of men, whose very name was worth an army to the side he espoused. Every home in America, every village in Europe, has heard of that quiet-looking gentleman.

And look again: here is a learned professor instructing his class—not at all a wonderful sight, you may say; but on the wide ocean, in every mart of commerce, on every exchange, in every nook and corner in which risks of sea, enhanced by the casualties of war, are keenly calculated there were those who thought by day and dreamed by night of that learned professor.

Go where you will, in field or mine, in workshop, in factory, in store, in counting-house, in hotel—at either side of the line—whether on land or water—everywhere—you behold, now absorbed in honest toil and patient industry, the men, high and low, of every rank and grade, and of every nationality too, who, a few months since, were engaged in desperate strife! This spectacle, which the Old World has never seen surpassed, is more wonderful than Niagara, more majestic than the Mississippi, more sublime than the snow-clad pinnacles of the loftiest of the Sierras.

## JOHN PENTLAND MAHAFFY.

(1839—)

THERE are few writings which bring home to us more forcibly the fact that human nature is at all times and in all places fundamentally the same than do those of Professor Mahaffy. Pursuing his antiquarian researches on the soil of Greece itself, and steeped to the lips in the results of the painstaking investigations of German scholars, he succeeds in making the people of the dead past live, and in reconstructing the social side of Greek life as no other historian has done.

John Pentland Mahaffy was born Feb. 26, 1839. He was brought up in Germany and received his early education from his parents. In 1856 he entered Trinity College, Dublin, and after a highly successful undergraduate course obtained a fellowship in 1864. He was appointed precentor of the college chapel in 1867, and his love for, and knowledge of music enabled him to introduce great reforms in the choir. In 1871 he became professor of ancient history in the University, and is now a Senior Fellow; in 1873 he was the Donnellan lecturer. His interest in ancient and modern Greece has been recognized by the King of Greece, who in 1877 conferred upon him the Gold Cross of the Order of the Redeemer.

His first work was a translation of Kuno Fischer's well-known book on the great German philosopher, which appeared in 1866 under the title 'Commentary on Kant.' In 1868 were published 'Twelve Lectures on Primitive Civilization'; in 1871 'Kant's Critical Philosophy for English Readers'; and in the same year 'Prolegomena to Ancient History.' A subject perhaps less recondite, and certainly more popular, was discussed in 'Social Life in Greece from Homer to Menander,' a work which has already passed through several editions. A book on 'Greek Antiquities' followed in 1876, and in the same year appeared 'Rambles and Studies in Greece.'

Mr. Mahaffy is, besides, a constant contributor to periodical literature. His other works are: 'Greek Education,' 'A History of Classical Greek Literature,' 'The Decay of Modern Preaching,' 'The Story of Alexander's Empire,' 'Greek Life and Thought from Alexander to the Roman Empire,' 'The Art of Conversation,' 'The Greek World under Roman Sway,' 'Greek Pictures,' 'Problems in Greek History,' 'Sketch of the Life and Teachings of Descartes,' 'The Empire of the Ptolemies,' etc.

### CHILDHOOD IN ANCIENT GREECE.

From 'Greek Education.'

We find in Homer, especially in the Iliad, indications of the plainest kind that Greek babies were like the babies of modern Europe: equally troublesome, equally delightful to



their parents, equally uninteresting to the rest of society. The famous scene in the sixth book of the *Iliad*, when Hector's infant Astyanax screams at the sight of his father's waving crest, and the hero lays his helmet on the ground that he may laugh and weep over the child; the love and tenderness of Andromache, and her pathetic laments in the twenty-second book,—are familiar to all. She foresees the hardships and unkindness to her orphan boy, "who was wont upon his father's knees to eat the purest marrow and the rich fat of sheep, and when sleep came upon him, and he ceased his childish play, he would lie in the arms of his nurse, on a soft cushion, satisfied with every comfort." So again, a protecting goddess is compared to a mother keeping the flies from her sleeping infant; and a pertinacious friend, to a little girl who, running beside her mother, begs to be taken up, holding her mother's dress and delaying her, and with tearful eyes keeps looking up till the mother denies her no longer. These are only stray references, and yet they speak no less clearly than if we had asked for an express answer to a direct inquiry. So we have the hesitation of the murderers sent to make away with the infant Cypselus, who had been foretold to portend danger to the Corinthian Herods of that day.

The smile of the baby unmans—or should we rather say unbrutes?—the first ruffian, and so the task is passed on from man to man. This story in Herodotus is a sort of natural Greek parallel to the great Shakespearean scene, where another child sways his intended torturer with an eloquence more conscious and explicit, but not perhaps more powerful, than the radiant smile of the Greek baby. Thus Euripides, the great master of pathos, represents Iphigenia bringing her infant brother Orestes to plead for her, with that unconsciousness of sorrow which pierces us to the heart more than the most affecting rhetoric. In modern art a little child playing about its dead mother, and waiting with contentment for her awakening, is perhaps the most powerful appeal to human compassion which we are able to conceive.

On the other hand, the troubles of infancy were than as now very great. We do not indeed hear of croup, or teething, or measles, or whooping-cough. But these are occasional matters, and count as nothing beside the inexor-

able tyranny of a sleepless baby. For then as now, mothers and nurses had a strong prejudice in favor of carrying about restless children, and so soothing them to sleep. The unpractical Plato requires that in his fabulous Republic two or three stout nurses shall be in readiness to carry about each child; because children, like gamecocks, gain spirit and endurance by this treatment! What they really gain is a gigantic power of torturing their mothers. Most children can readily be taught to sleep in a bed, or even in an arm-chair, but an infant once accustomed to being carried about will insist upon it; and so it came that Greek husbands were obliged to relegate their wives to another sleeping-room, where the nightly squalling of the furious infant might not disturb the master as well as the mistress of the house. But the Greek gentleman was able to make good his damaged rest by a midday siesta, and so required but little sleep at night. The modern father in northern Europe, with his whole day's work and waking, is therefore in a more disadvantageous position.

Of course very fashionable people kept nurses; and it was the highest tone at Athens to have a Spartan nurse for the infant, just as an English nurse is sought out among foreign noblesse. We are told that these women made the child hardier, that they used less swathing and bandaging, and allowed free play for the limbs; and this, like all the Spartan physical training, was approved of and admired by the rest of the Greek public, though its imitation was never suggested save in the unpractical speculations of Plato.

Whether they also approved of a diet of marrow and mutton suet, which Homer, in the passage just cited, considers the luxury of princes, does not appear. As Homer was the Greek Bible,—an inspired book containing perfect wisdom on all things, human and divine,—there must have been many orthodox parents who followed his prescription. But we hear no approval or censure of such diet. Possibly marrow may have represented our cod-liver oil in strengthening delicate infants. But as the Homeric men fed far more exclusively on meat than their historical successors, some vegetable substitute, such as olive oil, must have been in use later on. Even within our memory, mutton suet boiled in milk was commonly recommended by

physicians for the delicacy now treated by cod-liver oil.

The supposed strengthening of children by air and exposure, or by early neglect of their comforts, was as fashionable at Sparta as it is with many modern theorists; and it probably led in both cases to the same result,—the extinction of the weak and delicate. These theorists parade the cases of survival of stout children—that is, their exceptional soundness—as the effect of this harsh treatment, and so satisfy themselves that experience confirms their views. Now with the Spartans this was logical enough; for as they professed and desired nothing but physical results, as they despised intellectual qualities and esteemed obedience to be the highest of moral ones, they were perhaps justified in their proceeding. So thoroughly did they advocate the production of healthy citizens for military purposes, that they were quite content that the sickly should die. In fact, in the case of obviously weak and deformed infants, they did not hesitate to expose them in the most brutal sense,—not to cold and drafts, but to the wild beasts in the mountains.

This brings us to the first shocking contrast between the Greek treatment of children and ours. We cannot really doubt, from the free use of the idea in Greek tragedies, in the comedies of ordinary life, and in theories of political economy, that the exposing of new-born children was not only sanctioned by public feeling, but actually practiced throughout Greece. Various motives combined to justify or to extenuate this practice. In the first place, the infant was regarded as the property of its parents, indeed of its father, to an extent inconceivable to most modern Europeans. The State only, whose claim overrode all other considerations, had a right for public reasons to interfere with the dispositions of a father. Individual human life had not attained what may be called the exaggerated value derived from sundry superstitions, which remains even after those superstitions have decayed. And moreover, in many Greek States, the contempt for commercial pursuits, and the want of outlet for practical energy, made the supporting of large families cumbersome, or the subdivision of patrimonies excessive. Hence the prudence or the selfishness of parents did not hesitate to use an escape which modern civilization condemns as not only criminal but as horribly cruel.

How little even the noblest Greek theorists felt this objection appears from the fact that Plato, the Attic Moses, sanctions infanticide under certain circumstances or in another form, in his ideal State. In the genteel comedy it is often mentioned as a somewhat painful necessity, but enjoined by prudence. Nowhere does the agony of the mother's heart reach us through their literature save in one illustration used by the Platonic Socrates, where he compares the anger of his pupils, when first confuted out of their prejudices, to the fury of a young mother deprived of her first infant. There is something horrible in the very allusion, as if in after life Attic mothers became hardened to this treatment. We must suppose the exposing of female infants to have been not uncommon, until the just retribution of barrenness fell upon the nation, and the population dwindled away by a strange atrophy.

In the many family suits argued by the Attic orators, we do not (I believe) find a case in which a large family of children is concerned. Four appears a larger number than the average. Marriages between relations as close as uncle and niece, and even half-brothers and sisters, were not uncommon; but the researches of modern science have removed the grounds for believing that this practice would tend to diminish the race. It would certainly increase any pre-existing tendency to hereditary disease; yet we do not hear of infantile diseases any more than we hear of delicate infants. Plagues and epidemics were common enough; but as already observed, we do not hear of measles, or whooping-cough, or scarlatina, or any of the other constant persecutors of our nurseries.

As the learning of foreign languages was quite beneath the notions of the Greek gentleman, who rather expected all barbarians to learn *his* language, the habit of employing foreign nurses, so useful and even necessary to good modern education, was well-nigh unknown. It would have been thought a great misfortune to any Hellenic child to be brought up speaking Thracian or Egyptian. Accordingly foreign slave attendants, with their strange accent and rude manners, were not allowed to take charge of children till they were able to go to school and had learned their mother tongue perfectly.

But the women's apartments, in which children were



kept for the first few years, are closed so completely to us that we can but conjecture a few things about the life and care of Greek babies. A few late epigrams tell the grief of parents bereaved of their infants. Beyond this, classical literature affords us no light. The backwardness in culture of Greek women leads us to suspect that then, as now, Greek babies were more often spoilt than is the case among the serious northern nations. The term "Spartan mother" is, however, still proverbial; and no doubt in that exceptional State, discipline was so universal and so highly esteemed that it penetrated even to the nursery. But in the rest of Greece, we may conceive the young child arriving at his schoolboy age more willful and headstrong than most of our more watched and worried infants. Archytas the philosopher earned special credit for inventing the rattle, and saving much damage to household furniture by occupying children with this toy.

The external circumstances determining a Greek boy's education were somewhat different from ours. We must remember that all old Greek life—except in rare cases, such as that of Elis, of which we know nothing—was distinctly *town life*; and so, naturally, Greek schooling was day-schooling, from which the children returned to the care of their parents. To hand over boys, far less girls, to the charge of a boarding school, was perfectly unknown, and would no doubt have been gravely censured. Orphans were placed under the care of their nearest male relative, even when their education was provided (as it was in some cases) by the State. Again, as regards the age of going to school, it would naturally be early, seeing that the day-schools may well include infants of tender age, and that in Greek households neither father nor mother was often able or disposed to undertake the education of the children.

Indeed, we find it universal that even the knowledge of the letters and reading were obtained from a schoolmaster. All these circumstances would point to an early beginning of Greek school life; whereas, on the other hand, the small number of subjects required in those days, the absence from the programme of various languages, of most exact sciences, and of general history and geography, made it unnecessary to begin so early or work so hard, as our unfortunate children have to do. Above all, there were no

competitive examinations, except in athletics and music. The Greeks never thought of promoting a man for "dead knowledge," but for his living grasp of science or of life.

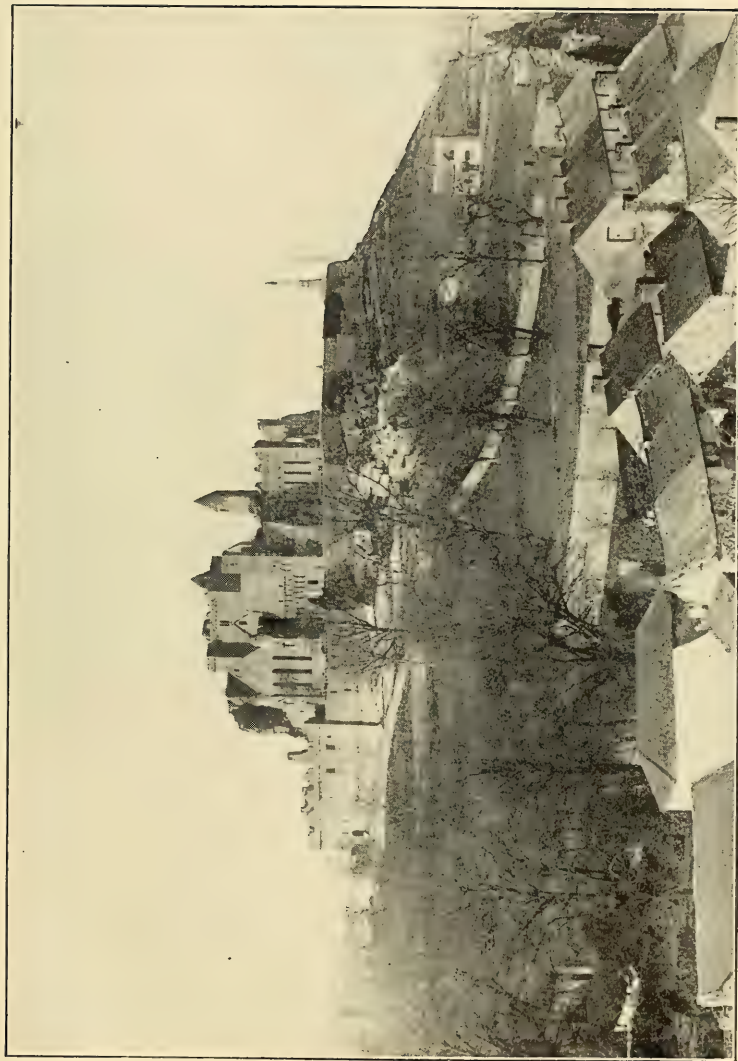
Owing to these causes, we find the theorists discussing, as they now do, the expediency of waiting till the age of seven before beginning serious education: some advising it, others recommending easy and half-playing lessons from an earlier period. And then, as now, we find the same curious silence on the really important fact that the exact number of years a child has lived is nothing to the point in question; and that while one child may be too young at seven to commence work, many more may be distinctively too old.

At all events, we may assume in parents the same varieties of over-anxiety, of over-indulgence, of nervousness, and of carelessness, about their children; and so it doubtless came to pass that there was in many cases a gap between infancy and school life which was spent in playing and doing mischief. This may be fairly inferred, not only from such anecdotes as that of Alcibiades playing with his fellows in the street, evidently without the protection of any pedagogue, but also from the large nomenclature of boys' games preserved to us in the glossaries of later grammarians.

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### THE ACROPOLIS OF ATHENS AND THE ROCK OF CASHEL.

It was my good fortune, a few months after I had seen the Acropolis, to visit a ruin in Ireland which, to my great surprise, bore many curious resemblances to it—I mean the Rock of Cashel. Both were strongholds of religion—honored and hallowed above all other places in their respective countries—both were covered with buildings of various dates, each representing their peculiar ages and styles in art. And as the Greeks, I suppose for effect's sake, have varied the posture of their temples, so that the sun illumines them at different moments, the old Irish have varied the orientation of their churches, that the sun might rise directly over against the east window on the anniversary of the patron saint. There is at Cashel the great



THE ROCK AND RUINS OF CASHEL





Cathedral—in loftiness and grandeur the Parthenon of the place; there is the smaller and more beautiful Cormac's Chapel, the holiest of all, like the Erechtheum of Athens. Again, the great sanctuary upon the Rock of Cashel was surrounded by a cluster of other abbeys about its base, which were founded there by pious men on account of the greatness and holiness of the archiepiscopal seat. Of these one remains, like the Theseum at Athens, eclipsed by the splendor of the Acropolis.

The prospect from the Irish sanctuary has, indeed, endless contrasts to that from the Pagan stronghold, but they are suggestive contrasts, and such as are not without a certain harmony. The plains around both are framed by mountains of which the Irish are probably the more picturesque; and if the light upon the Greek hills is the fairest, the native color of the Irish is infinitely more rich. So, again, the soil of Attica is light and sandy, whereas the Golden Vale of Tipperary is among the richest in the world. But who would not choose the historic treasures of the former in preference to the bucolic value of the latter? Still, both places were the noblest homes, each in their own country, of religions which civilized, humanized, and exalted the human race; and if the Irish Acropolis is left in dim obscurity by the historical splendor of the Parthenon, on the other hand, the gods of the Athenian stronghold have faded out before the moral greatness of the faith preached upon the Rock of Cashel.

## FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY.

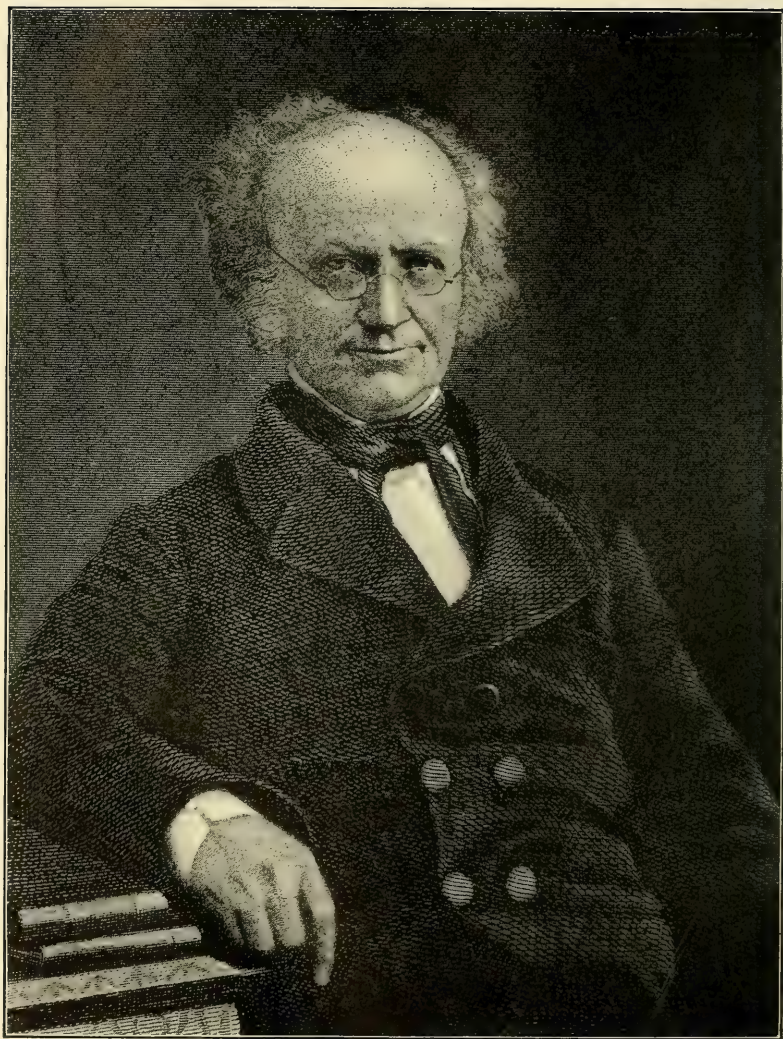
(1805—1866.)

FRANCIS SYLVESTER MAHONY is better known as "Father Prout." His real name was O'Mahony, but he dropped the "O" during part of his London career—resuming it before his death. He was born in Cork in 1805. He was educated for the priesthood at Amiens and Paris, and joined the Jesuit order. He then went to the Irish College in Rome, where he wrote 'The Bells of Shandon,' and in the corner of the room where his bed stood are still to be seen traced on the wall the first lines of the poem. After some years, however, he practically gave up his clerical functions, and went to London, where he led a Bohemian life.

There his learning was soon widely appreciated and his 'Prout Papers' in *Fraser's Magazine* quickly attracted public attention. Mahony was one of the best linguists of his day, and his remarkable powers were shown in his Latin and Greek versions of Moore's 'Melodies,' which he facetiously named 'Moore's Plagiarisms,' to the intense annoyance of the poet and his own quiet enjoyment. He wrote Millikin's 'Groves of Blarney' in French, Greek, Latin, and Italian. Its author could scarcely have anticipated that years afterward, sung by Garibaldian soldiers, it would awaken the echoes in the groves on the shores of Lake Como. Seeking a change from life in London, he wandered through Egypt, Greece, Hungary, and Asia Minor, and in 1846 at the request of Charles Dickens he became Roman correspondent for *The Daily News*. His articles were afterward published under the title of 'Facts and Figures from Italy, by Don Jeremy Savonarola, Benedictine Monk.' He ultimately settled down in Paris, where he might often be seen "trudging along the boulevards with his arms clasped behind him; his nose in the air; his hat worn as French caricaturists insist all Englishmen wear hat or cap; his quick, clear, deep-seeking eye wandering sharply to the right or left; and sarcasm—not of the sourest kind—playing like jack-o'-lantern in the corners of his mouth," as Blanchard Jerrold tells us.

Father Prout introduced Maginn to Thackeray, and the Irish and English *littérateurs* started a magazine, Maginn being editor. It turned out a failure and Thackeray wanted to dispose of it, but Maginn had a share and thought he ought to be consulted. Mr. Jerrold thus gives his father's reminiscences of the affair: "I brought them together, Maginn in a towering passion, but he was capital. In the meeting, at the old place, the Crown, he volunteered an Eastern tale. It was capitally done, with all the glow and draperies; a very good Eastern story too, of two pashas, close friends, and how they divided their property in a manner which gave all of it to one of them. You will wonder, but Thackeray listened delightedly to the end, and didn't see Billy Maginn's drift. The boys! the boys! All this was before you were born." During the last eight years of Mahony's life his articles formed the





FRANCIS MAHONY (FATHER PROUT)



chief attraction of *The Globe* newspaper. "They were put together like mosaics," says his biographer, "on little scraps of paper bit by bit, a tint being added wherever he could pick it up on his daily saunterings. The gossip of the day never failed to stir something good out of the full caldron of his brain." Father Prout survived many of the brilliant band who had been associated with him in the first days of *Fraser's*, and died peacefully at his residence in the Rue des Moulins, Paris, May 18, 1866. 'The Reliques of Father Prout,' which originally appeared in two volumes, 1836, illustrated by Maclise, were reissued in *Bohn's Illustrated Library*.

His inimitable genius and wit stand together in a class entirely by itself. He had the *verve*, the sparkle, and the *abandon* of the French, and the humor and love of teasing which are so characteristically Irish. A profound scholar, widely read in classic lore, a remarkable linguist, he scattered the pearls of his learning and genius with a reckless pen. Furthermore, he was, as has been finely said, "a loving friend, a faithful, steadfast Irishman, and a Christian gentleman."

In the 'Reliques of Father Prout' there is a picture by Maclise, the famous Irish painter, of the group of "Fraserians," as the early contributors to *Fraser's* were called, and as one looks at the circle beginning with Maginn, and continued by Barry Cornwall, Southey, Thackeray, Churchill, Murphy, Ainsworth, Coleridge, Hogg, Fraser, Crofton Croker, Lockhart, Theodore Hook, D'Orsay, and Carlyle, to Mahony and our own Washington Irving, one cannot help feeling that there were indeed "giants in those days."

'The Last Reliques of Father Prout,' by Blanchard Jerrold, appeared in 1876.

## THE ROGUERIES OF TOM MOORE.

From 'The Reliques of Father Prout.'

The Blarney stone in my neighborhood has attracted hither many an illustrious visitor; but none has been so assiduous a pilgrim in my time as Tom Moore. While he was engaged in his best and most unexceptionable work on the melodious ballads of his country, he came regularly every summer, and did me the honor to share my humble roof repeatedly. He knows well how often he plagued me to supply him with original songs which I had picked up in France among the merry troubadours and carol-loving inhabitants of that once happy land, and to what extent he has transferred these foreign inventions into the 'Irish Melodies.' Like the robber Cacus, he generally dragged the plundered cattle by the tail, so as that, moving backwards in his cavern of stolen goods, the foot tracks might

not lead to detection. Some songs he would turn upside down, by a figure in rhetoric called ὑστερον προτερον; others he would disguise in various shapes; but he would still worry me to supply him with the productions of the Gallic muse; "for, d' ye see, old Prout," the rogue would say,

"The best of all ways  
To lengthen our lays,  
Is to steal a few thoughts from the French, 'my dear.' "

Now I would have let him enjoy unmolested the renown which these 'Melodies' have obtained for him, but his last treachery to my round-tower friend [O'Brien] has raised my bile, and I shall give evidence of the unsuspected robberies.

"Abstractæque boves abjuratæque rapinæ  
Cœlo ostendentur."

It would be easy to point out detached fragments and stray metaphors, which he has scattered here and there in such gay confusion that every page has within its limits a mass of felony and plagiarism sufficient to hang him. For instance, I need only advert to his 'Bard's Legacy.' Even on his dying bed this "dying bard" cannot help indulging his evil pranks; for, in bequeathing his "heart" to his "mistress dear," and recommending her to "borrow" balmy drops of port wine to bathe the relic, he is all the while robbing old Clement Marot, who thus disposes of his remains:—

"Quand je suis mort, je veux qu'on m'entèrre  
Dans la cave où est le vin ;  
Le corps sous un tonneau de Madère,  
Et la bouche sous le robin."

But I won't strain at a gnat when I can capture a camel—a huge dromedary laden with pilfered soil; for would you believe it if you had never learned it from Prout, the very opening and foremost song of the collection,

"Go where glory waits thee,"

is but a literal and servile translation of an old French ditty, which is among my papers, and which I believe to have been composed by that beautiful and interesting "lady," Françoise de Foix, Comtesse de Châteaubriand,

born in 1491, and the favorite of Francis I., who soon abandoned her; indeed, the lines appear to anticipate his infidelity. They were written before the battle of Pavia.

## CHANSON

TOM MOORE.

*De la Comtesse de Châteaubriand à François I.*

*Translation of this song in the 'Irish Melodies.'*

Va où la gloire t'invite  
Et quand d'orgueil palpite  
Ce Cœur, qu'il pense à moi !  
Quand l'éloge enflamme  
Toute l'ardeur de ton âme,  
Pense encore à moi !  
Autres charmes peut-être  
Tu voudras connaître,  
Autre amour en maître  
Regnera sur toi ;  
Mais quand ta lèvre presse  
Celle qui te caresse,  
Méchant, pense à moi !

Quand au soir tu erres  
Sous l'astre des bergères,  
Pense aux doux instans  
Lorsque cette étoile,  
Qu'un beau ciel dévoile,  
Guida deux amans !  
Quand la fleur, symbole  
D'été qui s'envole,  
Penche sa tête molle,  
S'exhalant à l'air,  
Pense à la guirlande,  
De ta mie l'offrande—  
Don qui fut si cher !  
Quand la feuille d'automne  
Sous tes pas resonance,  
Pense alors à moi !

Quand de la famille  
L'antique foyer brille,  
Pense encore à moi !  
Et si de la chanteuse  
La voix mélodieuse  
Berce ton âme heureuse  
Et ravit tes sens,  
Pense à l'air que chante  
Pour toi ton amante—  
Tant aimés accens !

Go where glory waits thee ;  
But while fame elates thee,  
Oh, still remember me !  
When the praise thou meetest  
To thine ear is sweetest,  
Oh, then remember me !  
Other arms may press thee,  
Dearer friends caress thee—  
All the joys that bless thee  
Dearer far may be ;  
But when friends are dearest,  
And when joys are nearest,  
Oh, then remember me !

When at eve thou rovest  
By the star thou lovest,  
Oh, then remember me !  
Think, when home returning,  
Bright we've seen it burning—  
Oh, then remember me !  
Oft as summer closes,  
When thy eye reposes  
On its lingering roses,  
Once so loved by thee,  
Think of her who wove them—  
Her who made thee love them—  
Oh, then remember me !  
When around thee, dying,  
Autumn leaves are lying,  
Oh, then remember me !

And at night when gazing  
On the gay hearth blazing,  
Oh, still remember me !  
Then, should music, stealing  
All the soul of feeling,  
To thy heart appealing,  
Draw one tear from thee ;  
Then let memory bring thee  
Strains I used to sing thee—  
Oh, then remember me !

Any one who has the slightest tincture of French literature must recognize the simple and unsophisticated style of a genuine love song in the above, the language being that of the century in which Clement Marot and Maître

Adam wrote their incomparable ballads, and containing a kindly mixture of gentleness and sentimental delicacy, which no one but a "ladye" and a loving heart could infuse into the composition. Moore has not been infelicitous in rendering the charms of the wondrous original into English lines adapted to the measure and tune of the French. The air is plaintive and exquisitely beautiful; but I recommend it to be tried first on the French words, as it was sung by the charming lips of the Countess of Châteaubriand to the enraptured ear of the gallant Francis I. . . .

Everything was equally acceptable in the way of a song to Tommy; and provided I brought grist to his mill he did not care where the produce came from—even the wild oats and the thistles of native growth on Watergrasshill—all was good provender for his Pegasus. There was an old Latin song of my own, which I made when a boy, smitten with the charms of an Irish milkmaid, who crossed by the hedge school occasionally, and who used to distract my attention from 'Corderius' and 'Erasmi Colloquia.' I have often laughed at my juvenile gallantry when my eye has met the copy of verses in overhauling my papers. Tommy saw it, grasped it with avidity; and I find he has given it, word for word, in an English shape, in his 'Irish Melodies.' Let the intelligent reader judge if he has done common justice to my young muse.

## IN PULCHRAM LACTIFERAM.

*Carmen, Auctore Prout.*

Lesbia semper hinc et inde  
Oculorum tela movit;

Captat omnes, sed deinde  
Quis ametur nemo novit.

Palpebrarum, Nora cara,  
Lux tuarum non est foris,

Flamma micat ibi rara,  
Sed sinceri lux amoris.

Nora Creina sit regina,  
Vultu, gressu tam modesto!

Hæc, puellas inter bellas,  
Jure omnium dux esto!

## TO A BEAUTIFUL MILKMAID.

*A Melody by Thomas Moore.*

Lesbia hath a beaming eye,  
But no one knows for whom it  
beameth;

Right and left its arrows fly,  
But what they aim at, no one  
dreameth.

Sweeter 't is to gaze upon  
My Nora's lid, that seldom  
rises;

Few its looks, but every one  
Like unexpected light surprises.

O my Nora Creina, dear,  
My gentle, bashful Nora Creina,  
Beauty lies

In many eyes,  
But Love in yours, my Nora  
Creina!



Lesbia vestes auro graves  
Fert, et gemmis, juxta nor-  
mam;

Gratiæ sed, eheu! suaves  
Cinctam reliquere formam.

Noræ tunicam præferres,  
Flante zephyro volantem;

Oculis et raptis erres  
Contemplando ambulantem!

Vesta Nora tam decora  
Semper indui momento,

Semper puræ sic naturæ  
Ibis tecta vestimento.

Lesbia mentis præfert lumen  
Quod coruscat perlibenter;

Sed quis optet hoc acumen,  
Quondo acupuncta dentur?

Noræ sinu cum recliner,  
Dormio luxuriose

Nil corrugat hoc pulvinar,  
Nisi crispæ ruga rosæ.

Nora blanda, lux amanda,  
Expers usque tenebrarum,

Tu cor mulces per tot dulces  
Dotes, fons illecebrarum!

Lesbia wears a robe of gold,  
But all so tight the nymph hath  
laced it,

Not a charm of beauty's mold  
Presumes to stay where nature  
placed it.

O, my Nora's gown for me,  
That floats as wild as mountain  
breezes,

Leaving every beauty free  
To sink or swell as Heaven  
pleases.

Yes, my Nora Creina, dear,  
My simple, graceful Nora  
Creina!

Nature's dress  
Is loveliness—  
The dress *you* wear, my Nora  
Creina!

Lesbia hath a wit refined;  
But when its points are gleam-  
ing round us,

Who can tell if they're designed  
To dazzle merely, or to wound  
us?

Pillow'd on my Nora's heart,  
In safer slumber Love reposes—  
Bed of peace! whose roughest part  
Is but the crumpling of the  
roses.

O, my Nora Creina, dear,  
My mild my artless Nora  
Creina!

Wit, though bright,  
Hath no such light  
As warms your eyes, my Nora  
Creina!

It will be seen by these specimens that Tom Moore can eke out a tolerably fair translation of any given ballad; and, indeed, to translate properly, retaining all the fire and spirit of the original, is a merit not to be sneezed at—it is the next best thing to having a genius of one's own; for he who can execute a clever forgery, and make it pass current, is almost as well off as the capitalist who can draw a substantial check on the bank of sterling genius; so, to give the devil his due, I must acknowledge that in terse-ness, point, pathos, and elegance, Moore's translations of these French and Latin trifles are very near as good as the primary compositions themselves.<sup>1</sup> He has not been half

<sup>1</sup> The French and Latin "trifles" are of course Prout's own "forgeries" for the occasion.

so lucky in hitting off Anacreon; but he was a young man then, and a "wild fellow," since which time it is thought that he has got to that climacteric in life to which few poets attain, *viz.*, the years of discretion. A predatory sort of life, the career of a literary freebooter, has had great charms for him from his cradle; and I am afraid he will pursue it on to final impenitence. He seems to care little about the stern reception he will one day receive from that inflexible judge, Rhadamanthus, who will make him confess all his rogueries,—"*Castigatque dolos, subigitque fateri*,"—our bard being of that epicurean and careless turn of mind so strikingly expressed in these lines of 'Lalla Rookh'—

"Oh! if there be an Elysium on earth,  
It is this! it is this!"

Which verses, by the by, are alone enough to convict him of downright plagiarism and robbery; for they are (as Tommy knows right well) to be seen written in large letters in the Mogul language over the audience chamber of the king of Delhi; in fact, to examine and overhaul his 'Lalla Rookh' would be a most diverting task, which I may one day undertake. He will be found to have been a chartered pirate in the Persian Gulf, as he was a highwayman in Europe—" *spoliis Orientis onustum*." . . .

A simple hint was sometimes enough to set his Muse at work; and he not only was, to my knowledge, an adept in translating accurately, but he could also string together any number of lines in any given measure, in imitation of a song or ode which casually came in his way. This is not such arrant robbery as what I have previously stigmatized; but it is a sort of quasi-pilfering, a kind of petty larceny, not to be encouraged. There is, for instance, his 'National Melody,' or jingle, called in the early edition of his poems 'Those Evening Bells, a Petersburg Air,' of which I could unfold the natural history. It is this: In one of his frequent visits to Watergrasshill, Tommy and I spent the evening in talking of our continental travels, and more particularly of Paris and its mirabilia; of which he seemed quite enamored. The view from the tower of the central church, Notre Dame, greatly struck his fancy; and I drew the conversation to the subject of the simultaneous ringing of all the bells in all the steeples of that vast metropolis on

some feast day, or public rejoicing. The effect, he agreed with me, is most enchanting, and the harmony most surprising. At that time Victor Hugo had not written his glorious romance, the ‘Hunchback Quasimodo;’ and, consequently, I could not have read his beautiful description: “In an ordinary way, the noise issuing from Paris in the daytime is the talking of the city; at night, it is the breathing of the city; in this case, it is the singing of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartet of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down as with a demitint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound,—and say if you know anything in the world more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells—than that furnace of music—than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high—than that city which is but one orchestra—than that symphony rushing and roaring like a tempest.” All these matters, we agreed, were very fine; but there is nothing, after all, like the associations which early infancy attaches to the well-known and long-remembered chimes of our own parish steeple; and no magic can equal the effect on our ear when returning after long absence in foreign, and perhaps happier countries. As we perfectly coincided in the truth of this observation, I added, that long ago, while at Rome, I had thrown my ideas into the shape of a song, which I would sing him to the tune of the ‘Groves.’

### THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

Sabbata Pango,  
Funera Plango,  
Solemnia Clango.

—*Inscription on an old bell.*

With deep affection  
And recollection  
I often think on  
Those Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would,  
In days of childhood,  
Fling round my cradle  
    Their magic spells.  
On this I ponder  
Where'er I wander,  
And thus grow fonder,  
    Sweet Cork, of thee;  
With thy bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming  
Full many a clime in,  
Tolling sublime in  
    Cathedral shrine;  
While at a glib rate  
Brass tongues would vibrate,  
But all their music  
    Spoke naught like thine;  
For memory, dwelling  
On each proud swelling  
Of the belfry, knelling  
    Its bold notes free,  
Made the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the River Lee.

I've heard the bells tolling  
Old Adrian's Mole in,  
Their thunder rolling  
    From the Vatican,  
And cymbals glorious,  
Singing uproarious  
In the gorgeous turrets  
    Of Notre Dame;  
But thy sounds were sweeter  
Than the dome of Peter  
Flings o'er the Tiber,  
    Pealing solemnly.  
Oh! the bells of Shandon  
Sound far more grand on  
The pleasant waters  
    Of the River Lee.



There's a bell in Moscow,  
While on tower and kiosk, O!  
In Saint Sophia  
The Turkman gets,  
And loud in air  
Calls men to prayer  
From the tapering summit  
Of tall minarets.  
Such empty phantom  
I freely grant them;  
But there's an anthem  
More dear to me,—  
'T is the bells of Shandon,  
That sound so grand on  
The pleasant waters  
Of the River Lee.

Shortly afterwards Moore published his 'Evening Bells, a Petersburg Air.' But any one can see that he only rings a few changes on my Roman ballad, cunningly shifting the scene as far north as he could, to avoid detection. He deserves richly to be sent on a hurdle to Siberia.

## EDMUND MALONE.

(1741—1812.)

EDMUND MALONE was born in Dublin in the year 1741. His father was a judge in the Irish Court of Common Pleas. After graduating at Trinity College, Dublin, he entered the Inner Temple, London, in 1763, and was called to the Irish bar. He traveled the Munster circuit and was acquiring reputation and a good practice, when a fortune was left him sufficient to make him independent. He at once deserted the law for literature, removed to London in 1777, and thenceforward devoted himself to a life of literary criticism and research. In London he soon became acquainted with Johnson, Goldsmith, Edmund Burke, Bishop Percy, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

In 1778 Malone published two supplementary volumes to Johnston and Steevens' editions of Shakespeare, containing the poems and some doubtful plays. In 1790 he published a new edition of Shakespeare in ten volumes, which was undoubtedly the best that had appeared up to that time. He also rendered valuable aid in detecting the Shakespearean forgeries put forward by Mr. W. H. Ireland. He wrote many valuable articles on the old dramatic literature and collateral subjects. Besides these minor labors of his pen, he produced in 1790 'An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage'; in 1797 'The Works of Sir Joshua Reynolds, with a Memoir'; in 1800 an edition of 'Dryden's Prose Works,' never before collected, and in 1808 'The Works of William Gerard Hamilton, with a Sketch of his Life.' In later life he was engaged in the correction and improvement of his edition of Shakespeare, and was on the point of issuing a revised edition when his death took place May 25, 1812. He desired that his valuable library should go to Trinity College, Dublin, where he had received his education, but his brother, Lord Sunderlin, in the belief that it would be more useful there, presented it to the Bodleian at Oxford.

Modern scholarship has in its treatment of Shakespeare's text gone far beyond Malone, but he did much good and useful work which has been of service to later commentators; and his other antiquarian work, where the opportunities for error and misconception were fewer, is industrious and careful, of considerable value to scholars, and of interest to the general public of to-day.

### THE EARLY STAGE.

From 'An Historical Account of the Rise and Progress of the English Stage.'

So early as the year 1378 the singing boys of St. Paul's represented to the king that they had been at a considerable expense in preparing a stage representation at Christ-

mas. These, however, cannot properly be called comedians, nor am I able to point out the time when the profession of a player became common and established. It has been supposed that the license granted by Queen Elizabeth to James Burbage and others in 1574 was the first regular license ever granted to comedians in England; but this is a mistake, for Heywood informs us that similar licenses had been granted by her father King Henry the Eighth, King Edward the Sixth, and Queen Mary. Stowe records that "when King Edward the Fourth would show himself in state to the view of the people, he repaired to his palace at St. John's, where he was accustomed to see the city actors." In two books in the remembrancer's office in the exchequer, containing an account of the daily expenses of King Henry the Seventh, are the following articles, from which it appears that at that time players, both French and English, made a part of the appendages of the court, and were supported by regal establishment. . . .

"Item to the French players in reward, 20s. Item to the tumblers upon the ropes, 20s. For healing a sick maid, 6s. 8d. (probably the piece of gold given by the king in touching for the evil). Item to my lord prince's organ-player for a quarter wages, 10s. Item to the players of London in reward, 10s. Item to Master Barnard, the blind poet, 100 shillings." The foregoing extracts are from a book of which almost every page is signed by the king's own hand, in the thirteenth year of his reign. The following are taken from a book containing an account of expenses in the ninth year of his reign: "Item to Cart for writing of a book, 6s. 8d. Item paid for two plays in the hall, 26s. 8d. Item to the king's players for a reward, 100 shillings. Item to the king to play at cards, 100 shillings. Lost to my Lord Morging at buttes, 6s. 8d. To Harry Pynning, the king's godson, in reward, 20s. Item to the players that begged by the way, 6s. 8d."

Some of these articles I have preserved as curious, though they do not relate to the subject immediately before us. This account ascertains that there was then not only a regular troop of players in London, but also a royal company. The intimate knowledge of the French language and manners which Henry must have acquired during his long sojourn in foreign courts (from 1471 to 1485) ac-

counts for the article relative to the company of French players.

In a manuscript in the Cottonian Library in the Museum a narrative is given of the shows and ceremonies exhibited at Christmas in the fifth year of this king's reign. "On Candle mass day the king and queen, my lady the king's mother, with the substance of all the lords temporal present at the parliament, &c., went in procession from the chapel into the hall. The king was that day in a rich gown of purple, purled with gold, furred with sables. At night the king, the queen, and my lady the king's mother, came into the white hall and there had a play." . . .

It has already been mentioned that originally plays were performed in churches. Though Bonner, bishop of London, issued a proclamation to the clergy of his diocese in 1542, prohibiting "all manner of common plays, games, or interludes, to be played, set forth, or declared within their churches, chapels, &c.," the practice seems to have been continued occasionally during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, for the author of 'The Third Blast of Retreat from Plays and Players' complains in 1580 that "the players are permitted to publish their mammetrie in every temple of God, and that throughout England." And this abuse is taken notice of in one of the canons of King James the First, given soon after his accession in the year 1603.

Early, however, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, the established players of London began to act in temporary theaters constructed in the yards of inns, and about the year 1570, I imagine, one or two regular play-houses were erected. Both the theater in Blackfriars and that in Whitefriars were certainly built before 1580, for we learn from a puritanical pamphlet published in the last century that soon after that year "many goodly citizens and well-disposed gentlemen of London, considering that play-houses and dicing-houses were traps for young gentlemen and others, and perceiving that many inconveniences and great damage would ensue upon the long-suffering of the same, acquainted some pious magistrates therewith, who thereupon made humble suit to Queen Elizabeth and her privy-council, and obtained leave from her majesty to thrust the players out of the city, and to pull down all play-houses and dicing-houses within their liberties; which ac-



cordingly was effected, and the play-houses in Gracious street, Bishopsgate Street, that nigh Paul's, that on Ludgate Hill, and the Whitefriars were quite pulled down and suppressed by the care of these religious senators."

The theater in Blackfriars, not being within the liberties of the city of London, escaped the fury of these fanatics. Elizabeth, however, though she yielded in this instance to the frenzy of the time, was during the whole course of her reign a favorer of the stage, and a frequent attendant upon plays. So early as in the year 1569, as we learn from another puritanical writer, the children of her chapel (who are described as "her majesty's unfledged minions"), "flaunted it in their silks and satins," and acted plays on profane subjects in the chapel royal. In 1574 she granted a license to James Burbage, probably the father of the celebrated tragedian, and four others, servants to the Earl of Leicester, to exhibit all kinds of stage plays, during pleasure, in any part of England, "as well for the recreation of her loving subjects, as for her own solace and pleasure when she should think good to see them;" and in the year 1583, soon after a furious attack had been made on the stage by the Puritans, twelve of the principal comedians of the time, at the earnest request of Sir Francis Walsingham, were selected from the companies then subsisting under the license and protection of various noblemen, and were sworn her majesty's servants. Eight of them had an annual stipend of £3 6s. 8d. each. At that time there were eight companies of comedians, each of which performed twice or thrice a week. "For," says an old sermon, "reckoning with the least the gain that is reaped of eight ordinary places in the city (which I know) by playing but once a week, whereas many times they play twice and even thrice, it amounteth to two thousand pounds by the year."

## JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

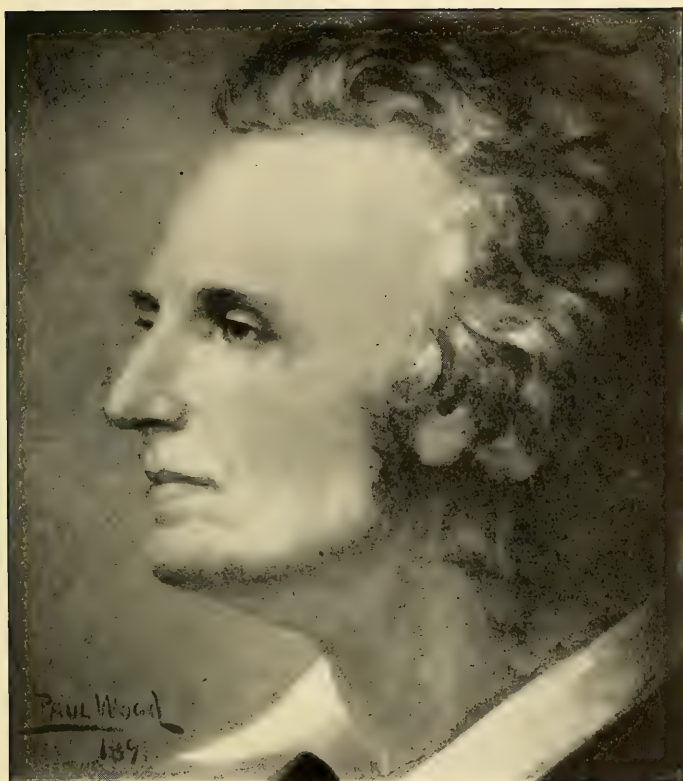
(1803—1849.)

JAMES MANGAN (he assumed the name of Clarence) was born in Dublin in 1803, and received his education at a humble school in Derby Square, near to his father's grocer shop and to Dean Swift's birthplace. When fifteen years old he was placed in a scrivener's office, where as a copyist he labored for seven years at a small weekly salary. He left this employment for an attorney's office, where he spent two years; in all, nine years of misery. His fellow-clerks, with whom he had no thought in common, laughed at what they could not understand; and he early realized the truth of the words, "A man's foes are those of his own household," in a home where he was constantly reminded of his poverty and the necessity of unceasing toil for his own and the household's support.

The family at this time consisted of a mother, sister, and brother. The constant reproaches of these relatives, and their want of affection or even common gratitude, at length did their fell work upon the sensitive nature of the unhappy poet. We may well ask with his biographer: "Is it wonderful that he sought at times to escape from consciousness by taking for bread opium, and for water brandy?" To add to his misfortune, also, it seems that the poet had fixed his affections upon an unworthy object, a certain "Frances," the fairest of three sisters, who, after encouraging his passion for a time and amusing herself with his fervor, cruelly jilted him.

His contributions to the Dublin periodicals of short poems from the Irish and German began to attract attention about 1830, and through the interest of Doctors Anster, Petrie, and Todd he got employment in preparing a new catalogue for Trinity College Library. His appearance at this time is thus described by John Mitchel: "It was an unearthly and ghostly figure in a brown garment, the same garment (to all appearance) which lasted till the day of his death. The blanched hair was totally unkempt; the corpse-like features still as marble; a large book was in his arms, and all his soul was in the book. I had never heard of Clarence Mangan before, and knew not for what he was celebrated, whether as a magician, a poet, or a murderer."

Three years later he was employed in conjunction with O'Donovan, Eugene O'Curry, and others, on the staff of the topographical department of the Ordnance Survey, under the direction of Dr. Petrie. In this congenial work he continued for some years, at the same time contributing poems to the magazines. In 1840, when Dr. Petrie edited *The Irish Penny Journal*, he was one of its principal contributors. He wrote much, but many of his poems are either now altogether lost or exist without his name; even Mr. Mitchel, who has made a large collection of them, states that he believes the work does not contain more than two-thirds of the poet's productions. As to his translations, those from the Irish were supplied to



JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN





him in literal prose by his friends O'Donovan, O'Daly, and others ; yet the spirit of the original was so happily caught, as in the poems 'Dark Rosaleen' and 'The Woman of Three Cows,' that many of his readers have concluded that he had a sufficient knowledge of the language to translate it for himself. His poems from the German were chiefly and avowedly translations.

Some have supposed that his translations from the Oriental are original poems, but there is no definite proof. His own admission, that "Hafiz is more acceptable to editors than Mangan," is the only evidence adduced in proof of their originality. Certain it is that they show as intimate a knowledge of the idioms of Eastern poetry as does Moore's 'Lalla Rookh.' In 1842 he began to contribute to *The Nation* and some of his best productions appeared in its columns during a period of five years. When Mr. Mitchel started *The United Irishman*, Mangan, although taking no active part in politics, sympathized so deeply in his friend's sentiments that he wrote for it almost entirely.

In spite of his own efforts and those of his friends, he found himself drifting toward what he himself calls "the gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns," and like Poe and Chatterton he flew for comfort to the twin fiends which were sapping his life. "Sometimes," says his biographer, "he could not be found for weeks; and then he would reappear, like a ghost or a ghoul, with a wildness in his blue glittering eye, as of one who has seen specters." Through all his degradation and misfortune his tried friends never deserted him, and had he only permitted Father Meehan, Petrie, Anster, and others to assist him in the right way, his fate might have been a happier one. But he would brook neither advice nor remonstrance, and held to his own course, although no one could bewail his conduct more than himself, the constant cry of his spirit being, "Miserable man that I am, who will deliver me from the wrath to come!" His 'German Anthology' was published in 1845. It comprises his translations from the German, many of which are remarkable for sweetness and beauty of finish. Early in June, 1849, he was seized with cholera, and on the 20th of that month he died. Let us hope that the wish he expresses in his poem 'The Nameless One,' for "a grave in the bosoms of the pitying," may be accorded to the gifted but ill-fated poet.

"He has not, and perhaps never had," says Charles Gavan Duffy, "any rival in mastery of the metrical and rhythmical resources of the English tongue; his power over it is something wholly wonderful."

"Few poets," says Mr. Lionel Johnson in 'A Treasury of Irish Poetry,' "more imperatively demand to have their lives considered in any estimate of their poems. Over Mangan's life is writ large the inscription of hopelessness and incapacity to be strong; he let go the helm, to drift through life and through the worlds of poetry, metaphysics, curious lore of many kinds, finding anchorage in any harbor. He squandered his power and mastery over verse upon matter mediocre or worse; and even that in a desultory, capricious fashion, as the humor of the hour took him. An alien in the world, he had desires, but no ambitions; he cared nothing for literary

fame, and everything for some indefinable ideal with which his daily life was in fearful contrast. Before his later years he knew no positive definite suffering but such as a firm will could have overcome; but, without incurring Dante's curse upon those who 'willfully live in sadness,' he would seem from the first to have persuaded himself that the valley of the shadow was to be his way through life."

"His work, at its worst," says Miss Imogen Guiney in her study of Mangan, "has the faults inseparable from the conditions under which it was wrought: it is stumbling, pert, diffuse, distraught. What Mr. Gosse has named the 'overflow,' the flux of a line ending into the next line's beginning, so that it becomes difficult to read both aloud, and preserve the stress and rhyme,—this bad habit of good poets completely ruins several of Mangan's longer pieces. He had in full that racial luxuriance and fluency, which, wonderful to see in their happier action, tend always to carry a writer off his feet, and wash him into the deep sea of slovenliness. Mangan's scholarship, painfully, intermittently acquired, never distilled itself into him, to react imperiously on all he wrote, smoothing the rough and welding the disjointed. Again, his mental strength, crowded back from the highways of literature, wreaked itself in feats not the worthiest: in the taming of unheard-of meters, in illegal decoration of other men's fabrics, in orthoepic and homonymic freaks of all kinds, not to be matched since the Middle Ages. . . .

"His Eastern fictions, like most of his Western ones, deal usually with a mood of reminiscence and regret, and they have the arch and poignant pathos in which English song is not rich. The mournful echo of days gone by, the light tingeing a present cloud from the absent sun, are everywhere in Mangan's world. He looks back forever, not with moping, but with a certain shrewd sense of triumph and heartiness. . . . Out of his imagination his 'rich Bagdad' never existed; though it be cherished there as only the solitary and disregarded intelligence can cherish its ideal, he is lord of it yet, and can bid it vanish, at one imperious gesture of relinquishment. Down tumbles Bagdad! The crash thereof is in the public ears; and who will refuse to believe that there was a Clarence Mangan who knew something of the blessed Orient, something, too, of felicity, even though it passed?"

The one collection of his poems published during his life is the 'Anthologia Germanica.' After his death there appeared 'Poets and Poetry of Munster,' edited by John O'Daly; 'Poems,' edited by John Mitchel; 'Essays on Prose and Verse,' edited by the Rev. C. P. Meehan; 'Selections,' edited by Miss Imogen Guiney, with a study; and a 'Life and Writings,' by D. J. O'Donoghue.

## LAMENT

FOR THE TYRONIAN AND TYRCONNELLIAN PRINCES BURIED AT ROME.

From the Irish of Owen Ward.

[“As the circumstances connected with the flight of the northern earls, which led to the subsequent confiscation of the six Ulster counties by James I., may not be immediately in the recollection of

many of our readers, it may be proper briefly to state that it was caused by the discovery of a letter directed to Sir William Ussher, Clerk of the Council, dropped in the Council chamber on the 7th of May, and which accused the northern chieftains generally of a conspiracy to overthrow the government. The charge is now totally disbelieved. As an illustration of the poem, and as an interesting piece of hitherto unpublished literature, we extract the account of the flight as recorded in the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' and translated by Mr. O'Donovan :—

“ ‘ Maguire (Cuconnaught) and Donogh, son of Mahon, who was son of the Bishop O'Brien, sailed in a ship to Ireland, and put in at the harbor of Swilly. They then took with them from Ireland the Earl O'Neill (Hugh, son of Fedoragh) and the Earl O'Donnell (Rory, son of Hugh, who was son of Magnus), and many others of the nobles of the province of Ulster. These are the persons who went with O'Neill—namely, his countess, Catherina, daughter of Magennis, and her three sons, Hugh the baron, John, and Brian ; Art Oge, son of Cormac, who was son of the baron ; Fedoragh, son of Con, who was son of O'Neill ; Hugh Oge, son of Brian, who was son of Art O'Neill ; and many others of his most intimate friends. These were they who went with the Earl O'Donnell—namely, Caffer his brother, with his sister Nuala ; Hugh, the earl's child, wanting three weeks of being one year old ; Rose, daughter of O'Dogherty and wife of Caffer, with her son Hugh, aged two years and three months ; his (Rory's) brother's son, Donnell Oge, son of Donnell ; Naghtan, son of Calvach, who was son of Donogh Cairbreach O'Donnell, and many others of his intimate friends. They embarked on the festival of the Holy Cross, in autumn. This was a distinguished company ; and it is certain that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble, in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valor, feats of arms, and brave achievements, than they. Would that God had but permitted them to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until the children should arrive at the age of manhood ! Woe to the heart that meditated, woe to the mind that conceived, woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should, to the end of their lives, be able to return to their native principalities or patrimonies.' ” ]

O, Woman of the Piercing Wail,  
 Who mournest o'er yon mound of clay  
 With sigh and groan,  
 Would God thou wert among the Gael!  
 Thou would'st not then from day to day  
 Weep thus alone.  
 'T were long before, around a grave  
 In green Tirconnell, one could find  
 This loneliness ;  
 Near where Beann-Boirche's banners wave  
 Such grief as thine could ne'er have pined  
 Compassionless.

Beside the wave, in Donegall,  
 In Antrim's glens, or fair Dromore,  
 Or Killilee,  
 Or where the sunny waters fall,  
 At Assaroe, near Erna's shore,  
 This could not be.  
 On Derry's plains—in rich Drumclieff—  
 Throughout Armagh the Great, renowned  
 In olden years,  
 No day could pass but woman's grief  
 Would rain upon the burial-ground  
 Fresh floods of tears!

O, no!—from Shannon, Boyne, and Suir,  
 From high Dunluce's castle-walls,  
 From Lissadill,  
 Would flock alike both rich and poor;  
 One wail would rise from Cruachan's halls  
 To Tara's hill;  
 And some would come from Barrow-side,  
 And many a maid would leave her home,  
 On Leitrim's plains,  
 And by melodious Banna's tide,  
 And by the Mourne and Erne, to come  
 And swell thy strains!

O, horses' hoofs would trample down  
 The Mount where on the martyr-saint<sup>1</sup>  
 Was crucified.  
 From glen and hill, from plain and town,  
 One loud lament, one thrilling plaint,  
 Would echo wide.  
 There would not soon be found, I ween,  
 One foot of ground among those bands  
 For museful thought,  
 So many shriekers of the *keen*  
 Would cry aloud and clap their hands,  
 All woe-distraught!

Two princes of the line of Conn  
 Sleep in their cells of clay beside  
 O'Donnell Roe:

<sup>1</sup> Saint Peter. This passage is not exactly a blunder, though at first it may seem one: the poet supposes the grave itself transferred to Ireland, and he naturally includes in the transference the whole of the immediate locality around the grave.—J. C. M.



Three royal youths, alas! are gone,  
Who lived for Erin's weal, but died  
For Erin's woe!  
Ah! could the men of Ireland read  
The names those noteless burial-stones  
Display to view,  
Their wounded hearts afresh would bleed,  
Their tears gush forth again, their groans  
Resound anew!

The youths whose relics molder here  
Were sprung from Hugh, high Prince and Lord  
Of Aileach's lands;  
Thy noble brothers, justly dear,  
Thy nephew, long to be deplored  
By Ulster's bands.  
Theirs were not souls wherein dull Time  
Could domicile decay or house  
Decrepitude!  
They passed from earth ere manhood's prime,  
Ere years had power to dim their brows  
Or chill their blood.

And who can marvel o'er thy grief,  
Or who can blame thy flowing tears,  
That knows their source?  
O'Donnell, Dunnasava's chief,  
Cut off amid his vernal years,  
Lies here a corse  
Beside his brother Cathbar, whom  
Tirconnell of the Helmets mourns  
In deep despair—  
For valor, truth, and comely bloom,  
For all that greatens and adorns  
A peerless pair.

O, had these twain, and he, the third,  
The Lord of Mourne, O'Niall's son,  
Their mate in death—  
A prince in look, in deed, and word—  
Had these three heroes yielded on  
The field their breath,  
O, had they fallen on Criffan's plain,  
There would not be a town or clan  
From shore to sea,  
But would with shrieks bewail the slain,  
Or chant aloud the exulting *rann*  
Of jubilee!

When high the shout of battle rose,  
 On fields where Freedom's torch still burned  
     Through Erin's gloom,  
 If one, if barely one of those  
     Were slain, all Ulster would have mourned  
     The hero's doom!  
 If at Athboy, where hosts of brave  
     Ulidian horsemen sank beneath  
     The shock of spears,  
 Young Hugh O'Neill had found a grave,  
     Long must the North have wept his death  
     With heart-rung tears!

If on the day of Ballach-myre  
     The Lord of Mourne had met thus young  
     A warrior's fate,  
 In vain would such as thou desire  
     To mourn, alone, the champion sprung  
     From Niall the great!  
 No marvel this—for all the dead,  
     Heaped on the field, pile over pile,  
     At Mullach-brack,  
 Were scarce an *eric*<sup>1</sup> for his head,  
     If death had stayed his footsteps while  
     On victory's track!

If on the Day of Hostages  
     A marshaled file, a long array  
     Been rudely torn  
 In sight of Munster's bands—Mac-Nee's,  
     Such blow the blood of Conn, I trow,  
     Could ill have borne.  
 If on the day of Ballach-boy  
     Some arm had laid, by foul surprise,  
     The chieftain low,  
 Even our victorious shout of joy  
     Would soon give place to rueful cries  
     And groans of woe!

If on the day the Saxon host  
     Were forced to fly—a day so great  
     For Ashanee—  
 The chief had been untimely lost,  
     Our conquering troops should moderate  
     Their mirthful glee.

<sup>1</sup> *Eric*, a compensation or fine.

There would not lack on Lifford's day,  
From Galway, from the glens of Boyle,  
From Limerick's towers,  
A marshaled file, a long array  
Of mourners, to bedew the soil  
With tears in showers!

If on the day a sterner fate  
Compelled his flight from Athenree,  
His blood had flowed,  
What numbers all disconsolate,  
Would come unasked, and share with thee  
Affliction's load!  
If Derry's crimson field had seen  
His life-blood offered up, though 't were  
On Victory's shrine,  
A thousand cries would swell the *keen*,  
A thousand voices of despair  
Would echo thine!

O, had the fierce Dalcassian swarm  
That bloody night on Fergus' banks  
But slain our chief,  
When rose his camp in wild alarm—  
How would the triumph of his ranks  
Be dashed with grief!  
How would the troops of Murbach mourn  
If on the Curlew Mountains' day,  
Which England rued,  
Some Saxon hand had left them lorn,  
By shedding there, amid the fray,  
Their prince's blood!

Red would have been our warriors' eyes  
Had Roderick found on Sligo's field  
A gory grave,  
No northern chief would soon arise  
So sage to guide, so strong to shield,  
So swift to save.  
Long would Leith-Cuinn have wept if Hugh  
Had met the death he oft had dealt  
Among the foe;  
But, had our Roderick fallen too,  
All Erin must alas have felt  
The deadly blow!

What do I say? Ah, woe is me!  
Already we bewail in vain  
Their fatal fall!  
And Erin, once the great and free,  
Now vainly mourns her breakless chain  
And iron thrall!  
Then, daughter of O'Donnell! dry  
Thine overflowing eyes, and turn  
Thy heart aside;  
For Adam's race is born to die,  
And sternly the sepulchral urn  
Mocks human pride!

Look not, nor sigh, for earthly throne,  
Nor place thy trust in arm of clay—  
But on thy knees  
Uplift thy soul to God alone,  
For all things go their destined way  
As he decrees.  
Embrace the faithful crucifix,  
And seek the path of pain and prayer  
Thy Saviour trod!  
Nor let thy spirit intermix  
With earthly hope and worldly care  
Its groans to God!

And thou, O mighty Lord! whose ways  
Are far above our feeble minds  
To understand,  
Sustain us in these doleful days,  
And render light the chain that binds  
Our fallen land!  
Look down upon our dreary state,  
And through the ages that may still  
Roll sadly on,  
Watch thou o'er hapless Erin's fate,  
And shield at least from darker ill  
The blood of Conn!



GONE IN THE WIND.<sup>1</sup>

## I.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
Like the swift shadows of Noon, like the dreams of the blind,  
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

## II.

Man! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy mind?  
Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind;  
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and en-  
shrined,  
Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

## III.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed  
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

## IV.

Say, what is Pleasure! A phantom, a mask undefined.  
Science? An almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind.  
Honor and Affluence? Firmans that Fortune hath signed,  
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

## V.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
Who is the Fortunate? He who in anguish hath pined!  
He shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind!

## VI.

Mortal! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined;  
Woe to the miners for Truth—where the Lampless have mined!  
Woe to the seekers on earth for—what none ever find!  
They and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the wind.

<sup>1</sup>Mangan describes this as a translation from the German of Rückert. It has, however, no German original—the phrase “gone in the wind” being practically all that it possesses in common with a certain poem of Rückert’s, and there the phrase is used differently.

## VII.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
 Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
 Happy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned  
 All Earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

## VIII.

Pity, thou, reader! the madness of poor humankind,  
 Raving of knowledge—and Satan so busy to blind!  
 Raving of glory,—like me,—for the garlands I bind  
 (Garlands of Song) are but gathered, and strewn in the wind.

## IX.

Solomon! where is thy throne? It is gone in the wind.  
 Babylon! where is thy might? It is gone in the wind.  
 I, Abul-Namez, must rest; for my fire hath declined,  
 And I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

ST. PATRICK'S HYMN BEFORE TARAH.<sup>1</sup>

At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,  
 I call on the holy Trinity:  
 Glory to him who reigneth in power,  
 The God of the elements, Father and Son  
 And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,  
 The ever-existing Divinity!

At Tarah to-day I call on the Lord,  
 On Christ, the omnipotent Word,  
 Who came to redeem from death and sin  
 Our fallen race;  
 And I put and I place  
 The virtue that lieth and liveth in  
 His incarnation lowly,  
 His baptism pure and holy,  
 His life of toil and tears and affliction,  
 His dolorous death—his crucifixion,  
 His burial, sacred and sad and lone,  
 His resurrection to life again,  
 His glorious ascension to Heaven's high throne,  
 And, lastly, his future dread  
 And terrible coming to judge all men—  
 Both the living and dead. . . .

<sup>1</sup> See also the very much closer rendering by Dr. Whitley Stokes.

At Tarah to-day I put and I place  
 The virtue that dwells in the seraphim's love,  
 And the virtue and grace  
     That are in the obedience  
     And unshaken allegiance  
 Of all the archangels and angels above,  
 And in the hope of the resurrection  
 To everlasting reward and election,  
 And in the prayers of the fathers of old,  
 And in the truths the prophets foretold,  
 And in the Apostles' manifold preachings,  
 And in the confessors' faith and teachings;  
 And in the purity ever dwelling  
 Within the immaculate Virgin's breast,  
 And in the actions bright and excelling  
 Of all good men, the just and the blest. . . .

At Tarah to-day, in this fateful hour,  
 I place all heaven with its power,  
 And the sun with its brightness,  
 And the snow with its whiteness,  
 And fire with all the strength it hath,  
 And lightning with its rapid wrath,  
 And the winds with their swiftness along their path,  
 And the sea with its deepness,  
 And the rocks with their steepness,  
 And the earth with its starkness,—

    All these I place,  
 By God's almighty help and grace,  
 Between myself and the powers of darkness.

At Tarah to-day  
 May God be my stay!

May the strength of God now nerve me!

May the power of God preserve me!

May God the Almighty be near me!

May God the Almighty espy me!

May God the Almighty hear me!

May God give me eloquent speech!

May the arm of God protect me!

May the wisdom of God direct me!

May God give me power to teach and to preach!

May the shield of God defend me!

May the host of God attend me,

And ward me,

And guard me

Against the wiles of demons and devils,  
 Against the temptations of vices and evils,  
 Against the bad passions and wrathful will  
 Of the reckless mind and the wicked heart,—  
 Against every man who designs me ill,  
 Whether leagued with others or plotting apart!

In this hour of hours,  
 I place all those powers  
 Between myself and every foe  
 Who threaten my body and soul  
 With danger or dole,  
 To protect me against the evils that flow  
 From lying soothsayers' incantations,  
 From the gloomy laws of the Gentile nations,  
 From heresy's hateful innovations,  
 From idolatry's rites and invocations.  
 Be those my defenders,  
 My guards against every ban—  
 And spell of smiths, and Druids, and women;  
 In fine against every knowledge that renders  
 The light Heaven sends us dim in  
 The spirit and soul of man!

May Christ, I pray,  
 Protect me to-day  
 Against poison and fire,  
 Against drowning and wounding;  
 That so, in His grace abounding,  
 I may earn the preacher's hire!

Christ as a light  
 Illumine and guide me!  
 Christ as a shield o'ershadow and cover me!  
 Christ be under me!—Christ be over me!  
 Christ be beside me,  
 On left hand and right!  
 Christ be before me, behind me, about me;  
 Christ this day be within and without me!

Christ, the lowly and meek,  
 Christ the All-Powerful be  
 In the heart of each to whom I speak,  
 In the mouth of each who speaks to me!  
 In all who draw near me,  
 Or see me or hear me!



At Tarah to-day, in this awful hour,  
I call on the Holy Trinity!  
Glory to Him who reigneth in power,  
The God of the elements, Father and Son  
And Paraclete Spirit, which Three are the One,  
The ever-existing Divinity!

Salvation dwells with the Lord,  
With Christ, the omnipotent Word.  
From generation to generation  
Grant us, O Lord, thy grace and salvation!

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## DARK ROSALEEN.

From 'The Irish.'

Oh! my dark Rosaleen,  
Do not sigh, do not weep!  
The priests are on the ocean green,  
They march along the deep.  
There 's wine from the royal Pope  
Upon the ocean green,  
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope,  
Shall give you health, and help, and hope,  
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales  
Have I roamed for your sake;  
All yesterday I sailed with sails  
On river and on lake.  
The Erne, at its highest flood,  
I dashed across unseen,  
For there was lightning in my blood,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
Oh! there was lightning in my blood,  
Red lightning lightened through my blood,  
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,  
To and fro do I move.

The very soul within my breast  
 Is wasted for you, love!  
 The heart in my bosom faints  
 To think of you, my Queen,  
 My life of life, my saint of saints,  
 My dark Rosaleen!  
 My own Rosaleen!  
 To hear your sweet and sad complaints,  
 My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,  
 Are my lot, night and noon,  
 To see your bright face clouded so,  
 Like to the mournful moon.  
 But yet will I rear your throne  
 Again in golden sheen;  
 'T is you shall reign, shall reign alone,  
 My dark Rosaleen!  
 My own Rosaleen!  
 'T is you shall have the golden throne,  
 'T is you shall reign, and reign alone,  
 My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,  
 Will I fly for your weal:  
 Your holy delicate white hands  
 Shall girdle me with steel.  
 At home in your emerald bowers,  
 From morning's dawn till e'en,  
 You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,  
 My dark Rosaleen!  
 My own Rosaleen!  
 You'll think of me through daylight's hours,  
 My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,  
 My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,  
 I could plow the high hills,  
 Oh! I could kneel all night in prayer,  
 To heal your many ills!  
 And one beamy smile from you  
 Would float like light between  
 My toils and me, my own, my true,  
 My dark Rosaleen!  
 My own Rosaleen!  
 Would give me life and soul anew,

A second life, a soul anew,  
My dark Rosaleen!

Oh! the Erne shall run red  
With redundance of blood,  
The earth shall rock beneath our tread,  
And flames wrap hill and wood,  
And gun-peal and slogan-cry  
Wake many a glen serene,  
Ere you shall fade, ere you shall die,  
My dark Rosaleen!  
My own Rosaleen!  
The Judgment Hour must first be nigh,  
Ere you can fade, ere you can die,  
My dark Rosaleen!

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#### THE NAMELESS ONE.

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river  
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;  
God will inspire me while I deliver  
My soul to thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening  
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,  
That there once was one whose veins ran lightning  
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,  
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,  
No star of all heaven sends to light our  
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after-ages  
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,  
He would have taught men from wisdom's pages  
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,  
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,  
He fled for shelter to God, who mated  
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,  
Flowed like a rill in the morning beam,

Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—  
A mountain stream.

Tell how the Nameless, condemned for years long  
To herd with demons from hell beneath,  
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long  
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted  
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,  
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted  
He still, still strove.

Till, spent with toil, dreeing death for others,  
And some whose hands should have wrought for him  
(If children live not for sires and mothers),  
His mind grew dim.

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,  
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,  
And pawned his soul for the Devil's dismal  
Stock of returns.

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,  
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,  
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,  
Stood in his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,  
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,  
He bides in calmness the silent morrow  
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and hoary  
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,  
He lives, enduring what future story  
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,  
Deep in your bosoms! There let him dwell!  
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble,  
Here and in hell.



## THE TIME OF THE BARMECIDES.

My eyes are filmed, my beard is gray,  
I am bowed with the weight of years;  
I would I were stretched in my bed of clay  
With my long-lost Youth's compeers!  
For back to the past, though the thought brings woe  
My memory ever glides—  
To the old, old time, long, long ago,  
The time of the Barmecides!  
To the old, old time, long, long ago,  
The time of the Barmecides!

Then youth was mine, and a fierce wild will  
And an iron arm in war,  
And a fleet foot high upon Ishkar's hill,  
When the watch-lights glimmered afar,  
And a barb as fiery as any I know  
That Khoord or Beddaween rides,  
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides;  
Ere my friends lay low—long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides.

One golden goblet illumed my board,  
One silver dish was there;  
At hand my tried Karamanian sword  
Lay always bright and bare.  
For those were the days when the angry blow  
Supplanted the word that chides—  
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides;  
When hearts could glow—long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides.

Through city and desert my mates and I  
Were free to rove and roam,  
Our diapered canopy the deep of the sky  
Or the roof of the palace dome—  
Oh! ours was that vivid life to and fro  
Which only sloth derides—  
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides;  
Men spent Life so, long, long ago,  
In the time of the Barmecides.

I see rich Bagdad once again,  
 With its turrets of Moorish mold,  
 And the Kailif's twice five hundred men  
 Whose binishes flamed with gold;  
 I call up many a gorgeous show  
 Which the Pall of Oblivion hides—  
 All passed like snow, long, long ago,  
 With the time of the Barmecides;  
 All passed like snow, long, long ago,  
 With the time of the Barmecides.

But mine eye is dim, and my beard is gray,  
 And I bend with the weight of years—  
 May I soon go down to the House of Clay,  
 Where slumber my Youth's compeers!  
 For with them and the Past, though the thought  
 wakes woe,  
 My memory ever abides;  
 And I mourn for the times gone long ago—  
 For the times of the Barmecides!  
 I mourn for the times gone long ago,  
 For the times of the Barmecides.

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### SIBERIA.

In Siberia's wastes  
 The ice-wind's breath  
 Woundeth like the toothéd steel.  
 Lost Siberia doth reveal  
 Only blight and death.

Blight and death alone.  
 No Summer shines.  
 Night is interblent with Day.  
 In Siberia's wastes alway  
 The blood blackens, the heart pines.

In Siberia's wastes  
 No tears are shed,  
 For they freeze within the brain.  
 Nought is felt but dullest pain,  
 Pain acute, yet dead;

Pain as in a dream,  
 When years go by

Funeral-paced, yet fugitive—  
 When man lives and doth not live  
 Doth not live—nor die.

In Siberia's wastes  
 Are sands and rocks.  
 Nothing blooms of green or soft,  
 But the snowpeaks rise aloft  
 And the gaunt ice-blocks.

And the exile there  
 Is one with those;  
 They are part, and he is part,  
 For the sands are in his heart,  
 And the killing snows.

Therefore in those wastes  
 None curse the Czar;  
 Each man's tongue is cloven by  
 The North Blast, who heweth nigh  
 With sharp scimitar.

And such doom each drees,  
 Till, hunger-gnawn  
 And cold-slain, he at length sinks there  
 Yet scarce more a corpse than ere  
 His last breath was drawn.

---

#### THE BARD O'HUSSEY'S ODE TO THE MAGUIRE.

Where is my chief, my master, this bleak night, mavrone?  
 Oh cold, cold, miserably cold is this bleak night for Hugh;  
 Its showery, arrowy, speary sleet, pierceth one through and  
 through,  
 Pierceth one to the very bone.

Rolls real thunder? Or was that red, livid light  
 Only a meteor? I scarce know; but through the midnight  
 dim  
 The pitiless ice-wind streams. Except the hate that perse-  
 cutes him,  
 Nothing hath crueller, venomy might.

An awful, a tremendous night is this meseems,  
 The flood-gates of the rivers of heaven, I think, have been  
 burst wide;

Down from the overcharged clouds, like unto headlong  
ocean's tide,  
Descends gray rain in roaring streams.

Though he were even a wolf, ranging the round green woods,  
Though he were even a pleasant salmon in the untamable sea,  
Though he were a wild mountain eagle he could scarce bear he  
This sharp, sore sleet, these howling floods.

Oh mournful is my soul this night for Hugh Maguire;  
Darkly as in a dream he strays; before him and behind  
Triumphs the tyrannous anger of the wounding wind,  
The wounding wind that burns as fire.

It is my bitter grief, it cuts me to the heart,  
That in the country of Clan-Darry this should be his fate;  
Oh woe is me! where is he? wandering, houseless, desolate,  
Alone, without a guide or chart.

Medreams I see but now his face, the strawberry-bright,  
Uplifted to the blackened heavens, while the tempestuous  
winds  
Blow fiercely over and round him, and the smiting sleet  
shower blinds  
The hero of Galang to-night.

Large, large afflictions unto me and mine it is,  
That one of his majestic bearing, his fair, stately form,  
Should thus be tortured and o'erborne, that this unsparing  
storm  
Should wreak its wrath on head like his.

That his great hand, so oft the avenger of the oppressed,  
Should, this chill, churlish night, perchance, be paralyzed by  
frost;  
While through some icicle-hung thicket, as one lorn and lost,  
He walks and wanders without rest.

The tempest-driven torrent deluges the mead,  
It overflows the low banks of the rivulets and ponds;  
The lawns and pasture-grounds lie locked in icy bonds,  
So that the cattle cannot feed.

The pale, bright margins of the streams are seen by none;  
Rushes and sweeps along the untamable flood on every side,



It penetrates and fills the cottagers' dwellings, far and wide,  
Water and land are ~~blent~~ in one.

Through some dark wood 'mid bones of monsters Hugh now  
strays,  
As he cries unto the storm with anguished heart but manly  
brow;  
Oh, what a sword-wound to that tender heart of his, were now  
A backward glance at peaceful days!

But other thoughts are his, thoughts that can still inspire  
With joy and an onward-bounding hope the bosom of Mac-  
Nee;  
Thoughts of his warriors charging like bright billows of the  
sea,  
Borne on the wind's wings, flashing fire.

And though frost glaze to-night the clear dew of his eyes,  
And white ice-gauntlets glove his noble, fine, fair fingers o'er,  
A warm dress is to him that lightning garb he ever wore,  
The lightning of the soul, not skies.

#### AVRAN.

*Hugh marched forth to the fight—I grieved to see him so de-  
part;  
And lo! to-night, he wanders frozen, rain-drenched, sad, be-  
trayed;  
But the memory of the lime-white mansions his right hand  
hath laid  
In ashes, warms the hero's heart.*

---

#### LOVE BALLAD.

From the Irish.

Lonely from my home I come  
To cast myself upon your tomb,  
And to weep.  
Lonely from my lonesome home,  
My lonesome house of grief and gloom;  
While I keep  
Vigil often all night long,  
For your dear, dear sake,

Praying many a prayer so wrong  
That my heart would break.

Gladly, oh my blighted flower,  
Sweet apple of my bosom's tree,  
Would I now  
Stretch me in your dark death-bower  
By your side, and lovingly  
Kiss your brow.  
But we'll meet ere many a day,  
Never more to part,  
Even now I feel the clay  
Gathering round my heart.

In my soul doth darkness dwell,  
And through its dreary, winding caves  
Ever flows,  
Ever flows with moaning swell  
One ebbless flood of many waves,  
Which are woes.  
Death, love, has me in his lures,  
But that grieves not me;  
So my spirit meet with yours  
On yon moon-loved lea.

When the neighbors near my cot,  
Think me sunk in slumber deep  
I arise;  
For oh it is a weary lot,  
This watching long and wooing sleep  
With hot eyes.  
I arise and seek your grave,  
And pour forth my tears,  
While the winds that nightly rave  
Whistle in my ears.

Often turns my memory back  
To that dear evening in the dell,  
When we twain,  
Sheltered by the sloe-bush black,  
Laughed and talked while thick sleet fell,  
And cold rain.  
Thanks to God, no guilty leaven  
Dashed our childish mirth;  
You rejoice for this in Heaven,  
I not less on earth.

Love, the priests are wroth with me  
 To find I shrine your image still  
 In my breast,  
 Since you are gone eternally,  
 And your body lies in the chill  
 Grave at rest.  
 But true love outlives the shroud,  
 Knows not check nor change,  
 And beyond time's world of cloud  
 Still must reign and range.

Well may now your kindred mourn  
 The threats, the wiles, the cruel arts  
 They long tried  
 On the child they left forlorn.  
 They broke the tenderest heart of hearts  
 When you died.  
 Curse upon the love of show,  
 Curse on pride and greed,  
 They would wed you high, and woe!  
 Here behold their meed!

---

### TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

Oh, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,  
 How it plashes on the window sill!  
 Night, I guess too, must be on the wane,  
 Strass and gass<sup>1</sup> are grown so still.  
 Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—  
 Ah! 't was rarely I beheld it flow  
 In the tavern where I loved to sup  
 Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas!—but stay—  
 On my life, 't is half-past twelve o'clock!  
 After all, the hours *do* slip away;  
 Come, here goes to burn another block!  
 For the night, or morn, is wet and cold,  
 And my fire is dwindling rather low:  
 I had fire enough when young and bold  
 Twenty golden years ago.

<sup>1</sup> *Strass and gass*, street and lane.

Dear! I don't feel well at all somehow:  
 Few in Weimar dream how bad I am;  
 Floods of tears grow common with me now—  
 High-Dutch floods, that Reason cannot dam.  
 Doctors think I'll neither live nor thrive  
 If I mope at home so. I don't know—  
*Am I living now? I was alive*  
 Twenty golden years ago!

Wifeless, friendless, flagonless, alone—  
 Not quite bookless, though, unless I choose—  
 Left with naught to do, except to groan,  
 Not a soul to woo, except the Muse—  
 Oh! this is hard for me to bear,  
 Me, who whilome lived so much *en haut*,  
 Me, who broke all hearts like China ware,  
 Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 't is better—time's defacing waves  
 Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—  
 They who curse me nightly from their graves  
 Scarce could love me were they living now.  
 But my loneliness hath darker ills—  
 Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought, and Co.,  
 Awful Gorgons! worse than tailors' bills  
 Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,  
 Oh, how plaintive you would ween I was!  
 But I won't, albeit I have a deal  
 More to wail about than Kerner has!  
 Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,  
 Mine for withered hopes—my scroll of woe  
 Dates, alas! from youth's deserted bowers,  
 Twenty golden years ago!

Yet, may Deutschland's bardlings flourish long;  
 Me, I tweak no beak among them—hawks  
 Must not pounce on hawks: besides, in song  
 I could once beat all of them by chinks.  
 Though you find me, as I near my goal,  
 Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,  
 Oh! I had a grand Byronian soul  
 Twenty golden years ago!



Tick-tick, tick-tick!—not a sound save Time's,  
And the wind-gust as it drives the rain—  
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,  
Go to bed and rest thine aching brain!  
Sleep! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;  
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—  
Curious anticlimax to thy dreams  
Twenty golden years ago!

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## ALDFRID'S ITINERARY.

During the seventh century so great was the fame of the Irish schools that many foreign princes were sent to Ireland to receive their education. Among them was Aldfrid, King of Northumbria, who was trained in all the learning of Erin, and who always aided and abetted the Irish in England. On leaving Ireland he composed a poem in the Irish language and meter, which Mangan translated "more closely than was his wont," as Mr. Douglas Hyde says.

I found in Innisfail the fair,  
In Ireland, while in exile there,  
Women of worth, both grave and gay men,  
Many clerics and many laymen.

I traveled its fruitful provinces round,  
And in every one of the five I found,  
Alike in church and in palace hall,  
Abundant apparel, and food for all.

Gold and silver I found in money;  
Plenty of wheat and plenty of honey;  
I found God's people rich in pity,  
Found many a feast, and many a city.

I also found in Armagh the splendid,  
Meekness, wisdom, and prudence blended,  
Fasting as Christ hath recommended,  
And noble councilors untranscended.

I found in each great church moreo'er,  
Whether on island or on shore,  
Piety, learning, fond affection,  
Holy welcome and kind protection.

I found the good lay monks and brothers  
Ever beseeching help for others,  
And, in their keeping, the Holy Word,  
Pure as it came from JESUS the LORD.

I found in Munster, unfettered of any,  
Kings and queens and poets a many,  
Poets well-skilled in music and measure,  
Prosperous doings, mirth and pleasure.

I found in Connaught the just, redundance  
Of riches, milk in lavish abundance;  
Hospitality, vigor, fame,  
In Cruachan's land of heroic name.

. . . . .

I found in Ulster from hill to glen,  
Hardy warriors, resolute men;  
Beauty that bloomed when youth was gone,  
And strength transmitted from sire to son.

. . . . .

I found in Leinster the smooth and sleek,  
From Dublin to Slewmargy's peak,  
Flourishing pastures, valor, health,  
Song-loving worthies, commerce, wealth.

I found besides from Ara to Glea  
In the broad rich country of Ossorie,  
Sweet fruits, good laws for all and each,  
Great chess-players, men of truthful speech.

I found in Meath's fair principality,  
Virtue, vigor, and hospitality;  
Candor, joyfulness, bravery, purity—  
Ireland's bulwark and security.

I found strict morals in age and youth,  
I found historians recording truth;  
The things I sing of in verse unsmooth  
I found them all I have written sooth.

KINKORA.<sup>1</sup>

From the Irish of Mac-Liag.

O where, Kinkora! is Brian the Great,  
And where is the beauty that once was thine?  
O where are the princes and nobles that sate  
At the feasts in thy halls, and drank the red wine?  
Where, O Kinkora?

O where, Kinkora! are thy valorous lords?  
O whither, thou hospitable! are they gone?  
O where are the Dalcassians of the golden swords?<sup>2</sup>  
And where are the warriors Brian led on?  
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Morrough, the descendant of kings,  
The defeater of a hundred, the daringly brave,  
Who set but slight store by jewels and rings,  
Who swam down the torrent and laughed at its wave?  
Where, O Kinkora?

And where is Donogh, King Brian's worthy son?  
And where is Conaing, the beautiful chief?  
And Kian and Core? Alas! they are gone:  
They have left me this night alone with my grief!  
Left me, Kinkora!

And where are the chiefs with whom Brian went forth?  
The sons never-vanquished of Evin the brave,  
The great King of Osnacht, renowned for his worth,  
And the hosts of Baskinn from the western wave?  
Where, O Kinkora?

O where is Duvlann of the swift-footed steeds?  
And where is Kian who was son of Molloy?  
And where is King Lonergan, the fame of whose deeds  
In the red battle-fields no time can destroy?  
Where, O Kinkora?

<sup>1</sup> This poem is ascribed to Mac-Liag, the secretary of Brian Boruimha, who fell at the battle of Clontarf, in 1014; and the subject of it is a lamentation for the fallen condition of Kinkora, the palace of that monarch, consequent on his death. The decease of Mac-Liag is recorded in the 'Annals of the Four Masters,' as having taken place in 1015. A great number of his poems are still in existence, but none of them has obtained a popularity so widely extended as his 'Lament.' The palace of Kinkora, which was situated on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, is now a heap of ruins.

<sup>2</sup> *Colg n-or*, or the swords of gold, *i. e.* of the gold-hilted swords.

And where is that youth of majestic height,  
 The faith-keeping Prince of the Scots? Even he  
 As wide as his fame was, as great as was his might,  
 Was tributary, Kinkora, to thee!  
 Thee, O Kinkora!

They are gone, those heroes of royal birth  
 Who plundered no churches, and broke no trust;  
 'T is weary for me to be living on earth  
 When they, O Kinkora, lie low in the dust.  
 Low, O Kinkora!

O never again will princes appear,  
 To rival the Dalcassians<sup>1</sup> of the cleaving swords;  
 I can never dream of meeting afar or anear,  
 In the east or the west, such heroes and lords!  
 Never, Kinkora!

O dear are the images my memory calls up  
 Of Brian Boru! how he never would miss  
 To give me at the banquet the first bright cup.  
 Ah! why did he heap on me honor like this?  
 Why, O Kinkora?

I am Mac-Liag, and my home is on the lake:  
 Thither often, to that palace whose beauty is fled,  
 Came Brian to ask me, and I went for his sake.—  
 O my grief! that I should live, and Brian be dead!  
 Dead, O Kinkora!

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### THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRÉ, O.

From the Irish of Donogh Mac Con-Mara.<sup>2</sup>

Take a blessing from my heart to the land of my birth,  
 And the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
 And to all that yet survive of Eibhear's tribe on earth,  
 On the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
 In that land so delightful the wild thrush's lay  
 Seems to pour a lament forth from Eiré's decay.  
 Alas, alas, why pine I a thousand miles away  
 From the fair hills of Eiré, O!

<sup>1</sup> *Dalcassians*, Brian's body-guard.

<sup>2</sup> Donogh Mac Con-Mara (a name sometimes incorrectly given as Mac-namara), a native of County Waterford, wrote this very lovely lyric in Gaelic, while he was keeping a boy's school in Hamburg. He was a great traveler, and had a most adventurous life. He was born in 1738, and, dying in 1814, was buried at home.



The soil is rich and soft, the air is mild and bland,  
Of the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
Her barest rock is greener to me than this rude land;  
O the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
Her woods are tall and straight, grove rising over grove;  
Trees flourish in her glens below and on her heights above;  
Ah, in heart and in soul I shall ever, ever love  
The fair hills of Eiré, O!

A noble tribe, moreover, are the now hapless Gael,  
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
A tribe in battle's hour unused to shrink or fail  
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
For this is my lament in bitterness outpoured  
To see them slain or scattered by the Saxon sword:  
O woe of woes to see a foreign spoiler horde  
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!

Broad and tall rise the *cruachs*<sup>1</sup> in the golden morning glow  
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
O'er her smooth grass for ever sweet cream and honey flow  
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
Oh, I long, I am pining, again to behold  
The land that belongs to the brave Gael of old.  
Far dearer to my heart than a gift of gems or gold  
Are the fair hills of Eiré, O!

The dewdrops lie bright mid the grass and yellow corn  
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
The sweet-scented apples blush redly in the morn  
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
The water-cress and sorrel fill the vales below,  
The streamlets are hushed till the evening breezes blow,  
While the waves of the Suir, noble river! ever flow  
Neath the fair hills of Eiré, O!

A fruitful clime is Eiré's, through valley, meadow, plain,  
And the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
The very bread of life is in the yellow grain  
On the fair hills of Eiré, O!  
Far dearer unto me than the tones music yields  
Is the lowing of the kine and the calves in her fields,  
In the sunlight that shone long ago on the shields  
Of the Gaels, on the fair hills of Eiré, O!

<sup>1</sup> *Cruachs*, mountain peaks.

## THE GRAVE, THE GRAVE.

Mahlmann.

Blest are the dormant  
In death : they repose  
From bondage and torment,  
From passions and woes,  
From the yoke of the world and the snares of the traitor.  
The grave, the grave is the true liberator!

Griefs chase one another  
Around the earth's dome :  
In the arms of the mother  
Alone is our home.  
Woo pleasure, ye triflers! The thoughtful are wiser :  
The grave, the grave is their one tranquilizer!

Is the good man unfriended  
On life's ocean-path,  
Where storms have expended  
Their turbulent wrath?  
Are his labors requited by slander and rancor?  
The grave, the grave is his sure bower-anchor!

To gaze on the faces  
Of lost ones anew,  
To lock in embraces  
The loved and the true,  
Were a rapture to make even Paradise brighter.  
The grave, the grave is the great reuniter!

Crown the corpse then with laurels,  
The conqueror's wreath,  
Make joyous with carols  
The chamber of death,  
And welcome the victor with cymbal and psalter :  
The grave, the grave is the only exalter!

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KATHALEEN NY-HOULAHAN.

A JACOBITE RELIC.

From the Irish.

Long they pine in weary woe—the nobles of our land—  
Long they wander to and fro, proscribed, alas! and banned;

Feastless, houseless, altarless, they bear the exile's brand,  
But their hope is in the coming-to of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Think not her a ghastly hag, too hideous to be seen;  
Call her not unseemly names, our matchless Kathaleen;  
Young she is, and fair she is, and would be crowned a queen,  
Were the king's son at home here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Sweet and mild would look her face—Oh! none so sweet and mild—  
Could she crush the foes by whom her beauty is reviled;  
Woollen plaids would grace herself and robes of silk her child,  
If the king's son were living here with Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Sore disgrace it is to see the Arbitress of thrones  
Vassal to a Saxoneen of cold and sapless bones!  
Bitter anguish wrings our souls—with heavy sighs and groans  
We wait the Young Deliverer of Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

Let us pray to Him who holds life's issues in His hands,  
Him who formed the mighty globe, with all its thousand lands:  
Girding them with sea and mountains, rivers deep, and strands,  
To cast a look of pity upon Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

He who over sands and waves led Israel along—  
He who fed, with heavenly bread, that chosen tribe and throng;  
He who stood by Moses when his foes were fierce and strong,  
May He show forth His might in saving Kathaleen Ny-Houlahan.

## JOHN MARTLEY.

(1844—1882.)

JOHN MARTLEY was born in Dublin, May 15, 1844. He was educated at Cheltenham College; at St. Columba's College, Rathfarnham; and at Trinity College, Dublin, where he took his degree of B.A. in 1866. In 1875 he was called to the Irish bar, but, obtaining an appointment in the Landed Estates Court, he did not practice. He wrote both for *Kottabos*, of which he was for some time assistant editor, and for *Froth*, a Dublin periodical, over the name of "Caleb in Search of a Wife." He married Miss Frances Howorth, sister of Mr. H. Howorth, M.P., and died Aug. 25, 1882.

His writings were collected and published after his death under the title of 'Fragments in Prose and Verse.'

He was a clever parodist and a skillful versifier, full of culture, tenderness, and taste.

### THE VALLEY OF SHANGANAGH.

Written for the air 'The Wearing of the Green.'

In the Valley of Shanganagh, where the songs of skylarks teem,  
And the rose perfumes the ocean-breeze, as love the hero's  
dream,

'T was there I wooed my Maggie. In her dark eyes there did  
dwell

A secret that the billows knew, but yet could never tell.

Oh! light as fairy tread her voice fell on my bounding heart;  
And like the wild bee to the flower still clinging we would part.  
"Sweet Valley of Shanganagh," then I murmured, "though I  
die,

My soul will never leave thee for the heaven that's in the sky!"

In the Valley of Shanganagh, where the sullen sea-gulls gleam,  
And the pine-scent fills the sighing breeze as death the lover's  
dream,

'T was there I lost my Maggie. Why that fate upon us fell  
The powers above us knew, perhaps, if only they would tell.

Oh! like the tread of mournful feet it fell upon my heart,  
When, as the wild bee leaves the rose, her spirit did depart.  
In the Valley still I linger, though it's fain I am to die,  
But it's hard to find a far-off heaven when clouds are in the sky.



## EDWARD MARTYN.

(1859 —)

EDWARD MARTYN was born at Masonbrook, near Loughrea, County Galway, Ireland, on the 31st of January, 1859. He was educated at Belvedere College, Dublin, at Beaumont College, Windsor, and at Christ Church, Oxford, but it is stated that "his only real education was that which he gave to himself." In his Oxford years he wrote poetry, and in 1885 he thought of publishing a volume of poems, but is said to have destroyed them. In 1890 he published, under the pen name of "Sirius," a satirical romance, 'Morgante the Lesser, his Notorious Life and Wonderful Deeds,' one of the most powerful satires on the materialistic and pseudo-scientific philosophy of that time—before "the bankruptcy of science"—that has been written; a book not unworthy to be placed beside the satires of the mighty Swift. In 1899 he published two plays, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maeve,' with a characteristic introduction from the pen of Mr. George Moore. 'The Heather Field' and Mr. W. B. Yeats' 'Countess Cathleen' were the first plays produced by the Irish Literary Theater, in May, 1899, and both met with great and immediate success. 'The Heather Field' was also well received at Terry's Theater in London, June, 1899, and was soon after performed with marked appreciation in New York City and has repeatedly been given in Ireland since, and has been translated into German for performance on the German stage.

Mr. Martyn belongs to the school of Ibsen, but avoids that over-emphasis on morbid themes which mars so much of the work of the Norwegian. In 1902 Mr. Martyn published a volume containing two plays, 'The Tale of a Town' (a theme previously handled by Mr. George Moore in his play 'The Bending of the Bough') and 'An Enchanted Sea.' All of his plays are wrought with a fine literary and artistic style and are in happy contrast to the unfortunately too frequent travesty on Irish character by the "stage Irishman."

Mr. Martyn, together with Mr. W. B. Yeats, Mr. George Moore, and Lady Gregory, was one of the founders of the Irish National Theater in the year 1889. He is a well known and ardent Nationalist and has recently resigned as one of the magistrates of his native country as a protest against English misgovernment in Ireland. He is a well-known critic of music, and some two years ago gave the sum of £10,000 (\$50,000) to found a Palestrina choir in Dublin.

### ON WIND.

From 'Morgante the Lesser.'

We have now, we hope, conclusively proved that the consumption of admiration is the modern method of acquiring

ing true happiness, and that the means whereby the said admiration may be conveyed into the system is by the action of wind. Therefore we may without doubt, and in full justice, claim to have made a real and stupendous scientific discovery, the long hid philosopher's stone (a confusion of metaphor in our enthusiasm is surely here pardonable), the crowning intellectual triumph, which the restless spirit of inquiry of the nineteenth century has brought to birth. Verily, has not wind, from this time forth, an incontrovertible right to be considered as chief of the elements and the greatest of blessings corporally and intellectually to man? For, besides being the primary support of life, without which we could not breathe and consequently must cease to live, it, in a hundred ways, ministers to the convenience of humanity. It propels vast ships, it carries balloons, it turns windmills, it dries the land, it seasons timber, hay, turf, and everything, in fact, that is improved and rendered useful by seasoning. It acts for our benefit in a host of other ways which we have not space to mention here. And now we find by this last and greatest of all physical discoveries that it is the agent whereby passionate rapture is brought within the resources of every human being. Assuredly we do not exaggerate when we say, that all is folly and error except wind.

In order to secure admiration, let a man pose as a philosopher and atheist—(though, we fear, this *rôle* has been played so often that it will be necessary to resort to some newer and more original means of attracting the attention of the masses, as they may probably refuse to be surprised at so well-worn a cast); or, if, by the help of magnificent abilities, another should happen to rise to a position of great power, let him labor in his infatuation to break up a constitution, and receive the plaudits of the wise, as attended by his interesting family he enjoys the healthful recreation of felling trees in the intervals of his more serious work of felling an empire; or, let another, from his august position, and by the force of his scandalous example, lower and corrupt the standard of morals among the upper classes in his country; or, let another adopt swindling on a huge scale and call it speculation; or, again, let a fanatic, forming a religious organization,

drill his followers in the public streets, and instruct them in the art of mingling unconscious blasphemy with hysterical devotion; or, let another, if he be a clergyman of the Church of England, preach sermons of such free-thinking tendencies as shall startle his congregation; or, if in the case of a woman, let her—but, no! we shall not attempt to offer any advice to the female sex on a question as to the best manner of seeking admiration. It would be a decided impertinence for us to endeavor to lecture women about a science wherein they are confessedly our superiors. In fact, our parting admonition to all men engaged in the study of this noble science is, to sit at the feet of women and to learn of them diligently. There are no creatures on earth who can give better lessons: then, when they feel they have aroused a sufficiency of wonder, let them swallow—not inhale, mind—as much wind as they possibly can hold, and they will infallibly experience the new modern ecstasy. At first they must deliberately swallow wind, but, with a little practice, they will do so unconsciously, and as naturally as a young animal takes to milk.

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## THE END OF A DREAM.

From 'The Heather Field.'

Mr. George Moore in his Introduction to 'The Heather Field' says: "Carden Tyrrell is a man whose dreams are in conflict with reality. He might have lived in some quiet library or some dim museum, happy in antiquarian research, but attracted by her beauty he married a narrow-minded conventional woman of the world, and his dreams, instead of being expended in art, turn to the reclamation of the Heather Field. Mortgage after mortgage is placed upon the property, and the future of his wife and child is compromised. The play resolves itself into a duel between husband and wife, and one of its merits is that, although all right and good sense are on the wife's side, the sympathy is always with Carden. We forget the ruin he is bringing on his family, and we love him for his dreams, for his dreams are the eternal aspiration of man for the ideal. He hears voices, magical voices, on the mountainside, and in his heart the sound of a silver harpstring.

"The Heather Field is the symbol of his incurable nature; whatever its circumstances, it will seek its destiny out and find it; and with the flowering of the Heather Field, Carden passes quietly over the borderland. The years, with all their hideous realities, fall

behind him; wife, domestic misfortunes, and middle age, all that has been done becomes undone; his wife becomes Miss Desmond; his little son, Kit, becomes his brother Miles; Carden is young again and babbles of the rainbow, of the Rhine, the gold of the Rhine and its legends; he attains his lost youth, the soft scent and color of the spring mornings, the green leaf, and the meadow starred with daffodils.

“‘It is always morning now for me,’ he exclaims. The others watch him, baffled and unhappy—they are still involved in the cruel coil of reality which he has shaken off—and he leads the child to see the rainbow, ‘that mystic highway of man’s speechless longings.’”

*KIT TYRRELL, carrying a small white bundle, enters through door at back.*

*Kit.* (*Placing the bundle on sofa.*) Barry, the pony is splendid. I had such galloping over the heather field.

*Ussher.* Well, did you bring back any flowers?

*Kit.* They have not yet come out. All I could find were these little buds in my handkerchief. (*Unties the bundle.*) Look.

*Ussher.* (*With a start.*) What—buds of heather? Has your father seen these, Kit?

*Kit.* Yes, I told him I found them growing all over the heather field.

*Ussher.* You did, boy—and what did he say?

*Kit.* Nothing for a while. But he looked—he looked—well, I have never seen him look like that before.

*Ussher.* Ha—and then—?

*Kit.* Oh, then he seemed to forget all about it. He became so kind, and, oh, Barry, what do you think, he called me? “his little brother Miles.” So I am really his brother, he says, after all—

*MILES TYRRELL, in haste and violent trepidation, enters through door at back.*

*Miles.* Barry, for pity’s sake—(*Sees Kit and suddenly checks himself, then brings Ussher over to fireplace*)—Barry, something dreadful has come over Carden. He does not know me.

*Ussher.* (*In a trembling voice, as he gazes fixedly before him.*) The vengeance of the heather field.

*Miles.* Oh! for pity’s sake, come to him. Come to him—



Ussher. Where is he?

Miles. Wandering helpless about the garden. Oh, heavens, what shall we do?

Ussher. (*With suppressed terror.*) Let us find him. (*He turns to go.*)

CARDEN TYRRELL *appears outside doorway at back.*  
*He has a strange, collected look.*

Ussher. (*Starting.*) Carden!

Tyrrell. (*Coming in.*) Well, Barry?—Why, what has happened to you since yesterday? My goodness, you look at least ten years older. (*Glancing at Miles.*) Who is that? He was annoying me about something just now in the fuchsia walk.

Miles. Oh, I cannot stand this torture. Carden, dear Carden, look at me—

Tyrrell. (*Retreats like a frightened animal towards Ussher, keeping always his eyes fixed on Miles.*) Barry, what is the matter with him? Don't leave me alone with him, Barry. Get him to go away.

Ussher. You need not fear him, Carden. (*He signs to Miles, who retires with an inconsolable expression and stands by fireplace.*)

Tyrrell. (*After a moment, mysteriously.*) Barry—

Ussher. Yes, Carden.

Tyrrell. (*Looking cautiously around.*) You remember our conversation yesterday.

Ussher. (*Puzzled.*) Yesterday? I did not see you yesterday.

Tyrrell. (*With impatience.*) We did not walk together on the cliff yesterday, when you advised me not to marry Grace Desmond? What do you mean?

Ussher. (*Suddenly recollecting.*) Oh, I remember, I remember. (*Then in a trembling voice*) But Carden—Carden, that was ten years ago. Don't you know that you are now married to her?

Tyrrell. (*With a surprised baffled look.*) I am?

Ussher. (*Very gently.*) Yes, indeed.

Tyrrell. Oh! (*His expression for a moment grows vaguely painful, then gradually passes into one of vacant calm. After a short pause*) Barry, you are quite right.

Ussher. (*Joyfully.*) I knew you would understand me, Carden.

Tyrrell. Yes, I will take your advice. I will not ask her to be my wife.

Ussher. (*With cruel disappointment.*) Hopeless—I see it is hopeless now.

Tyrrell. (*Unheeding.*) I do not care for her any more. I know now I never cared for her.

Ussher. Do you? Why?

Tyrrell. (*Distressfully.*) Oh, I have had such a dreadful dream.

Ussher. A dream?

Tyrrell. I must tell it to you. Let me see, what was it? No—I cannot remember—no—it has gone completely from me before the beauty of the morning. (*Looks out at back and stretches his arms.*) Oh, is not this spring morning divine?

Ussher. But—Carden, can you not see that it is evening?

Tyrrell. Ah, I must have been a long time asleep—a long, long time. Yet it looks like the morning. Yes, it seems as if it would always be morning now for me.

Ussher. (*With interest.*) Indeed—is that so?

Tyrrell. Yes—its genius somehow is always about me.

Ussher. And what do you call this genius of the morning?

Tyrrell. (*With a strange ecstasy.*) Joy! Joy!

Ussher. (*After looking at him for a while in wonder.*) Then you are happy, Carden?

Tyrrell. Oh, yes—so happy! Why not?

Ussher. (*With hesitation.*) You have no troubles, have you?

Tyrrell. Troubles—? No, except sometimes in dreams—but oh, when I awake to the joy of this great beauty—

Ussher. Yet—great beauty—is it not for ever far away?

Tyrrell. No—it is for ever by me. (*Then as if suddenly recollecting*) Ah, now I can tell you my dreadful dream. (*Slowly*) I dreamed that my lot was to wander through common luxurious life—seeing now and then, in glimpses, that beauty—but so far away! And when the vision left me—ah, you do not know the anguish I felt in looking again at my lot in life.

Ussher. And this was only a dream?

Tyrrell. (*Fervently.*) Thank heaven—only a dream! (*He goes to the sofa, where Kit all this time has been playing with the heather buds.*)

Ussher. (*Meditatively sorrowful.*) And are beauty and happiness mere illusions after all? (*Goes towards Miles.*) I am dazed in the presence of this awful misfortune.

Miles. (*Approaching Ussher.*) Oh, the misery of seeing him like this! He thinks he is living in the old days.

Ussher. It has come upon him again—that eerie ethereal youth I remember so well.

Miles. And for which he would yearn with such fond regret. But Grace and the child—oh, what is to become of them? I fear their ruin is now certain and complete.

Ussher. (*As if suddenly awakened.*) Not so—It may be possible to save them now that there is no danger of further expenditure. And I *will* save them. I will be security for the payment of all their debts. I will save the estate, if it costs me every penny I have in the world.

Miles. (*Grasping Ussher by the hand.*) Oh, Barry, this is good of you. (*They go towards the fireplace in earnest discourse.*)

Tyrrell. (*Placing a heather wreath on Kit's head.*) There—you are like a young field-faun now.

Kit. What sort of thing is that?

Tyrrell. Why, one of the field-fairies, fresh and clean as those soft heather-shoots around your hair.

Kit. (*Delighted.*) What—the fairies that live in green hillocks, and dance by the river bank, in the valley over there? Oh, tell me of them again.

Tyrrell. Yes, beautiful child-fairies that play with the water nymphs—those sirens, you know, who sing in the wistful depths of the stream. (*With a sudden transport.*) Oh, we must go to Lorlei as last year, where the river is lit with their gold. (*Pointing out at back.*) See, even now, the sky is darkening as in that storm scene of the old legend I told you on the Rhine. See, the rain across a saffron sun trembles like gold harp-strings, through the purple Irish spring!

MRS. GRACE TYRRELL *enters by door at right, dressed for going out, with her face thinly veiled, and looking altogether younger and more handsome.*

Grace. (To Tyrrell.) I am just starting to visit the Shrutes for some days.

Tyrrell. (Turns surprised.) Miss Desmond—Oh—  
(With emotion and signs of struggle.) Oh, where is that beauty now—that music of the morning? (Suddenly arrested.) Such strange solemn harmonies. (Listens.) The voices—yes, they are filling the house—those white-stoled children of the morning. (His eyes after a moment wander slowly to the doorway at back.) Oh, the rainbow. (To Kit.) Come quick! see the lovely rainbow! (They go to watch it hand in hand.) Oh, mystic highway of man's speechless longings! My heart goes forth upon the rainbow to that horizon of joy! (With a fearful exaltation.) The voices—I hear them now triumphant in a silver glory of song!

Grace. (Looking bewildered from Miles to Ussher.) What—what is all this?

Ussher. Ah, your fears have come true, Mrs. Tyrrell. You have not heard——

Grace. No. What has happened? For heaven's sake speak!

Ussher. The wild heath has broken out again in the heather field.



## FRANK MATHEW.

(1865 —)

FRANK MATHEW is a grand-nephew of Father Mathew, the Apostle of Temperance. He was born in 1865, and was educated at Beaumont, King's College School, and London University. In 1889 he became a solicitor, but has since given up the profession for that of novel-writing. His first literary work was a biography of his illustrious uncle. His other books are : 'At the Rising of the Moon,' a collection of stories of Irish life which appeared in *The Idler*; 'The Wood of the Brambles,' 'A Child in the Temple,' 'The Spanish Wine,' 'Defender of the Faith,' 'One Queen Triumphant,' 'Love of Comrades,' and 'The Royal Sisters.'

## THEIR LAST RACE.

### I.—THE FACTION FIGHT.

In the heart of the Connemara Highlands, Carrala Valley hides in a triangle of mountains. Carrala Village lies in the corner of it towards Loch Ina, and Aughavanna in the corner nearest Kylemore. Aughavanna is a wreck now: if you were to look for it you would see only a cluster of walls grown over by ferns and nettles; but in those remote times, before the Great Famine, when no English was spoken in the Valley, there was no place more renowned for wild fun and fighting; and when its men were to be at a fair, every able-bodied man in the countryside took his *kippeen*—his cudgel—from its place in the chimney, and went out to do battle with a glad heart.

Long Mat Murnane was the king of Aughavanna. There was no grander sight than Mat smashing his way through a forest of *kippeens*, with his enemies staggering back to the right and left of him; there was no sweeter sound than his voice, clear as a bell, full of triumph and gladness, shouting, "Hurroo! whoop! Aughavanna for ever!" Where his *kippeen* flickered in the air his followers charged after, and the enemy rushed to meet him, for it was an honor to take a broken head from him.

But Carrala Fair was the black day for him. That day

Carrala swarmed with men—fishers from the near coast, dwellers in lonely huts by the black lakes, or in tiny ragged villages under the shadow of the mountains, or in cabins on the hillsides—every little town for miles, by river or seashore or mountain-built, was emptied. The fame of the Aughavanna men was their ruin, for they were known to fight so well that every one was dying to fight them. The Joyces sided against them; Black Michael Joyce had a farm in the third corner of the Valley, just where the road through the bog from Aughavanna (the road with the cross by it) meets the high-road to Leenane, so his kin mustered in force. Now Black Michael, “Meehul Dhu,” was Long Mat’s rival; though smaller he was near as deadly in fight, and in dancing no man could touch him, for it was said he could jump a yard into the air and kick himself behind with his heels in doing it.

The business of the Fair had been hurried so as to leave the more time for pleasure, and by five of the afternoon every man was mad for the battle. Why, you could scarcely have moved in Callanan’s Field out beyond the churchyard at the end of the Village, it was so packed with men—more than five hundred were there, and you could not have heard yourself speak, for they were jumping and dancing, tossing their *caubeens*, and shouting themselves hoarse and deaf—“Hurroo for Carrala!” “Whoop for Aughavanna!” Around them a mob of women, old men and children, looked on breathlessly. It was dull weather, and the mists had crept half-way down the dark mountain walls, as if to have a nearer look at the fight.

As the chapel clock struck five, Long Mat Murnane gave the signal. Down the Village he came, rejoicing in his strength, out between the two last houses, past the churchyard and into Callanan’s Field; he looked every inch a king; his *kippeen* was ready, his frieze coat was off, with his left hand he trailed it behind him holding it by the sleeve, while with a great voice he shouted—in Irish—“Where’s the Carrala man that dare touch my coat? Where’s the cowardly scoundrel that dare look crooked at it?”

In a moment Black Michael Joyce was trailing his own coat behind him, and rushed forward, with a mighty cry, “Where’s the face of a trembling Aughavanna man?” In

a moment their *kippeens* clashed; in another, hundreds of *kippeens* crashed together, and the grandest fight ever fought in Connemara raged over Callanan's Field. After the first roar of defiance the men had to keep their breath for the hitting, so the shout of triumph and the groan as one fell were the only sounds that broke the music of the *kippeens* clashing and clicking on one another, or striking home with a thud.

Never was Long Mat nobler: he rushed ravaging through the enemy, shattering their ranks and their heads; no man could withstand him; Red Callanan of Carrala went down before him; he knocked the five senses out of Dan O'Shaughran of Earrennamore, that herded many pigs by the sedgy banks of the Owen Erriff; he hollowed the left eye out of Larry Mulcahy, that lived on the Devil's Mother Mountain—never again did Larry set the two eyes of him on his high mountain-cradle; he killed Black Michael Joyce by a beautiful swooping blow on the side of the head—who would have dreamt that Black Michael had so thin a skull?

For near an hour Mat triumphed, then suddenly he went down under foot. At first he was missed only by those nearest him, and they took it for granted that he was up again and fighting. But when the Aughavanna men found themselves outnumbered and driven back to the Village, a great fear came on them, for they knew that all Ireland could not outnumber them if Mat was to the fore. Then disaster and rout took them, and they were forced backwards up the street, struggling desperately, till hardly a man of them could stand.

And when the victors were shouting themselves dumb, and drinking themselves blind, the beaten men looked for their leader. Long Mat was prone, his forehead was smashed, his face had been trampled into the mud—he had done with fighting. His death was untimely, yet he fell as he would have chosen—in a friendly battle. For when a man falls under the hand of an enemy (as of any one who differs from him in creed or politics), revenge and black blood live after him; but he who takes his death from the kindly hand of a friend leaves behind him no ill-will, but only gentle regret for the mishap.

## II.—THEIR LAST RACE.

When the dead had been duly waked for two days and nights, the burying day came. All the morning Long Mat Murnane's coffin lay on four chairs by his cabin, with a kneeling ring of disheveled women *keening* round it. Every soul in Aughavanna and their kith and kin had gathered to do him honor. And when the Angelus bell rang across the Valley from the chapel, the mourners fell into ranks, the coffin was lifted on the rough hearse, and the motley funeral—a line of carts with a mob of peasants behind, a few riding, but most of them on foot—moved slowly towards Carrala. The women were crying bitterly, *keening* like an Atlantic gale; the men looked as sober as if they had never heard of a wake, and spoke sadly of the dead man, and of what a pity it was that he could not see his funeral.

The Joyces too had waited, as was the custom, for the Angelus bell, and now Black Michael's funeral was moving slowly towards Carrala along the other side of the bog. Before long either party could hear the *keening* of the other, for you know the roads grow nearer as they converge on Carrala. Before long either party began to fear that the other would be there first.

There is no knowing how it happened, but the funerals began to go quicker, keeping abreast; then still quicker, till the women had to break into a trot to keep up; then still quicker, till the donkeys were galloping, and till every one raced at full speed, and the rival parties broke into a wild shout of "Aughavanna *abu!*" "Meehul Dhu for ever!"

For the dead men were racing—feet foremost—to the grave; they were rivals even in death. Never did the world see such a race, never was there such whooping and shouting. Where the roads meet in Callanan's Field the hearses were abreast; neck to neck they dashed across the trampled fighting-place, while the coffins jogged and jolted as if the two dead men were struggling to get out and lead the rush; neck to neck they reached the churchyard, and the hearses jammed in the gate. Behind them the carts crashed into one another, and the mourners shouted as if they were mad.



But the quick wit of the Aughavanna men triumphed, for they seized their long coffin and dragged it in, and Long Mat Murnane won his last race. The shout they gave then deafened the echo up in the mountains, so that it has never been the same since. The victors wrung one another's hands; they hugged one another.

"Himself would be proud," they cried, "if he hadn't been dead!"

## THEOBALD MATHEW.

(1790—1856.)

THEOBALD MATHEW, the "Apostle of Temperance," was born Oct. 10, 1790, at Thomastown Castle in Kilkenny. In boyhood, his gentleness, amiability of disposition, and utter unselfishness endeared him to all hearts. He was educated in Kilkenny; at nineteen he entered college, and partly in Maynooth, and later under the care of the Rev. Celestine Corcoran of Dublin, he completed his studies for the priesthood. In 1814 he was ordained.

After a short time in Kilkenny he was removed to Cork, as assistant to the Rev. Francis Donovan, a member of the Capuchin Order, to which Father Mathew belonged. Here the untiring zeal and devotion of the young priest began to bear fruit, and his fame as a spiritual director spread far and wide. Mr. Maguire, his biographer, mentions as one of the current sayings of the town, that "if a carman from Kerry brought a firkin of butter into the Cork market, he would not return home till he had gone to confession to Father Mathew."

The cause of temperance had already found advocates in Cork. A Church clergyman, a Unitarian gentleman, and a Quaker named William Martin had combined to form a temperance society, but the work made very slow progress. Father Mathew's influence was known to be enormous, and Mr. Martin made urgent appeals to him to give his assistance. "Oh, Theobald Mathew, if thou wouldst but take the cause in hand," he would say, "thou couldst do such good to these poor creatures." The priest deeply reflected on this appeal, and determined to give it his support. For this purpose he held a meeting in his own schoolroom, and after indicating in a short speech his intention and convictions he went over to the table, and, with the words "Here goes in the name of God," signed the pledge.

The rest is matter of history and need not be particularized here. From that hour the movement went on like a swift stream, gathering strength as it advanced, till the broad river of success swept aside every obstacle.

In December, 1839, Father Mathew visited Lime-ick. In 1841 he visited Ulster, in 1842 Glasgow, and the summer of 1843 saw Father Mathew on a tour through England. Everywhere he went he persuaded thousands to follow his example. Through the terrible years of the famine fever—which had been foreseen and deplored by O'Connell before his death—Father Mathew took sole charge of the south depot in Cork when the Committee suspended operations, and fed between 5,000 and 6,000 starving creatures daily. When nearly at the end of his resources a vessel arrived from America with a cargo of breadstuff, nobly sent by the people for the relief of the famine-stricken. A portion of this cargo was placed at the disposal of Father Mathew.

In 1849 he sailed for New York. He was welcomed by thousands, and entertained at the White House by President Taylor.

In 1851 he returned to Ireland and settled down in the house of his brother near Cork. In February, 1852, his friends were alarmed by a sudden attack of apoplexy. In October, 1854, he was ordered by his physician to visit Madeira. In August, 1855, an improvement in his health and an earnest desire to resume his duties encouraged him to return to Cork. Here he rapidly grew weaker, and died on Dec. 8, 1856.

## THE APOSTLE OF TEMPERANCE IN DUBLIN.

My dear Friends,—It is unnecessary for me to enumerate the many advantages to be derived from giving up the use of intoxicating liquors, which is the cause of all evil, of the crimes and outrages which have degraded this country. The drunkard will readily commit crimes which in his sober moments he would abhor.

By becoming members of the Teetotal Society you will become respectful of the laws of God and man. I am proud to tell you that since the formation of our society no member of it has committed a crime in Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Clare, or Kerry, that has brought him before either judge, recorder, or barrister. I expect that, besides abstaining from drunkenness, you will give up all other vicious habits—night-walking, outrages, threatening notices, and combination oaths. You must not belong to any secret society, nor entertain any political or religious animosity towards your fellow-man. It is now time to wipe off the foul stigma on the name of Irishmen, and cease those religious and political dissensions which have hitherto distracted the land. There will be no necessity when you become good and useful members of society for you leaving your native country. Your landlords, seeing you worthy and industrious, will assist you. The landed proprietors are anxious to befriend you.

I know a landed proprietor of the County Cork, who gave ground to a number of persons and gave them stock to enable them to succeed; but they became idlers and drunkards, and erected private stills to make whisky, so that at the end of seven years, when he expected to get at least five shillings an acre for his land, they could not pay him, and he was obliged to drive them off; so that landlords are not so much to blame as they are represented.

The spectacle that presents itself this day is very edifying. It is very delightful to see persons of all religious persuasions co-operating in the one grand cause of charity. No one has any sinister motive in this object; we have no ill-will towards any man; we do not wish to injure distillers; I myself have brothers and brothers-in-law distillers; but there can be no general good effected without a partial injury. Distillers were not to blame; but you are, for you would not purchase any article without having whisky on the bargain; but now you will buy clothes, and bread, and meat, and, instead of seeing bottles of whisky and barrels of beer by the roadside, we will see cups of coffee, and bread, and meat, which will be of more benefit to you, assist in saving your money and preserving your health.

Recollect the words of Dr. Franklin:—"Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves." One of the great objects of this society is that there shall be no religious animosity, every man shall worship his God according to his own conscience, and any one who violates this principle is not worthy to be a member, and shall be expelled from the society. . . . It is particularly gratifying to see so many women, not that they now require it, but that it may make them examples to the other sex, and prevent themselves from becoming drunkards. I knew a respectable lady who was a model of all virtues until a domestic calamity befell her, and she sought mental relief in the indulgence of intoxicating liquors. I was called up one morning early about three o'clock to go and visit her; but before I reached her house she was dead, and an empty whisky-bottle was lying by her side.

No one is debarred from enjoyment by taking the pledge; on the contrary, they secure many comforts unknown to them while they gave themselves up to indulge in the use of unhallowed liquor. Now it requires much more fortitude in a man to stop at one tumbler of punch, or at one pint of porter, than is required of a teetotaler to abstain altogether. By refraining entirely from the use of these liquors your health will not suffer; on the contrary, it will be infinitely benefited.

There is one circumstance I beg leave to offer a remark upon. Some members of the teetotalers' societies have preached up such exaggerated accounts as are calculated



to lead people astray, so that, in visiting many parts for the purpose of administering the pledge, several imagined that I could heal diseases. I need not observe that nothing could possibly be more mistaken than such a notion as this. It is a source of much trouble to me, and serves no other purpose whatever than to give an opportunity for something like an air of superstition to be thrown over the proceedings. This, I repeat, has given me infinite trouble, and is altogether discountenanced by me, as it should be by all. . . .

Many persons held back from us because they thought that total abstinence would be injurious to health; and again, because they dreaded that the movement would be only momentary, not permanent, and that the relapse would be worse than the original degradation of drunkenness. But now there is no difficulty about either. It is known that abstinence is not injurious, and it has been fully proved, now that the pledge has been so inviolably kept for several months, that there is no danger of a relapse. Drunkenness will never again be triumphant in this country; it has got its death-blow. Even those who have not taken the pledge must now be temperate, because they have not got any one to indulge with.

## WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL.

(1794—1850.)

WILLIAM HAMILTON MAXWELL, who has been called the "father of the military novel," was born in Newry in 1794. At fifteen he entered Trinity College, Dublin, where he was graduated with honors in his nineteenth year. For five years, being unable to decide upon a profession, he occupied himself chiefly with country sports. He made a lengthened tour, in the course of which he visited many of the victorious fields of Wellington. During these travels, doubtless, he collected many of the incidents so graphically described in 'The Bivouac, or Stories of the Peninsular War.' Afterward, being obliged to choose a profession, he decided on taking full orders—he was already a deacon—and became rector of Ballagh. In 1819 he married a lady of good family. His new residence was situated in a wild and romantic district, eminently suited to his tastes as a sportsman and novelist, and his parochial duties did not altogether prevent him from following his natural bent. At his shooting-lodge in Balycroy he wrote his first novel, 'O'Hara,' which was published anonymously. In 1829 appeared 'Stories of Waterloo,' his first acknowledged work, which at once gained the popularity which it still maintains.

He drew largely on his experience as an enthusiastic lover of the country and of field sports. His first venture as a sporting novelist was 'Wild Sports of the West,' which soon became exceedingly popular. It was of these delineations that Christopher North wrote: "They contain many picturesque descriptions of the wildest scenery in Connaught, many amusing and interesting tales and legends, and much good painting of Irish character."

He was a contributor to *The Dublin University Magazine* and *Bentley's Magazine*. It is said that his later days were much embarrassed by pecuniary difficulties. He died at Musselburgh near Edinburgh, Dec. 29, 1850.

"Among the essayists, sketchers, story-tellers, and novelists, Maxwell's name shines brightly," says Lover in his 'Poems of Ireland.' "The soldier, the sportsman, and the man of the world formed a triumvirate in his person which gave a racy variety to his works; and his 'Stories of Waterloo,' his 'Wild Sports of the West,' and that stirring and most amusing tale, 'My Life,' display that triplicity. His pen was prolific—or I should rather say his pencil; for it is a fact, within my own knowledge, that he dashed off his copy for the press with a black-lead pencil, which he declared was a much pleasanter and more facile mode of rapid writing than pen and ink."

### THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Ah! God be with you, old Trinity. Green is your memory, and fondly do I recall the merry days and jovial nights

I passed within your honored precincts. You were then a seat of learning fit for a prince, and, take you all in all, a pattern for colleges at large. In many a stiff hurling-match and heavy drink have I shared with as true Corinthians as ever slept upon the guard-bed of a watch-house, or tossed a bailiff in a blanket. Companions of my youth—where are they now? Stretched beneath the sword of some half-forgotten field, or gone to their account by the certain, though less sudden, maladies to which the flesh is heir.

My father was a true Milesian. He had a long pedigree and a light purse, for hounds and horses were “the spoil” of him. He lived as a gentleman should live, and died after a grand-jury dinner, drinking Baron Botherem to a stand-still, although the worthy justice could carry off his fourth bottle, and sentence a malefactor next morning as steadily as a Christian judge should do.

Two sons blest my father’s bed, of whom the younger was my unworthy self. We were both destined for professions, and Father Prendergast was our preceptor. Tom, as my brother was named, progressed marvelously in learning, while I, alas! was but a sorry disciple, although the honest churchman followed Solomon’s directions to the letter; and whatever timber might be wanting at Killbrannagher, upon my conscience, there was no scarcity of birch. Notwithstanding unfavorable reports, my father fancied I had talents, and it was his pleasure to destine me for the bar. The bar, Michael Prendergast opined, I would in good time reach, and that, too, by a less expensive road than the one proposed by my sire, concluding his observations with, “Never mind; push him, the devil, into college, anyhow. Bigger boobies have cut a figure there before now.”

Well, the point was carried; Tom and I entered the university, and we were consigned to the care of Doctor Blundell, as dry a professor as ever produced a thesis. Our Gamaliel was a short, stout, bullet-headed dwarf, his face so fat, and cheeks so flaccid, that, *en profile*, no nose was visible; and it was necessary for him to give, at least, “a quarter front,” before the organ of smell could be discovered. His figure was in good keeping; the body resembled a porter-butt on a reduced scale, and was mounted on two

thick props, whose extreme curvature obtained for the professor the *sobriquet* of "Parenthesis." Such was the learned Theban to whom the hopes of the O'Briens were intrusted.

Tom, from the very start, promised to be a genius of the first order; while my career, I lament to say, was rather bustling than brilliant. Indeed, Doctor Blundell declared we were, in every respect, opposite as the antipodes. I never could comprehend the beauty of a "sorites"—mathematics were altogether beyond my reach—astronomy, in my opinion, only fitted for a fortune-teller—while as to mechanic powers, the only one I ever meddled with was the screw, or an occasional exercise of the lever on the person of a dun or watchman.

Indeed, the honest professor's estimate of character was correct, for no brothers were ever more dissimilar; Tom would lose his rest to prove that crab-apples did not grow upon a cherry-tree, and fret himself into a fever to discover the parallax of a star. No wonder he was a first-class premium-man, and bore college "honors thick upon him." Yet there were people in the world who considered him little better than a fool, forgetting that to be a philosopher a man must be dirty and eccentric. Certainly Tom had been frequently encountered in the streets with a consequential garment missing; and he puzzled a country postmaster by requiring letters after forgetting his own name. As to his meals, they were at times totally forgotten; and in his annual migrations to and from the university he was usually consigned to the custody of a fellow-traveler, or handed with a half-crown to the guard, and a request that he should be delivered as addressed.

It was fortunate that Tom's virtues and acquirements acted as a set-off against my delinquency. Yet my career was not unnoticed, and I contrived to obtain the marked attention of my superiors. More than once I was admitted to a conference with the board; and on account, I suppose, of the insalubrity of the city, was recommended by those worthy personages country air for a term of six months; and that, too, so pressingly, that no demurrer on my part would be listened to.

Three years passed over, when one evening, returning from a tavern dinner, a row was kicked up at the gate, and



a desperate assault and battery ensued. A stupid citizen knocked his head against a blackthorn stick, and the accident was so awkward as to occasion a fracture of the occiput, and give the coroner the trouble of impaneling a jury to inquire into the cause of the same. The affair occasioned a sensation, and a score of us unfortunates were summoned before the board. As the defunct was unhappily a common-councilman, the authorities were loud in their denunciations. The newspapers called us Mohawks and murderers: some said we should be hanged, while others more mercifully declared that the punishment should be mitigated to transportation. In this dilemma, Doctor Blundell, when transmitting the quarter note, apprised my father of the occurrence, "assured him that all hope of my ever doing good was desperate; and, to evade the gallows, which he proved to a demonstration must be my end, he recommended that I should be permitted to follow my own bent, and enter the cut-throat profession, for which it was *a sequitur* that nature had intended me." Next post a letter from my father was received. He "concurred with the learned professor; affectionately informed me that I was at liberty to go to the devil as I pleased; sent me some money, and intimated that he had applied for a commission in the militia." This was as it should be. His application was successful; and in a few days I was one of the fraternity of the sword, and duly gazetted to the ——— regiment.

The corps I was attached to was at that time encamped at Leighlinstown, four or five miles from the capital; and, as in duty bound, I set out next morning to visit my commanding officer in proper form.

My father had an old acquaintance in the corps, to whose protection I was, by letter, regularly committed. Of course it was to him that I applied for an introduction to Colonel Mahony. I was graciously received by my patron, presented in due form to the commander, and until I could obtain accommodations hospitably invited *pro tem.* to take up my quarters in a corner of the hovel which Peter Forgarty, as my patron was called, had constructed for his abiding-place while remaining in the field.

Peter was a singular personage—a strange, shrewd sort of oddity, and in his own way an excellent fellow. He had

been bred an apothecary, married a woman who ran away, failed in business, found favor in the colonel's sight, and through his interest, when the militia was embodied, obtained the surgeoncy of the regiment to which I had been just gazetted.

Peter Fogarty's outward man was not remarkably attractive. He was short and corpulent, with a bull-neck and square shoulders, a small and twinkling gray eye, and a nose snubbed and efflorescent as the nose of a man delighting in whisky punch should be. Peter was fond of a race or cock-fight, would go twenty miles to be present at a duel, loved a rubber of whist dearly; but cribbage was his delight, cribbage was the road to his affections, and I soon discovered it.

I mentioned that my regiment was under canvas when I joined, and formed a part of some six or seven thousand men, who, pending the explosion of "ninety-eight," were encamped in the vicinity of the metropolis. The officers were generally provided with tents, but some of them had erected temporary habitations, and among the number were Colonel Mahony and his medical adviser. Indeed it was absolutely necessary that Peter's domicile should be contiguous to the commander's. From conjugal regard, the lady had accompanied the colonel to the field, although her health was indifferent; and the extreme delicacy of her constitution rendered the frequent attendance of Doctor Fogarty indispensable.

Peter's habitation was a wooden hut; one end, screened from vulgar gaze by an old blanket, formed his dormitory, while the other corner was curtained off for me. The center was used for all the purposes of the body politic. There our *déjeûner* was laid; there, if a sick officer applied, the prescription was written; there, when dinner ended, and we left the mess-tent, on a small deal table the cribbage board was found—and, better still, an abundant supply of the *matériel* for fabricating that pleasant beverage, which Peter averred to be both safe and wholesome, to wit—whisky punch—was duly paraded for our refreshment.

As the world went, Peter Fogarty should have been a happy man. His means were equal to his expenditure, his wife had run away, and his professional cares were trifling. "The villains," as he termed his "charge of foot," were

healthy; their principal infirmity being corns—a disease to which they were subject, from a majority of the corps, prior to their enlistment, having considered shoes a superfluity. Yet Peter had his own troubles; for below, as schoolmen declare, there is no happiness without alloy. Woman, that source of evil, was his bane; and, as in the fulness of his heart he would acknowledge after his sixth tumbler—“but for Mrs. Mahony, he would be as happy as the day was long.”

Mrs. Mahony had been for many years a wife, but, unhappily, as yet had never been made a mother. The colonel was anxious for an heir. Hopes were frequently excited, and they were as often deferred, until the heart was sick. Yet why should Mrs. Mahony despond! her grandmother had a son at fifty-two; she was but forty-seven, and why should she despair?

All this, however, was ruinous to the peace of Doctor Fogarty. The least alarm in the day, the slightest movement after night, agitated his interesting patient. Ether had often failed; and even a teaspoonful of brandy at times would hardly prove a sedative. These unfortunate attacks generally took place at an advanced period of the evening, and, of course, Peter was required. Then the ill-starred practitioner was invariably at whist or cribbage;—the colonel's bat-man, a foster-brother of the lady, would be dispatched to our wooden habitation, and with nine scored, and the odd trick actually in his hand, the unhappy doctor has been obliged to abandon his own fortunes for the desperate chance of endeavoring to continue the ancient lineage of the Mahonys.

Had success crowned his efforts, Peter was not the man to repine. In the triumph of his art, his toils and labors would have found their reward. But, alas! matters daily became more unpromising; and, like the wolf-cry, Mrs. Mahony's ceased to interest or alarm. Peter Fogarty, though a good Catholic, was nearly driven to desperation; and before he cut his first honor, he usually prayed from the bottom of his soul for Mrs. Mahony's repose temporal and eternal, and the sooner her beatitude was completed, he as a Christian man opined would be all the better.

It was for the season a dark and blustering night. More than one tent-pole had given way—pegs and cords

were tried and found wanting; and in the joy of his heart, my host congratulated himself and me on the stability of our wooden dwelling. The last batch of whisky was inimitable; and so said the doctor, after submitting the liquor to a fair test of six tumblers. The cards were decidedly in his favor—fortune smiled upon him every cut—and since the night his wife had bolted he never had been so happy. It was just ten;—the deal was mine;—but Peter's cards were beautiful. Suddenly a hurried foot approached the door. Peter remarked it. "It's the lobsters, after all;—I knew the devil would not fail me." Knock—knock.—"Come in." It was not the lobsters, but Murty Currigan, the colonel's bat-man. The doctor looked dark as Erebus, the bat-man as if he had been running for his life. The former coughed to conceal vexation. "Ha, ha;—hum;—anything wrong?"

"Wrong? You may say that;—the mistress is dying," responded Murty.

"Dying! What the devil would make her die?" said the doctor.

"Sorra one o' me knows," returned the bat-man. Now, Murty Currigan being deaf, save when Peter Fogarty elevated his voice to an extraordinary pitch, his remarks touching the diagnostics of his mistress's disease were lost upon the bothered bat-man.

"What's the matter with her now?"

"It's a kind of pain about her heart."

"Pish!" said the doctor, testily; "that's a Connaught symptom for a sprained ankle. Anything else?"

"Her head's dizzy, and she's at times astray," replied the lady's foster-brother.

"Humph! so should mine be after a pint of brandy."

"She's as wake as a cat," quoth the envoy. "She can't move without help."

"Seldom people can when they're regularly smothered," said the leech.

"She has a sort of a twisting in her stomach," added the fosterer.

The doctor's patience gave way. "Arrah, silence, ye ommadawn! Would you give her as many ailments as would kill a priest? Off with ye, Murty. Tell them to keep her quiet, and come back in half an hour, and tell me



how she is." The bat-man vanished. "She'll be fast asleep then, and we'll not be troubled with her capers. Come—I lead. Fifteen two—fifteen four—a pair make six—and a pair make eight;" and on he went with the jargon of the game.

Now, though the honest doctor counted with some confidence on sleep, that "sweet mediciner," abating the complicated diseases with which Mrs. Mahony was afflicted, still he had sore misgivings to disturb him, and these could occasionally be detected from his confused allusions to the patient and the game.

"Stop, Pat;—let me cut. I couldn't have made more of that hand, unless we played the double flush. Your father and I always flushed. Jasus! I wonder what's come over the woman! Every night smothered; and then me tattered out, wet or dry. Asy, Pat, you're pegging too fast;—let me see what I have got. Lord! if it was once or twice a week; but every night nothing but 'Run for Doctor Fogarty!' I wish she was safe in heaven, or in the County Clare, for my heart's fairly broke. Shuffle them, man;—I cut. Give me the bottle;—devil a drop of spirits I put in my tumbler, that woman, bad luck to her, bothered me so."

All this time I observed that no preparatory steps were taken for the composition of the healing draft, for which the fosterer had been directed to return; and I hinted, that as the hospital tent was at some distance, the sooner Peter started for his "galenicals" the better. My remark appeared to astonish the worthy man; for he laid down his cards, and looked at me with a broad stare.

"The hospital tent! Is it to go a long half-mile, and a storm raging that would blow the buttons off my jacket? Arrah, what a fool ye take me for, Pat! And yet, blessed Virgin! if Murty comes again, what am I to do with him? Was there ever a dacent practitioner so teased by an ould besom as myself, Peter Fogarty? If I had but some simple for her. Oh, murder! not a squig of physick in the house, unless you have it."

I shook my head.

"Death an ouns! have ye nothing—salts, senna, cinnamon, rhubarb, scammony, magnesia?"

I nodded a negative.

"Have you no neglected draught—nothing in the shape of powder?"

"Nothing," I replied, "but tooth-powder."

"Phew!" and Peter whistled. "Beautiful! and, by the best of luck, I have a bottle."

Up he rose, bolted for a moment behind the blanket, and speedily reappeared with a small phial. In it he deposited a spoonful of my dentifrice, filled it from the kettle, and shook it, as he said, "*Secundum artem*." The infusion produced a liquid of bright pink, with an aromatic odor; and Peter, having submitted the mixture to the double test of taste and smell, was loud in his admiration.

"Beautiful!" he exclaimed; "I have spent a winter's morning over the mortar, and not produced a more palatable anodyne. Don't cut yet; I'll just label the bottle, and then for the flats." Accordingly, he inscribed upon a slip of paper the following directions for the use of his new-invented julep, and affixed them carefully to the potion: "*A teaspoonful of the mixture to be taken every half-hour until the patient is relieved—shaking the bottle.—For Mrs. Mahony.*"

It was fortunate for Peter that his nostrum was in readiness. Before he had dealt a second hand, a loud tap at the door announced the return of the fosterer; and bad as Murty's first report was, his second bulletin was infinitely more alarming.

"Well, is she better?"

"Better?" repeated the fosterer, with a wild stare.

"Ay—better!" returned the physician in a tone of voice that mimicked Murty's like an echo.

"Arrah! she never was bad till now," said the fosterer. "Ye can't tell a word she says, good or bad, and she wouldn't know her own maid from the black drummer."

"Ah! regularly sewed up. Here," and he handed him the bottle, "mind the directions; can ye read?"

"If I can't, sure, Biddy Toole can."

"Away with ye, then; every moment ye lose may be fatal;—bathe her feet and shake the bottle, and be sure ye tell me how she is, early in the morning."

"Anything else, doctor?"

“Nothing;—only don’t let her get cold, if ye can help it, and now run, ye devil!”

Murty made his salaam and vanished; and soon after Peter and I retired to our respective cribs.

Betimes next morning the bothered bat-man reported that his lady was convalescent; and, after breakfast, the doctor departed to his hospital, and I to attend a garrison parade.

On my return, as captain of the day, it was necessary for me to call upon my commanding officer, and accordingly I repaired to the wooden erection in which Colonel Mahony had deposited his household gods. After being paraded through a sort of ante-room, I found the commander inditing an epistle upon a three-legged table, before a port-hole which it was his pleasure to call a window, while divers cloths and coverlets were suspended from a line stretched across the apartment, and excluded from the gaze of vulgar eyes “the lady of his love.” The commander, having duly apologized for detaining me a few minutes while he concluded his letter, pointed to a camp-stool, and I seated myself and took up the *Evening Post*. But the newspaper was unheeded—voices behind the curtain told that there were others in the chamber of state—and in the speakers I easily recognized Peter and his patient, Mrs. Mahony, while a feeble piano in a flat key thus continued:—

“Yes, doctor, I will ever acknowledge that, under Providence, I owe my life to you. The first spoonful gave relief, and the second acted like a charm.”

“Indeed! Ha!—hem!—hem! Allow me: pulse full—a *leetle* feverish—must keep very quiet.”

“But, dear Mr. Fogarty, I must, you say, be very careful to avoid cold. No doubt the medicine I took last night with such happy effect was very powerful?”

“Most powerful, madam,” replied the leech, with unblushing effrontery. “The arcana of pharmaceuticals could not afford a more effective combination.”

“God bless me!” ejaculated the lady—“but for it, I should have been dead——”

“As Julius Cæsar, madam,” responded the doctor, with a solemn cough.

“I have been reflecting on your advice, doctor. These

constant alarms are too much for my nervous sensibility. Would you believe it, ether and a dessert-spoonful of brandy had no effect upon me last night?"

"Indeed!—hem!—hem!"

"Ay, doctor, you may well shake your head. I would not fret the poor dear colonel; but——"

"I know your feelings, and they do honor to your heart, madam."

"Well, as I was saying, doctor, to leave Colonel Mahony——"

"Madam," returned the false physician, "I can appreciate the strength of your attachment; but there are other and important considerations"—and Peter dropped his voice to a half-whisper, that prevented me from hearing anything beyond detached words. "Delicate situation—hopes of an honorable house—colonel's partiality for children—native air—happy result—bark and sea-bathing." And before the commander had finished his dispatch the villain Peter, under false hopes, had persuaded the colonel's helpmate to bundle off to Clare, "by easy stages." Whether she carried a bottle of the pink tincture in the carriage, I forget; but, I presume, that she would hardly, when there was balm in Gilead, depart without an extensive supply.

Time passed; and four years after I had left the militia, and volunteered to the line; I had occasion to run up to London, and there encountered my old commander in the Strand. He was a friendly little fellow, and expressed great pleasure at our meeting. I remarked that he was habited in deep mourning; and when I inquired for Mrs. Mahony, he sighed heavily, shook his head, and informed me that he had buried her a month before in Cheltenham.

"Ah! my dear O'Brien; it was a black day when I was persuaded to leave home. Fogarty was the only man that understood poor dear Mrs. Mahony's constitution. You may remember, when we lay in Leighlinstown camp, the desperate attack she had. You and Peter were huddled together at the time." I nodded an affirmative. "Just such another fit carried her off at Cheltenham. Had Peter Fogarty been near us I should not now be a disconsolate widower as I am, for Biddy Mahony would have been alive."



We dined together at the Blue Posts in Cork-street. "Sorrow is dry," and the commander was in trouble. At twelve I conveyed him to his lodgings in a hackney coach; and on our way home, as well as I could understand him—for there was "a ripple" in his delivery—he did nothing but lament, in poor dear Mrs. Mahony's last attack, the absence of Peter and his "pink tincture."

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## THE LOAN OF A CONGREGATION.

From 'Wild Sports of the West.'

Och hone! isn't it a murder to see the clargy making such fools of themselves, now! When I was young, priest and minister were hand and glove. It seems to me but yesterday, when Father Pat Joyce, the Lord be good to him! lent Mr. Carson a congregation.

Everything went on beautiful, for the two clargy lived together. Father Pat Joyce minded his chapel and the flock, and Mr. Carson said prayers of a Sunday, too, though sorrow a soul he had to listen to him but the clerk—but sure that was no fault of his.

Well, in the evening, I was brought into the parlor, and there were their reverences as *cur coddioch*<sup>1</sup> as you please. Father Pat gave me a tumbler of rael stiff punch, and the divil a better warrant to make the same was within the province of Connaught. We were just as comfortable as we could be, when a courier stops at the door with a letter, which he said was for Mr. Carson. Well, when the minister opens it, he got as pale as a sheet, and I thought he would have fainted. Father Pat crossed himself. "Arrah Dick," says he, "the Lord stand between you and evil! is there anything wrong?" "I'm ruined," says he; "for some *bad member* has wrote to the bishop, and told him that I have no congregation, because you and I are so intimate, and he's coming down to-morrow, with the *dane*, to see the state of things. Och, hone!" says he, "I'm fairly ruined." "And is that all that's frettin' ye?" says the priest. "Arrah, dear Dick"—for they

<sup>1</sup> *Cur coddioch*, comfortable.

called each other be their *Christen* names,—“is this all? If it’s a congregation ye want, ye shall have a dacent one to-morrow, and lave that to me;—and now we’ll take our drink, and not matter the bishop a fig.”

Well, next day, sure enough, down comes the bishop, and a great retinue along with him; and there was Mr. Carson ready to receive him. “I hear,” says the bishop, mighty stately, “that you have no congregation.” “In faith, your holiness,” says he, “you’ll be soon able to tell that,”—and in he walks him to the church, and there were sitting three-score well-dressed men and women, and all of them as devout as if they were going to be anointed; for that blessed morning, Father Pat whipped mass over before ye had time to bless yourself, and the clanest of the flock was before the bishop in the church, and ready for his holiness. To see that all behaved properly, Father Pat had hardly put off the vestments, till he slipped on a *cota more*,<sup>1</sup> and there he sat in a back sate like any other of the congregation. I was near the bishop’s reverence; he was seated in an arm-chair belonging to the priest.—“Come here, Mr. Carson,” says he. “Some enemy of yours,” said the sweet old gentleman, “wanted to injure you with me. But I am now fully satisfied.” And turning to the dane, “By this book!” says he, “I didn’t see a claner congregation this month of Sundays.”

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## A LETTER FROM GALWAY.

From ‘Captain Blake.’

DEAR JACK: You will expect, no doubt, to hear the news of the neighborhood.

Father Roger has got the parish of Ballyboffin. The people were sadly neglected by the old priest, who was bedridden for years. Father Roger has turned over a new leaf with them, and the first Sunday he cursed them out of the face with bell, book, and candle, to show them that they must look to their souls in future.

Tony, poor man! broke his leg last Tuesday by a fall

<sup>1</sup> *Cota more*, a green coat.

from the switch-tailed mare. It was a great blessing, when he was to break a bone, that it happened at the end of the season.

A set of Ballybooley boys, the other night, took off Sibby M'Clintock, the schoolmaster's daughter. There is a great hullabaloo in consequence, but no tidings yet. I'm glad she's gone, for your cousin Jack was eternally dropping in. It's not right to put temptation in a young man's way; and as he's in delicate health his mother won't allow him to be contradicted in anything.

Denis Corcoran burned powder for the first time, last week, in a field near Ballinasloe. It is allowed on all hands that he behaved prettily, and hit his man the second shot. One is interested naturally for a friend's child, and indeed I always thought that Denis was a promising boy.

Poor Darby Moran,—a decent boy he was,—him you may remember that they called "Darby Dhu" (black), was hanged last Monday for shooting at a peeler. It was hard enough upon him, as he only lamed the fellow for life. As he was a tenant's son, your aunt, out of respect, sent the maid upon the jaunting-car to attend the execution. He died real game, and pleased the priest greatly before he came out upon the drop. We gave him a good wake and a fine funeral.

Dr. Stringer was fired at in mistake when leaving Mount Kirwan after dinner; they shot his horse dead; and when they discovered he was the wrong man, they made him an ample apology. They took him in the dark for Parson Milligan, who rode a gray cob, and had on a dark cottamore.

Father Roger is breaking fast, and you'll be sorry to hear it. You remember what a head he had. Two bottles of port now make him talk thick, and the third smothers him totally. More's the pity! A better Christian never cursed a flock; and a companion—one might drink with him in the dark and ask no questions.

Ever your affectionate uncle,

MANUS BLAKE.

## THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER.

(1823—1867.)

THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, one of Young Ireland's most brilliant orators, was born Aug. 3, 1823, in Waterford, which his father had represented for some time. He gained a high reputation at the colleges of Clongowes-Wood and Stonyhurst, where he was educated. After a tour in Europe, he returned to Ireland to find the country in the full fever of the Repeal agitation; and he joined the more fiery spirits of the Young Ireland party, giving to it all the benefit of his brilliant eloquence.

He was one of the deputation to Paris in 1848 to congratulate France on the establishment of the republic; on his return he presented with a glowing speech an Irish tricolor flag to the citizens of Dublin. In May of the same year he was arrested for seditious language, but, the jury being unable to agree, he was discharged. When the passage of the treason-felony act drove the Young Ireland leaders into open insurrection, Meagher was among those who took the field. He was arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. The sentence was afterward commuted to transportation, and he was sent to Tasmania with O'Brien and Macmanus.

He escaped in 1852 and landed in this country, where he was enthusiastically received. For a time he was a public lecturer; in 1855 he was admitted to the bar. The outbreak of the civil war opened up to Meagher another career. From the beginning he was an enthusiastic supporter of the cause of the North. First he raised a body of Zouaves, who were incorporated in the famous 69th New York Regiment under the command of Colonel Corcoran. He distinguished himself at the battle of Bull's Run, where his horse was shot under him. Afterward he raised the famous Irish Brigade, of which he was elected first General. The services which this gallant force rendered to the arms of the Union are well known, and have been admitted by historians of the civil war. The brigade especially distinguished itself in the seven days' fighting around Richmond; its conduct at Antietam was made the subject of flattering notice in an order of the day by General McClellan.

The terrible battle of Fredericksburg gave the General and his troops an opportunity of still further adding to their laurels. Seven times they charged up to the crest of the enemy's breastworks. The best proof of their desperate courage was that out of 1,200 men whom the General led into battle only 280 appeared next day on parade. In this engagement Meagher himself was wounded in the leg, and for a while had to retire from active service. In May following, however, he was able once more to lead his forces, and at Chancellorsville the destruction of the broken brigade was completed. Meagher now came to the conclusion that it was no longer desirable to drag the phantom regiment into action, and resigned. Criticism was freely passed on Meagher's skill as a General, but there was complete agreement of opinion that he had proved himself



a gallant soldier, of a courage at once cool and reckless. After he had resigned his command he was appointed by President Lincoln Brigadier-General of volunteers, and also had charge of the district of Etowah.

After the war he was made acting Governor of the Territory of Montana. He had a tragic end. While traveling in a steamer on the Mississippi, July 1, 1867, he fell overboard and was drowned. His body was never recovered.

He published a volume of his speeches, and also essays under the title 'Recollections of Ireland and the Irish.' The latter displays a keen sense of humor and some powers of description ; but his work as a writer was far inferior to his achievements as an orator. He was at his best when he was the youthful mouthpiece of the passions and dreams of the "Young Irelanders."

## ON THE POLICY FOR IRELAND.

From a Speech in Dublin, February 5, 1848.

My friend, Mr. Mitchel—whom I shall never cease to trust and admire—has brought the real question at issue, most conveniently for me, into the smallest possible space. "The real question," he says, "which we have to decide is, whether we are to keep up the constitutional and Parliamentary agitation or not: for my part" (he adds) "I am weary of this constitutional agitation." Now, this is precisely the question, and most neatly reduced to a nutshell. You have to decide whether this constitutional agitation is to be given up or not. You are to say whether you, too, are weary of it or not. Previous, however, to our going into the merits of this constitutional agitation, I think that upon one point we are quite agreed—quite agreed that, whatever policy we may adopt, all this vague talk should cease with which your ears have been vexed for so long a period. All this vague talk about a crisis at hand—shouts of defiance—Louis Philippe is upwards of seventy—France remembers Waterloo—the first gun fired in Europe—all this obscure babble—all this meaningless mysticism—must be swept away. Ten thousand guns fired in Europe would announce no glad tidings to you if their lightning flashed upon you in a state of disorganization and incertitude.

Sir, I know of no nation that has won its independence by an accident. Trust blindly to the future—wait for the

tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune—envelop yourselves in mist—leave everything to chance, and be assured of this, the most propitious opportunities will arise and pass away, leaving you to chance—masters of no weapons—scholars of no science—incompetent to decide—irresolute to act—powerless to achieve. This was the great error of the Repeal Association. From a labyrinth of difficulties there was no avenue open to success. The people were kept within this labyrinth—they moved round and round—backwards and forwards—there was perpetual motion, but no advance. In this bewilderment are you content to wander until a sign appears in heaven, and the mystery is disentangled by a miracle? Have you no clear intelligence to direct you to the right path, and do you fear to trust your footsteps to the guidance of that mind with which you have been gifted? Do you prefer to substitute a driftless superstition in place of a determined system—groping and fumbling after possibilities, instead of seizing the agencies within your reach? This, indeed, would be a blind renunciation of your powers, and thus, indeed, the virtue you prize so justly—the virtue of self-reliance—would be extinguished in you. To this you will not consent. You have too sure a confidence in the resources you possess to leave to chance what you can accomplish by design. A deliberate plan of action is, then, essential—something positive—something definite. This you require, and upon this you have this night to determine.

From what suggestions, then, are we to shape our course? Is it not come to this—that we have to choose between a constitutional policy and an insurrection? Is an insurrection probable? If probable, is it practicable? Prove to me that it is, and I, for one, will vote for it this very night. You know well, my friends, that I am not one of those tame moralists who say that liberty is not worth a drop of blood. Men who subscribe to such a maxim are fit for out-door relief, and for nothing better. Against this miserable maxim the noblest virtue that has served and sanctified humanity appears in judgment.

From the blue waters of the Bay of Salamis—from the valley over which the sun stood still and lit the Israelites to victory—from the cathedral in which the sword of Po-

land has been sheathed in the shroud of Kosciusko—from the convent of St. Isidore, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George upon the plains of Ulster has crumbled into dust—from the sands of the desert, where the wild genius of the Algerine so long had scared the eagles of the Pyrenees—from the ducal palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances, more than royal favor, the nobility of his race—from the solitary grave which, within this mute city, a dying request has left without an epitaph—oh! from every spot where heroism has had its sacrifice, or its triumph, a voice breaks in upon the cringing crowds that cheer this wretched maxim, crying out—“Away with it, away with it.” Would to God, sir, that we could take every barrack in the island this night, and with our blood purchase the independence of the country. It is not, then, a pedantic reverence for common law—it is not a senseless devotion to a diadem and scepter—it is not a whining solicitude for the preservation of the species—that dictates the vote I give this night in favor of a constitutional movement. I support this constitutional policy, not from choice, but from necessity. My strongest feelings are in favor of the policy advised by Mr. Mitchel. I wish to God that I could defend that policy. It is a policy which calls forth the noblest passions—it kindles genius, generosity, heroism—it is far removed from the tricks and crimes of politics—for the young, the gallant, and the good, it has the most powerful attractions. In the history of this kingdom the names that burn above the dust and desolation of the past—like the lamps in the old sepulchers of Rome—shed their glory round the principles of which a deep conviction of our weakness compels me this night to be the opponent; and in being their opponent, I almost blush to think that the voice of one whose influence is felt through this struggle more powerfully than any other—one who unites the genius of Madame Roland with the heroism of the Maid of Orleans, and whose noble lyrics will bid this cause to live for ever—I almost blush to think that this voice which speaks to us in these glorious lines—

“And the beckoning angels win you on, with many a radiant vision,  
Up the thorny path to glory, where man receives his crown”—

should be disobeyed, and, that for a time at least, we must plod on in the old course, until we acquire strength and discipline, and skill—discipline to steady, skill to direct, strength to enforce the claim of a united nation. Just look for a moment to our position. To an insurrectionary movement the priesthood are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement the middle classes are opposed. To an insurrectionary movement the aristocracy are opposed. To give effect to this opposition, 50,000 men, equipped and paid by England, occupy the country at this moment.

Who, then, are for it? The mechanic and the peasant classes, we are told. These classes, you will tell us, have lost all faith in legal agencies, and through such agencies despair of the slightest exemption from their suffering. Stung to madness—day from day gazing upon the wreck and devastation that surround them, until the brain whirls like a ball of fire—they see but one red pathway, lined with gibbets and hedged with bayonets, leading to deliverance. But will that pathway lead them to deliverance? Have these classes, upon which alone you now rely, the power to sweep like a torrent through that pathway, dashing aside the tremendous obstacles that confront them? You know they have not. Without discipline, without arms, without food—beggared by the law, starved by the law, diseased by the law, demoralized by the law—opposed to the might of England, they would have the weakness of a vapor. Yes, but you have said so; for, what do you maintain? You maintain that an immediate insurrection is not designed. Well, then, you confess your weakness; and, then, let me ask you, what becomes of the objection you urge against the policy we propose? The country cannot afford to wait until the legal means have been fully tested—that is your objection. And yet you will not urge an immediate movement—you will not deal with the disease upon the spot—you will permit it to take its course—your remedy is remote. Thus it appears there is delay in both cases—so, upon this question of time, we are entitled to pair off. But at no time, you assert, will legal means prevail—public opinion is nonsense—constitutional agitation is a downright delusion. Tell me, then, was it an understanding when we founded the Irish Confederation, this time twelvemonth, that if public opinion



failed to repeal the Act of Union in a year, at the end of a year it should be scouted as a "humbug"?

When you established this Confederation in January, 1847—when you set up for yourselves—did you agree with public opinion for a year only? Was that the agreement, and will you now serve it with a notice to quit? If so, take my advice and break up the establishment at once. After all, look to your great argument against the continuance of a parliamentary or a constitutional movement. The constituencies are corrupt—they will not return virtuous representatives—the tree shall be known by its fruits. The constituencies are knaves, perjurers, cowards, on the hustings—they will be chevaliers, *sans peur et sans reproche*, within the trenches. The Thersites of the polling booth will be the Achilles of the bivouac. Your argument comes to this, that the constituencies of Ireland will be saved "so as by fire"—they will acquire morality in the shooting gallery—and in the art of fortification they will learn the path to paradise. These constituencies constitute the *élite* of the democracy; and is it you, who stand up for the democracy, that urge this argument?

To be purified and saved, do you decree that this nation must writhe in the agonies of a desperate circumcision? Has it not felt the knife long since? And if its salvation depend upon a flow of blood, has it not poured out torrents into a thousand graves, deep enough and swift enough to earn the blessing long before our day? Spend no more until you are certain of the purchase. Nor do I wish that this movement should become a mere democratic movement. I desire that it should continue to be what it has been—a national movement—a movement not of any one class, but of all classes. Narrow it to one class—decide that it shall be a democratic movement, and nothing else—what then? You augment the power that is opposed to you—the revolution will provoke a counter-revolution—Paris will be attacked by the emigrants as well as by the Austrians. You attach little importance to the instance cited by Mr. Ross—Poland is no warning to you. The Polish peasants cut the throats of the Polish nobles, and before the Vistula had washed away the blood the free city of Cracow was proclaimed a dungeon. So much for the war of classes.

No; I am not for a democratic, but I am for a national movement—not for a movement like that of Paris in 1793, but for a movement like that of Brussels in 1830—like that of Palermo in 1848. If you think differently, say so, If you are weary of this “constitutional movement”—if you despair of this “combination of classes”—declare so boldly, and let this night terminate the career of the Irish Confederation. Yet, upon the brink of this abyss, listen for a moment to the voice that speaks to you from the vaults of Mount Saint Jerome; and if you distrust the advice of the friend who now addresses you—one who has done something to assist you, and who, I believe, has not been unfaithful to you in some moments of difficulty, and perhaps of danger—if you do not trust me, listen, at least, to the voice of one who has been carried to his grave amid the tears and prayers of all classes of his countrymen, and of whose courage and whose truth there has never yet been uttered the slightest doubt:—“Be bold, but wise—be brave, but sober—patient, earnest, striving, and untiring. You have sworn to be temperate for your comfort here and your well-being hereafter. Be temperate now for the honor, the happiness, the immortality of your country—act trustfully and truthfully one to another—watch, wait, and leave the rest to God.”

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### THE GLORY OF IRELAND.

From an Address delivered in the People's Theater, Virginia City,  
on St. Patrick's Day, 1866.

On this day, nearly 1,300 years ago, the lurid fire of the Druid began to pale, and the Cross appeared in the kindly Irish sky. The celebration we Irishmen make to-day is the celebration of love, of pride, of sorrow. Were Ireland an ill-favored country—were it sterile, bleak, inhospitable—were there no scenes there to delight the eye and captivate the heart—were there no sweet valleys, no laughing rivers, none of the graces and grandeur of Nature such as have inspired the melodics of Moore and given to the pencil of MacLise some of its finest themes; had the country no picturesque history, no great name illuminating her

annals, no halls that had echoed to a superior eloquence, no fields on which heroism had fought for liberty—were it a desert in the light of an upropitious sun, and a blank in the literature of the world—even so, as the place of our birth—as the place where we first knew a mother's smile and a father's blessing—we should love it, be jealous of it, and cling to it all the more devotedly on account of the deprivations with which it had been stricken. But our love for Ireland has no such rigorous conditions to test and vindicate it. Heaven has been most bountiful to that land. As it came from the hand of God, it has all the rare excellence that makes it a singularly favored land. Under a government of its own sons—partial and generous as they would be to it—no land would be happier—no land be more profitable to its people; for it has been endowed with all advantages—serenity of climate and wealth of soil, safe and spacious harbors indenting the whole circle of its coast, the more essential minerals and superabundant water—all which, under a genial administration and favoring laws, would not only make it prosperous, but give it greatness.

I have spoken of the means which Ireland abundantly possesses to be a strong and prosperous nation. Her intellectual wealth is fully commensurate with her physical. The fame of her more gifted sons revolves with the planet, and it is no exaggeration to say that it has a recognition which is co-extensive with civilization. Has not the Vicar of Wakefield gone round the world? Does not Edmund Burke loom up in political history with a stature too colossal not to be seen from every quarter of the globe? 'Lalla Rookh' has been translated, and is a volume of gold in the land of the Fire Worshipers themselves. Sheridan has written his name in letters of inextinguishable light upon the desecrated temples and plundered palaces. Never in any country was there so superb an assembly of orators and wits, statesmen, and gallant gentlemen, as the Irish Parliament was in the few years of independence. There was Harry Flood, of whom it was grandly said by his great rival that, like Hercules, he failed with the distaff, but with the thunderbolt he had the arm of a Jupiter. There was Henry Grattan, of whom Lord Brougham declared that no orator of any age was his

equal, and who, communicating to Ireland the pentecostal fire with which he himself was inflamed, beheld his country, to use his own magnificent phrase, rising from her bed in the ocean and getting nearer to the sun. There was Curran—the most thorough Irishmen of them all—the exhaustless wit, the dauntless and defiant advocate, whose marvelous eloquence threw over the darkest cause the most copious streams of splendor and enchantment, and who was as true to Ireland as he was to the saddest client who sought the shelter and defense of his blazing shield. In art Maclise has won an imperial crown. Davis said of him that his pencil was as true as a sunbeam. Barry was in his studio what Burke was in the Senate—a prodigy of genius. In his vast painting of the Last Judgment he has “shaken one world with the thunders of another.”

But it is said that the educated intelligence, to say nothing of the property of Ireland, has, unless in some eccentric instances, become imperialized, and that to the independence of the country it is haughtily hostile. Here an argument is advanced against Irish independence. With me that argument goes for nothing. Shall a nation postpone her liberty in deference to an erudite slavery? Is the liberty of a nation a usurpation unless the menials of political life, the painted butterflies of fashion, varlets, harlequins, and vassals, concur in the claim? Give me the people—the democracy—the men who till the fields, the men who build ships and cities, the men who subjugate the wilderness, train and rear it into a noble civilization, and, so far, consummate the Divine purpose of creation.

From this element have some of the most powerful intellects and potentates of the world sprung. Homer, Shakespeare, Michael Angelo, the great jurists of England, the great statesmen of America, the marshals of Napoleon, were from the democracy. Give me the people, the democracy of Ireland! Should they demand the liberty of Ireland, I shall not wait on any lord or pedant, nor on any lord's or pedant's flunkey, to ratify the claim. Give me the peasantry—the reviled, scorned, ignored peasantry of Ireland! Their wretched cabins have been the holy shrines in which the traditions and the hopes of Ireland have been treasured and transmitted. In the adverse days—in the days of cowardice, debasement, and despair—the



spirit of Ireland has lived in them and become immortal. In the fiercest storms they have never once winced or wavered. In the bloodiest times they have been dauntless and heroic. The hills of Wexford, the plains of Kildare, the mountain passes of Wicklow—all are vital with their desperate courage under the shock and scourge of battle. Never, never let the Irish heart give up the hope of seeing, on Irish soil, the fatal destiny of centuries reversed, and a restored nation, wisely instructed and ennobled in the school of sorrow, planted there. Think, think, what this hope has been to Ireland. It has been the light of her darkness, the jewel of her poverty, the music of her tribulation, the bright companion of her exiles. It has been the main nerve of her industry abroad; on the field of death it has been the fire of her heart and the magic of her flag.

Now comes the question—is this festival of love, of pride, of sorrow, celebrated here, incompatible with Irish loyalty in America? The question—an ignominious one—would not surely emanate from me were it not that there are some vicious bigots—men of small brains and smaller hearts—men of more gall than blood—who, even here, assert that love for Ireland, devotion to her cause, active sympathy with the protracted contest for her redemption, involve an equivocal allegiance to the United States. Out upon the bastard Americanism that spews this imputation on the gallant race whose blood, shed in torrents for its inviolability and its glory, has imparted a brighter crimson to the Stripes, and made the Stars of that triumphant flag irradiate with a keener radiance. I appeal not to the burning sands, the cactus-circled fortresses, the causeways, the volcanic heights, the gates and towers of Mexico.

Let the woods and swamps of the deadly Chickahominy, the slopes of Malvern Hill, the waters of the Antietam, the defiant heights of Fredericksburg, the thickets of the Wilderness—a thousand fields, now billowed with Irish graves, declare that love for Ireland blends in ecstasy with loyalty to America, and that America has been served by none more truly than by those who carried in their impetuous hearts the memories and hopes of Ireland. No true American looks otherwise than with full trustfulness

and the heartiest fellowship upon such manifestations of Irish heart, Irish piety, and Irish remembrance of the Irish birthplace as to-day animate this city. The true American knows, feels, and with enthusiasm declares, that of all human emotions, of all human passions, there is not one more pure, more noble, more conducive to good and great and glorious deeds, than that which bears us back to the spot that was the cradle of our childhood, the playground of our boyhood, the theater of our manhood.

Has the Holy Book a passage more deeply touching than that which pictures to us the daughters of a captive race, in their desolation of soul, weeping by the waters of Babylon when they remembered their lost homes and the vanished towers of Zion? Has profane verse a line more exquisitely eloquent than that which tells us of the brave young Greek—beautiful and radiant as his native land—bleeding and dying on the plains of Latium, with his darkening eyes fixed on Greece? Has political history a grander incident than that of Warren Hastings, the Dictator of India, in the midst of all his ambitious schemes—all through his struggles, his contests, his triumphs, his crimes, and splendors—ever and always cherishing in his purer heart the hope and purpose of returning to his ancestral domain, and spending there in calmness and goodness the evening of his stormy life? Has our own bright poet, Moore, with all the wealth of his melody and fancy, given the world a scene in the presence of which kindlier, sweeter, holier sympathies arise than that which shows the captive girls of the East, amid all the luxuries of their perfumed and golden bondage—amid all the deadening enchantments of their voluptuous vassalage—winging their way back in tender thought to the scene of their free and spotless childhood?

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#### SPEECH FROM THE DOCK.

My Lords,—It is my intention to say only a few words. I desire that the last act of a proceeding which has occupied so much of the public time, shall be of short duration. Nor have I the indelicate wish to close the dreary

ceremony of a state prosecution with a vain display of words. Did I fear that hereafter, when I shall be no more, the country which I have tried to serve would think ill of me, I might, indeed, avail myself of this solemn moment to vindicate my sentiments and my conduct. But I have no such fear. The country will judge of those sentiments and that conduct in a light far different from that in which the jury by which I have been convicted have viewed them; and by the country, the sentence which you, my lords, are about to pronounce, will be remembered only as the severe and solemn attestation of my rectitude and truth. Whatever be the language in which that sentence be spoken, I know that my fate will meet with sympathy, and that my memory will be honored. In speaking thus accuse me not, my lords, of an indecorous presumption. To the efforts I have made in a just and noble cause, I ascribe no vain importance, nor do I claim for those efforts any high reward. But it so happens, and it will ever happen, that they who have tried to serve their country—no matter how weak their efforts may have been—are sure to receive the thanks and blessings of its people.

With my country, then, I leave my memory—my sentiments—my acts,—proudly feeling that they require no vindication from me this day. A jury of my countrymen, it is true, have found me guilty of the crime of which I stood indicted. For this I feel not the slightest feeling of resentment towards them. Influenced as they must have been by the charge of the lord chief-justice, they could have found no other verdict. What of that charge? Any strong observations on it I feel sincerely would ill befit the solemnity of the scene; but I earnestly beseech of you, my lord—you who preside on that bench—when the passion and the prejudices of this hour have passed away, to appeal to your own conscience, and ask of it, Was your charge as it ought to have been, impartial and indifferent between the subject and the crown?

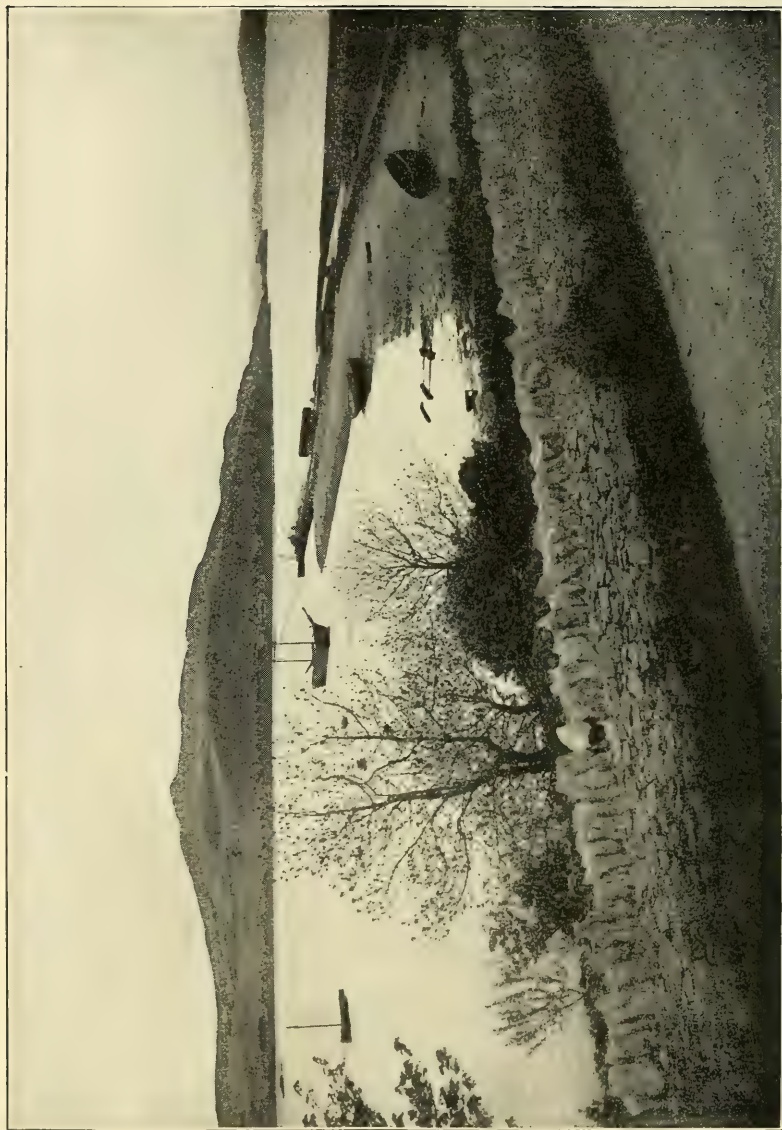
My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perhaps it might seal my fate. But I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing I have ever done, to retract nothing I have ever said. I am here to crave with no lying lips the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it. Even

here—here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust—here, on this spot, where the shadows of death surround me, and from which I see my early grave in an unanointed soil open to receive me—even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which first beckoned me to the perilous sea upon which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates, and enraptures me. No, I do not despair of my old country—her peace, her glory, her liberty! For that country I can do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up, to make her a benefactor to humanity, instead of being the meanest beggar in the world—to restore her to her native power and her ancient constitution—this has been my ambition, and my ambition has been my crime. Judged by the law of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death; but the history of Ireland explains this crime and justifies it. Judged by that history I am no criminal, you (addressing Mr. Macmanus) are no criminal, you (addressing Mr. O'Donoghue) are no criminal. Judged by that history, the treason of which I stand convicted loses all its guilt, is sanctified as a duty, and will be ennobled as a sacrifice!

With these sentiments, my lords, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I felt to be my duty, having spoken what I felt to be the truth, as I have done on every other occasion of my short career, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion, and my death,—a country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies—whose factions I sought to quell—whose intelligence I prompted to a lofty aim—whose freedom has been my fatal dream. To that country I now offer as a pledge of the love I bore her, and of the sincerity with which I thought and spoke and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life, the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy, a prosperous, and honorable home. Pronounce then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs. I trust I shall be prepared to meet its execution. I shall go, I think, with a pure heart and perfect composure to appear before a higher tribunal—a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well as of justice, will preside, and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.







LOUGH SWILLY

## ALICE MILLIGAN.

ALICE MILLIGAN was born in Omagh, County Tyrone. She is the daughter of the well-known Irish antiquarian, S. F. Milligan. She was educated at the Methodist College, Belfast, and at King's College, London, and wrote for the Irish National press for some years under the *nom de plume* "Iris Olkryn." Her ballads are either of a political nature or founded on native history and legend, and are in very stirring strain. Indeed, she has an excellent gift for ballad poetry ; many of her songs have been set to music by her elder sister. She has written Irish plays for the Irish Literary Theater, and has identified herself with Irish National feeling in its widest sense.

In 1888 she wrote with her father 'Glimpses of Erin,' and she has published a novel entitled 'A Royal Democrat.'

### RAMBLING REMINISCENCES.

From 'The Shan Van Vocht.'

The Donegal border comes so near to Derry city that we had only to take the road that runs north and go along it for some twenty minutes; then passing a boundary stone we knew that we had reached the enchanted ground. Once in the territory of the Gael, life seemed to hold possibilities of adventure that were out of the question in the realm of Derry of the Londoners, from which we were separated by no more than a stride. If we went right on along that road for some seven miles we would come to Lough Swilly's shore, and sometimes, when time permitted, we made the journey.

I remember the first time. Previously I had made the journey always by train to Fahan or Buncrana, but Made-moiselle Juliette (whom I shall call in these pages "La Marseillaise," since her home is now in Marseilles) was all for long adventurous rambles on foot, and she it was who first urged me to tramp on the northward running road to Lough Swilly's shore. She had arrived in our country with most romantic ideas about the Irish, and the staid, steady-going character of Derry Presbyterians disappointed her expectations.

"*Patriot*," she said to me, "these Irish people are even so placide and uninteresting as the English. I haf always

heard one say that they were quite indeed, *comme les Français*. *Vifs, intelligents! charmants!*"

"Mademoiselle," I explained, "these people whom you have been meeting are not Irish; they are colonists from England and Scotland. To see the Irish Gaelic people, who are like the Celts of France, you must go to the South and West, or to Donegal, there behind the mountains," and I pointed away to the range of hills in the northwest, under which I knew Lough Swilly sheltered.

"The true Irish people, *ma chere* Meeligan, is it that they live there?" I assented.

"*Allons*," said Mademoiselle, starting to her feet from the low stone wall where we had been seated. "Come, my dear, let us go there and look for them."

I urged in vain that the dark came soon in February, and that we could never go so far as the hills. She insisted that we should at least go as far as possible in that direction, and so for a couple of miles we tramped along quite merrily, and I described in glowing words the beauty of the land beyond the hills and the kindly nature of the people dwelling there.

Suddenly there came in sight the white smoke of a train on the line from Derry.

"Where goes that train?" said Mademoiselle.

"It goes right to the shores of Lough Swilly," said I, "and I wish we were in it."

"It vill stop! See a station there. Let us run." And leaving no time for discussion, La Marseillaise flew like the wind to reach the little wayside station before the train reached it and departed. She looked quite comic dashing along with her short plaid skirts flying upon the breeze, her fur toque planted firmly upon her little dark head, and her long pointed boots covering the ground, oh, so quickly. I came some paces behind, my long serpentine boa floating on either side as I ran. The occupants of the train regarded our race with interest, and the engine-driver considerably waited for us. We dashed across the line at the rear of the train, were hauled up to the platform by a policeman, and regardless of tickets, jumped into the hindermost carriage. The train moved, and the station-master ran along questioning us, "Where are you for, ladies?"

"Fahan," I panted.



He laughed outright and shook his head, shouting, as we rattled off, "Ye were in too great a hurry, that train 's for Letterkenny."

"*Qu' importe!*" said La Marseillaise. "We shall go to this Letterkenny."

"Oh, impossible, we could not come home to-night. We must alight at the next station."

So we alighted at the next station, where the line branches towards Letterkenny.

"And now," I said, "the question is how are we to get home again." We questioned the station-master, found there was no train for some hours.

"We must walk back," I said, "and had better start at once."

La Marseillaise stamped her foot. "Let us razer go on—on till we get to ze Irish people vat you speak of. Demand of this man how far."

I ascertained that Fahan Pier on the shore of Lough Swilly was some three miles ahead, and that late in the evening, about eight, we could get a train back. It was now about sunset time, and the evening was chilly, but quite hopeful we faced the road up the hills. "We would be late for tea in the school now, anyhow," said I, "and this eight o'clock train will bring us back in time for prayers." Every ten minutes we asked how far. Now, it was of a woman carrying water-cans, now of a plowman riding his horses home. They were polite, but in no way cordial.

"Meeligano, is it that these are the Irish of whom you told me? They talk not different from that strange accent of Derry, and they all say it is yet two miles."

I explained that the people were not the uncontaminated Irish, while, on the other hand, the miles were, and that Irish miles were superior to the English.

"*Mais oui*—but it is always, always two miles—see, here is an old man—demand how far. I make sure he vill respond *comme toujours* 'two miles.'"

I hailed the venerable peasant, asking "How far?" To my horror he answered in broadest Doric.

"About two miles, lassie, gin ye tak yin turnin' tae the right, aboon the brae."

"He talks very strange. Is dat ze Irish tongue?"

"No—he is Scotch, a descendant of Scotch settlers."

"*Au nom d'un chien que fait il ici?* What does he here?"

I explained that there were all sorts of people in Ireland who had no right to be there, lectured on confiscations and plantations under Elizabeth, James the First, and Cromwell, told the romance of Sir Cahir O'Doherty, in whose territory we were marching, and of the flight of the Princess from Lough Swilly. "I will show you where they sailed from if it is not too dark," I concluded.

On we tramped. The surroundings became more civilized instead of wilder. We passed pretty villas with neat gardens.

"Meeligano," said La Marseillaise, "where are your wild tribes of ze mountains? You have me much misled."

I pointed up to the hills on our right. If we went over those mountains, there are miles and miles of moorland. The people there speak Irish. Or if we cross Lough Swilly."

"*Parbleu*, let us cross ze lough."

"But there is no boat," I urged.

She panted angrily. "I am tired, have tramped so far, and see a station house quite like England; no Irish people, no speaking of ze Gaelic."

"It was your own fault, Mademoiselle. You ran for that train without waiting to think."

We were at quarreling point and ravenously hungry.

"At least," I said, "here is a refreshment room; we can have tea."

We crossed the railway bridge and descended wooden steps to the station, entered the refreshment room, and clattered on the counter till an attendant came. She looked most unpleasantly surprised at the sight of customers.

"Tea for two," I said, "bread, butter, cake, jam, anything you have got."

She explained that she would make tea if we insisted, but would prefer us to take beer, or lemonade, which would give no trouble.

Mademoiselle almost sobbed "*I must have tea. Meeligano, you have brought me here to famish.*"

"Mademoiselle, *you brought me here.* I am as hungry as you are."

"Here is no room to wait to sit. We have three hours to stay."

Two rough men entered at this moment and ordered whisky. The attendant, seeing her services required by her usual class of customers, told us a fact she had not intended to disclose, till she found whether we could not be forced to satisfy our cravings with ginger beer and stale sponge cake.

"There is a house down on the pier where you can get tea and sit till the train comes."

We departed and went out into the darkness down towards the pier. We could only see the water of the Lough glimmering faintly, the outline of a luggage crane, some railway wagons, and a ticket house on the pier. Rain commenced to drizzle down on us, a cold wind came in from the sea.

I pointed rapturously outward. "Here is one of the loveliest views in Ireland. You come in sight of the sea quite suddenly. Yonder are glorious mountains of hard granite, all jagged against the sky. Rathmullan lies on a point opposite three or four miles across. That is where Wolf Tone and the French—"

La Marseillaise stamped her foot. "Meeligano, I want no lecture on your Wolfe Tone, I want my tea, dir-r-r-rectly. You have brought me here. It is all nonsense. There are no mountains."

"There are glorious mountains."

"*Qu'importe!* I see them not. There is no beautiful lake! No Irish tribes."

"Come then," I said, "let us see if there is anything to eat." We approached the door of a red-brick house.

A cheerful voice bade us enter. I lifted the latch, and oh, joy! Here was a picture more pleasing to even me than the mountains and waves. A neat kitchen with a roaring fire, a kettle swinging on the crook, a table spread with a white cloth, brown bread, white bread, biscuits, baps, and the mistress of the premises, a tidy little woman in snowy apron smiling to greet us. I felt proud of my country. In truth I had not seen a tidier interior in all Ireland.

"We have valked from Derry all the vay," said. *Made-moiselle.*

"Except one mile or so in the train," I put in, wishing to be strictly truthful, "and we want our tea."

She put forward chairs, then ran to the foot of the stairway and called up to her husband.

"Cross, come down! 'Ere are two pore lidies as 'ave walked all the way from Derry. 'Urry hup and get them some butter."

Alas, alas! My hopes of showing Mademoiselle a good specimen of an Irish woman were dashed to the ground. Our hostess was an undiluted Londoner. However, the tea was excellent, and we were made much of and asked to relate the incidents of our journey. The wind now shook the window pane and the rain slapped against it. Tea over, we drew over to the fire. A hoarse heugh from a steamer entering at the jetty told that the little vessel, which runs twice a week to Portsalon, had come in.

"Where that steamer comes from," I said, "the people are all Irish."

"*Tais toi*," said Mademoiselle, smiling. "There are no Irish different from those of Derry. You are a poet, a writer of stories, Meeligano. You have well invented all that you have said."

I hung my head and was silent, little dreaming that a witness in my behalf was even then on the threshold.

We all started and rose to our feet, when the door was flung open and he staggered rather than walked into our midst; but even in that moment he had recovered so far as to remove his hat and say a courteous greeting. My heart leaped at the few words of Gaelic with which he prefaced it.

Of course, we thought he was drunk—but anyhow, I said to myself, he is a true Donegal man—a picturesque specimen of the Gael.

He was clad all in homespun gray; his hair black as night, hung down round his neck and curled inwards in one smooth roll. His soft hat was held in one hand and a knotted stick in the other.

His features were contorted with pain and pallid as death, his eyes blue gray as the mountain lakes under the gray crags of Tir-conal.

He muttered something about the *Feur Gortya*, which is the Irish myth which accounts for the spasms and weak-



ness which sometimes come upon the strongest who make a long journey fasting.

"Brandy," said Mrs. Cross. "Run quick to the refreshment room for it, Cross."

"Thank ye, ma'am, but 't is not brandy I can take at all. A vow is on me not to touch the like." He ordered a substitute in the shape of hot milk and red pepper, which gave instant relief, and then was silent, muttering a prayer of gratitude for his recovery. "'T is thankful to God I should be, aye, thankful, that there was the kindly shelter and the warm hearth to come to. It is by the mercy of God it did not come on me when I was driving the beasts over the mountain road far from home and help."

He spoke slowly, with that distinct, careful utterance usual to the Gaelic Irishman speaking the unaccustomed foreign tongue, that pleasant slow accent, which failing the melting tones of Connacht and Munster has a charm all its own, and after the harsh, horrible speech of the Northern Colonists was pure music to my ears. He asked pardon for his abrupt entrance, feared we had thought him drunk, and hoped he had not startled "the gentle young ladies."

"You talk Irish," I said, eager to establish an immediate bond of sympathy. "Talk for me now, I am trying to learn it."

He beamed all over with delight, and poured forth a few vehement sentences in his native tongue. "But 't is not manners to the company for me to be talking and they not knowing the way of it. 'T is all Irish and nothing else at all, at all, we be speaking at Clonavaddock." I glanced in triumph at Mademoiselle. She clapped her hands and rattled forth some expressions of delight in merry French. He looked at her doubtfully, then at me. "It is no Irish, and no English at all she has, but a strange tongue; what is it at all, at all! Sure it 's a sweet and purty one anyway."

"It 's French," I said. "This lady is from France."

"Is it from France ye are? From France, all the way, no less!" In his unbounded enthusiasm he had rushed from his seat and seizing her hand shook it vehemently.

"Is it from France the beautiful lady is?"

The "beautiful lady" beamed with delight.

"Sure the French were always the great, grand, noble-hearted people and the true friends to us. The young lady has heard, I am thinking. Maybe that was what brought her here in the dark winter. On the Lough yonder the French were fighting for us." His voice rose, and he was evidently on the point of a glorification of France and Ireland.

He remembered his kindly hosts and I marked a conflict between his patriotism and courtesy.

"Oh, yes," I said, "I brought Mademoiselle here to see the place where Wolfe Tone was taken, and where the Hoche fought the battleships of England."

She shook her head at me. "Meeligano, you are wise to bring me in the dark to see these wonders. I heard the water splash; I suppose there is sea there, but I have seen nothing, nothing. *Vraiment*, I have enjoyed myself all the same. I will *retourner*."

The Fannet man stolidly refused to return to the subject of Wolfe Tone or the French, but chatted pleasantly, telling us about the country he lived in, mightily entertaining Mademoiselle.

At length train time drew near, and bidding good evening to our hosts we went up to the station together. Our friend, it seems, had a wagon full of cattle to attend to, but he joined us in the carriage. There he explained his reticence.

"The good people there are English," he said, "and I could not say what I wanted. The French were always and ever against the English and friendly to us. I was wanting to ask the beautiful young lady if they talk of Ireland yet over there in France!"

"We love the Irish. *A bas l'Angleterre*." Mademoiselle waved her handkerchief in triumph.

"There is an old phrophecy made about the French," said the Fannet man. "I don't rightly know that it was Columcille made it. Father John says there were no Frenchmen in Columcille's day."

"Eh," said Mademoiselle, fiercely. "He is very ignorant, this Fader John."

The Fannet man smiled at her wrath. "Oh no, he has a power of learning, has Father John, and was in Paris

himself on a journey once, and has read all the books that ever were written."

"In Irish," I interposed, eagerly.

"No," he said sadly, "'t is only the Prosletysers that are at reading the Irish up our way. 'T is Latin, of course, and Greek maybe, and French, I think, Father John has. Anyway, he says there were no Frenchmen in Columcille's day."

"I tell you, your Father John is von great humbug."

"But wait, lady! Sure he says the French and the Irish were one race that time and Gaels they were all called, and Irish Kings out of Aileach, up yondher, went with armies the length of France and brought Sent Pathrick himself over an' had him instruchted and rared an Irishman out and out at Ballymena!"

"But your prophecy!"

"Well, it's this was the way I got it from an old ancient man in Clonavaddock yondher that saw the French fighting, and defeated by the powerful English!"

"Twice," he said, "the French were foretold to come into Lough Swilly, and the first time they would be beaten with sore and sorrowful loss."

"Wolfe Tone," I said. "But what about the second time?"

"Oh, then, they 'll win all before them, and Ireland will be free for evermore."

"*Vive l'Irlande!*" said Mademoiselle. "May we live to see it," said I.

"May God grant it," said the Fannet man, solemnly and reverently. "Here we are at Derry." And our time had come to part.

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### THE PHANTOM SHIP.

Scene, a winter night, Dunfanaghy, County Donegal, 1891.

Over moving water and surges white  
Which no star illumines and no moonlight,  
A ship comes shoreward sailing, without wind blown  
To a Northern strand of Eri from a land unknown.

"Keeper of the beacon that warns from Fannet's coast,  
Say if there went by you a vessel like a ghost,  
And told she by signal her port and her name?"  
"The weird ship you ask for not this way came."

"Watchers o'er the billows from sea-girt Tor-I,  
Say if at early night any ship went by?  
And came she from the Northland, or came she from the West?  
Or rose she like a phantom from Ocean's gray breast."

"We saw e'er utter darkness gloomed on our isle,  
When the sea in twilight silver glimmered awhile;  
The gulls rise up screeching from their roosts by the sea  
As if a ship went by them, but no ship saw we."

The first place we saw her, was at the harbor bar,  
The light at her mast-head burst like a star;  
Over whitening surges she moved towards the strand.  
*God that ruleth Ocean, she sailed upon the land!*

An old man among us crossed himself in dread:  
"I alone have seen her, I and others dead.  
Black woe shall follow, the ship of doom is here—  
She hath not sailed the Irish hills since the famine year."

On past the sandhills, through the waving bent,  
Right up the village street the tall specter went;  
And watchers by the windows saw towering sail and mast,  
And a low sound of water and wind seethed past.

Like a dust-cloud of summer that whirlwinds left,  
On past the houses they watched the vessel drift,  
Till she rose and then sank again on a hill top high,  
And the lights of her hull vanished mid the stars of the sky.

What ship is this? Is her name on earth known  
That can pass without piercing of the granite stone,  
Which can sail o'er the mountains and pause not nor reel,  
With Errigal's crest tossed skyward, like a wave below her  
keel?

In this Isle of sorrow, she is known since days of old,  
No storm wind can stay her, no mountain wall withhold.  
Her name is Calamity, she can come by land or sea,  
And she is here, oh Eri, dear, for anchorage in thee!



## THE BURIED FORESTS OF ERIN.

“The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them.”

There were trees in Tir-Conal of the territories  
In Erin's ancient yet remembered days,  
Where now to clothe the leagues of bogland lonely  
Is only heather brown or gorse ablaze:  
Where rivers go from source to sea unshaded,  
Where shine in desolate moors the scattered lakes,  
And sedges only, where once were willows,  
And curlews where were deer in woodland brakes.

The spades of peasants oft the peat uplifting  
Strike bog-black roots of oak or red of fir,  
And then 't is known, here the primeval forest  
Was murmurous to all winds with leaves astir,  
Where to the sky's blue rim the heath unending  
Lies bare, before the honey-searching bees.  
O'er camping hosts, once spread the giant branches  
Of oaks in autumn sounding like the seas.

There was no mountain of our many mountains,  
There was no voiceful-watered purple glen,  
Without its share of scarlet-berried ashes,  
Without its nut-trees by the river then;  
Round every dún of every royal chieftain  
White apple-boughs shook down their blossomy showers,  
And up to craggy heights like armies climbing  
Went pine trees, straight as spears and tall as towers.

Fallen in Erin are all those leafy forests,  
The oaks lie buried under bogland mold;  
Only in legends dim are they remembered,  
Only in ancient books their fame is told.  
But seers who know of things to come have promised  
Forests shall rise again where perished these,  
And of this desolate land it shall be spoken:  
“In Tir-Conal of the territories, there are trees.”

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FIONNUALA.

Among the reeds, round waters blue  
White wings are spread,  
And she is seen, who should have been  
For ages dead;

She who ice-pierced on perilous coasts  
To land and sky  
Lifted the swan-song of her grief,  
Yet could not die.

Enchantment fell and powerful spell  
Of envious hate  
Had robbed her of her maiden robes,  
Her regal state,  
And she in halls of kindred kind  
Could walk no more,  
But floated far a phantom pale  
From shore to shore.

And yet the spell of hatred fell  
Through centuries long  
Harmed not the everlasting soul  
Or power of song,  
And we who grieve for bleeding breast  
And broken wing,  
Shall see her rise in beauty yet,  
The Child of the King.

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#### A MAY LOVE SONG.

It is far and it is far  
To Connemara where you are,  
To where its purple glens enfold you  
As glowing heavens that hold a star.

But they shall shine, they yet shall shine,  
Colleen, those eyes of yours on mine,  
Like stars that after eve assemble  
And tremble over the mountain line.

Though it be far, though it be far,  
I'll travel over, to where you are,  
By grasslands green that lie between  
And shining lakes at Mullingar.

And we shall be, we yet shall be,  
Oh Colleen lonely, beloved by me,  
For evermore on a moor of Mayo,  
Mid heather singing like the sea.

## RICHARD ALFRED MILLIKIN.

(1767—1815.)

RICHARD A. MILLIKIN, attorney, painter, and musician—from none of which pursuits he derived profit or renown—wrote ‘The Groves of Blarney’ and became famous. He was born at Castle Martyr, County Cork, in 1767. Like most of his countrymen, he possessed a keen sense of humor and was the life and center of convivial society in his native town, earning for himself the name of “Honest Dick Millikin.” On the breaking out of the rebellion in 1798 he joined the Royal Cork Volunteers, and became a conspicuous member of that corps. In 1795 several of his poetical pieces appeared in a Cork magazine. In 1797 he published jointly with his sister—who was the authoress of several historical novels—*The Casket, or Hesperian Magazine*, which appeared monthly until the troubles of the following year terminated its existence. Besides many short poems Millikin wrote a long one in blank verse, entitled ‘The River Side,’ two dramatic pieces, and a story called ‘The Slave of Surinam,’ but none of them is remembered now.

The genesis of the song which made him famous is worth recording. At a convivial party a piece written by an itinerant poet in praise of Castle Hyde was discussed. This poem, from its ludicrous character, had attained great popularity, but Mr. Millikin declared he would write a piece which for absurdity would far surpass it. With this view he wrote the well-known and popular ‘Groves of Blarney.’ With much tact and cleverness he has introduced into this song local and historic truth dressed in burlesque.

Blarney was forfeited by Lord Clancarty in 1689, and did pass into the hands of the Jeffers family. Millikin makes Cromwell the bogie who assaults the ill-used Lady Jeffers, and makes a breach in her castle. This may be true or not, but it is certain Lord Broghill took the castle in 1646. Millikin died in December, 1815. A small volume entitled ‘Poetical Fragments of the late Richard Alfred Millikin’ was printed in 1823.

### THE GROVES OF BLARNEY.

The Groves of Blarney  
They look so charming,  
Down by the purling  
Of sweet silent streams,  
Being banked with posies,  
That spontaneous grow there,  
Planted in order  
By the sweet rock close.

'Tis there's the daisy  
 And the sweet carnation,  
 The blooming pink,  
     And the rose so fair;  
 The daffodowndilly—  
 Likewise the lily,  
 All flowers that scent  
     The sweet fragrant air.

'Tis Lady Jeffers  
 That owns this station;  
 Like Alexander,  
     Or Queen Helen fair;  
 There's no commander  
 In all the nation,  
 For emulation,  
     Can with her compare.  
 Such walls surround her,  
 That no nine-pounder  
 Could dare to plunder  
     Her place of strength;  
 But Oliver Cromwell,  
 Her he did pommel,  
 And made a breach  
     In her battlement.

There's gravel walks there,  
 For speculation,  
 And conversation  
     In sweet solitude.  
 'Tis there the lover  
 May hear the dove, or  
 The gentle plover  
     In the afternoon;  
 And if a lady  
 Would be so engaging  
 As to walk alone in  
     Those shady bowers,  
 'Tis there the courtier  
 He may transport her  
 Into some fort, or  
     All under ground.

For 't is there's a cave where  
 No daylight enters,  
 But cats and badgers



Are for ever bred ;  
 Being mossed by nature,  
 That makes it sweeter  
 Than a coach-and-six,  
 Or a feather-bed.  
 'T is there the lake is,  
 Well stored with perches,  
 And comely eels in  
 The verdant mud ;  
 Besides the leeches,  
 And groves of beeches,  
 Standing in order  
 For to guard the flood.

There 's statues gracing  
 This noble place in—  
 All heathen gods  
 And nymphs so fair :  
 Bold Neptune, Plutarch,  
 And Nicodemus,  
 All standing naked  
 In the open air !  
 So now to finish  
 This brave narration,  
 Which my poor geni'  
 Could not entwine ;  
 But were I Homer,  
 Or Nebuchadnezzar,  
 'T is in every feature  
 I would make it shine.

[There is an additional verse to this song by Father Prout, relating to the famous Blarney Stone. Samuel Lover says any editor who would omit it deserves to be hung up to dry on his own lines. To avoid this fate here they are :]

There is a boat on  
 The lake to float on,  
 And lots of beauties  
 Which I can't entwine ;  
 But were I a preacher,  
 Or a classic teacher,  
 In every feature  
 I 'd make 'em shine !  
 There is a stone there,  
 That whoever kisses,  
 Oh ! he never misses  
 To grow eloquent ;

'T is he may clamber  
To a lady's chamber,  
Or become a member  
Of parliament.  
A clever spouter  
He'll soon turn out, or  
An out-and-outer,  
To be let alone.  
Don't hope to hinder him,  
Or to bewilder him,  
Sure he's a pilgrim  
From the Blarney Stone!

## JOHN MITCHEL.

(1815—1875.)

JOHN MITCHEL was born at the manse in Dungiven, County Derry, Nov. 3, 1815. He was educated at Newry and at Trinity College, Dublin. He spent some years as apprentice and assistant to a solicitor in Newry, and in 1835 he married the daughter of Captain Verner, a young lady of great beauty. Shortly afterward he settled down to the practice of his profession on his own account, in Banbridge, a town a few miles distant from Newry. From the establishment of *The Nation* newspaper in 1842 Mitchel had been an occasional contributor. His clear and forcible style and strong expressions on national grievances soon brought him into notice as a man of literary promise, and at the request of Mr. Duffy, the publisher of 'The Irish Library,' he contributed one of its standard works, 'The Life of Aodh O'Neill, called by the English Hugh, Earl of Tyrone.'

In 1845, on the death of Thomas Davis, Mr. Mitchel was invited to take his place as editor of *The Nation*. He at once accepted the offer, and removed with his wife and family to Dublin. In 1846 the Irish Confederation was formed in opposition to the peace policy of O'Connell. *The Nation* was found at this crisis not sufficiently advanced for Mitchel's purpose, and in December, 1847, he resigned the editorship. He then started *The United Irishman*, for the openly avowed purpose of rousing into activity what he called "the holy hatred of English rule." He instructed the people in the tactics of street warfare, devoting a considerable portion of the paper to the purpose. He represented to the farming classes how very small the proportion of the fruits of their toil they could call their own, and for the peace policy by which they had been so long deceived he asked them to accept "Liberty ! Fraternity ! and Equality !"

Mitchel was arrested, tried on the charge of treason-felony and although defended with rare tact and eloquence by Robert Holmes, brother-in-law to Robert Emmet, the verdict, as every one expected, was guilty, and the sentence fourteen years' transportation. To prevent any possible rescue and to free the country of this fearless and outspoken rebel—a host in himself—on the evening succeeding the sentence, May 27, 1848, he was heavily ironed and conveyed in a van, with a mounted escort, to the North Wall pier, where he was at once put on board the *Shearwater*, lying alongside with steam up, ready to receive him, and conveyed to Spike Island. Thence he went to Bermuda and the Cape of Good Hope, and on April 7, 1850, reached his destination, Van Diemen's Land. Here he was permitted to reside with his brother-in-law, John Martin, and in a short time his family joined him. In 1853 Mr. P. J. Smyth, afterward Member for Westmeath, arrived from America for the purpose of assisting Mr. Mitchel to make his escape. After many adventures graphically described in his 'Jail Journal,' he reached California and shortly afterward settled in New York.

In 1854 Mr. Mitchel established *The Citizen* newspaper. He sub-

sequently edited the *Southern Citizen*, and during the American civil war conducted the *Richmond Examiner*. 'The History of Ireland, from the Treaty of Limerick to the Present Time' appeared in 1868. In 1867 Mr. Mitchel had started the *Irish Citizen* in New York, but after conducting it energetically for several years his health gave way, and he was forced to resign his literary labors. In 1875 he visited Ireland; he was everywhere received with marks of public respect, and as a testimonial of regard a large sum of money was presented to him. He then returned to this country, but was recalled to contest the seat for County Tipperary. On his arrival in Cork on the 17th of February he found that he had been elected without opposition on the previous day, and he was greeted by all classes with enthusiasm. Mr. Disraeli objected to the election on legal grounds, as the Member was a felon who had not completed his term of sentence. Another election ensued and Mr. Mitchel was again returned.

While the awkward question was pending the whole difficulty was solved in an unexpected way. When Mitchel was starting for Ireland he was a dying man, and he knew it. When he landed in Cork he was almost helpless. The excitement, perhaps, hastened the end; and shortly after his election his last illness came. He retreated to the scene where he had passed his early and more tranquil days, and March 20, 1875, at the residence of his brother-in-law, "Honest John Martin," his stormy spirit at last found rest.

Besides the books referred to, he published 'The Last Conquest of Ireland (Perhaps),' and a series of scathing replies to the calumnious attacks on the Irish people by an English historian, under the title 'Froude from the Standpoint of an Irish Protestant,' as well as 'The Repeal Agitation' and 'The Nurseries of the Famine.'

## MACAULAY AND BACON.

From 'John Mitchel's Jail Journal.'

JUNE 17, 1848.—Reading, for want of something better, Macaulay's Essays. He is a born Edinburgh reviewer, this Macaulay, and indeed a type reviewer—an authentic specimen page of nineteenth century "literature." He has the right omniscient tone, and air, and the true knack of administering reverential flattery to British civilization, British prowess, honor, enlightenment, and all that—especially to the great nineteenth century, and its astounding civilization—that is, to his readers. It is altogether a new thing in the history of mankind, this triumphant glorification of a current century upon being the century it is:—no former age before Christ or after, ever took any pride in itself, and sneered at the wisdom of its ancestors:—and the new phenomenon indicates, I believe, not higher



wisdom, but greater stupidity. The nineteenth century is come, but not gone; and what, now, if it should be, hereafter, memorable among centuries for something quite other than its wondrous enlightenment? Mr. Macaulay, however, is well satisfied with it for his part, and in his Essay on Milton penny-a-lines thus:—"Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on political economy, could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons on finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation," and so on. If Pythagoras, now, could only have been introduced to Mrs. Marcet—or even to one of her premium girls—how humbly would he have sat at her feet! Could Aristotle or Hipparchus but have seen Mr. Pinnock before they died, how would they have sung *nunc dimittis*! This nineteenth century man, and indeed the century generally, can see no difference between being told a thing—conning it in a catechism, or "little dialogue"—and knowing it; between getting by heart a list of results, what you call facts, and mastering science.

Still more edifying even than Edinburgh wisdom is the current Edinburgh ethics. Herein, also, the world has a new development, and as I am now about to retire a little while from the great business of this stirring age, to hide me, as it were, in a hole of the rock, while the loud-sounding century, with its steam-engines, printing-presses, and omniscient popular literature, flares and rushes roaring and gibbering by—I have a mind to set down a few of Macaulay's sentences, as a kind of landmarks, just to remember me where the world and I parted. For I do, indeed, account this reviewer a real type and recognized spokesman of his age; and by the same token he is now, by virtue of his very reviewing, too, a Cabinet-minister.

In his Essay on Lord Bacon, he freely admits the treacherous, thoroughly false, and unprincipled character of the statesmen of that age; thinks, however, we must not be too hard on them; says, "it is impossible to deny that they committed many acts, which would justly bring down, on a statesman of *our time*, censures of the most serious kind [as that a man is a liar, an extortioner, a hypocrite, a suborner]—but when we consider the state of morality in

their age, and the unscrupulous character of the adversaries against whom they had to contend," etc.

And the state of morality, it seems, varies, not with the age only, but with the climate also, in a wonderful manner. For the Essayist, writing of Lord Clive, and his villainies in India, pleads in behalf of Clive, that "he knew he had to deal with men destitute of *what in Europe is called honor*; with men who would give any promise, without hesitation, and break any promise without shame; with men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, to compass their ends." And *they knew* that they had to deal with men destitute of *what in Asia is called honesty*, men who would unscrupulously employ corruption, perjury, forgery, etc.—so, what were the poor men to do, on *either* side?—the state of morality was so low! When one is tempted to commit any wickedness, he ought apparently to ascertain this point—what is the state of morality? How range the quotations? Is this an age (or a climate) adapted for open robbery? Or does the air agree better with swindling and cheating? Or must one cant and pray, and pretend anxiety to convert the heathen to compass one's ends? But to come back to Lord Clive, the great founder of British power in India: when the Essayist comes to that point at which he cannot get over fairly telling us how Clive swindled Omichund by a forged paper, he says:—"But Clive was not a man to do anything by halves [too much British energy for that]. We almost blush to write it. He forged Admiral Watson's name." *Almost* blush, but not just quite. Oh! Babington Macaulay. This approximation to blushing on the part of the blue-and-yellow Reviewer, is a graceful, touching tribute to the lofty morality of our blessed century.

For morality *now*, Lord bless you! ranges very high—and Religion, also: through all our nineteenth century British literature there runs a tone of polite though distant recognition of Almighty God, as one of the Great Powers; and though no resident is actually maintained at His court, yet British civilization gives Him assurances of friendly relations; and our "venerable church," and our "beautiful liturgy," are relied upon as a sort of diplomatic Concordat, or Pragmatic Sanction, whereby we, occupied as we are in grave commercial and political pursuits, car-

rying on our business, selling our cotton and civilizing our heathen—bind ourselves, *to let Him alone, if He lets us alone*—if He will keep looking apart, contemplating the illustrious Mare-milkers and blameless Ethiopians, and never minding us, we will keep up a most respectable church for Him, and make our lower orders venerate it, and pay for it handsomely, and we will suffer no national infidelity, like the horrid French.

For the venerable Church of England, and for our beautiful liturgy, the Essayist has a becoming respect; and in his Essay on Hallam's 'Constitutional History,' I find a sentence or two on this point worth transcribing. He is writing about the villains who reformed religion in England, and the other miscreants who accomplished the Glorious Revolution, and he says: "It was, in one sense, fortunate, as we have already said, for the Church of England, that the Reformation in this country was effected by men who cared little about religion. And in the same manner it was fortunate for our civil government that the Revolution was effected by men who cared little about their political principles. *At such a crisis*, splendid talents and strong passions [by strong passions he means any kind of belief or principle] might have done more harm than good." But, then, he immediately adds, for we must keep up an elevated tone of morality now—"But narrowness of intellect, and flexibility of principle, *though they may be serviceable*, can never be respectable." Why not? If scoundrels and blockheads can rear good, serviceable, visible churches for the saving of men, and glorious constitutions for the governing of men, what hinders them from being respectable? What else *is* respectable? Or, indeed, what is the use of the splendid talents and the strong passions at all?—

I am wasting my time and exasperating the natural benignity of my temper, with this oceanic review of the Edinburgh reviewer. But my time, at least, is not precious just now, and I will plunge into the man's Essay on Lord Bacon, which cannot fail to be the most characteristic piece of British literature in the volumes. . . .

18TH.—After breakfast, when the sun burned too fiercely on deck, went below, threw off coat and waistcoat for coolness, and began to read Macaulay on Bacon—"the great

English teacher," as the reviewer calls him. And to do the reviewer justice, he understands Bacon, knows what Bacon did, and what he did not; and therefore sets small store by that illustrious Chimera's new "method," of investigating truth. He is not ignorant: but knows that Lord Bacon's discovery of the inductive "method," or *Novum Organum*, is the most genuine piece of mare's-nesting recorded in the history of letters. And, to do Bacon himself justice, for all the impudence of his title (*Instauratio Scientiarum*) and the pretentiousness of his outrageous phraseology, he hardly pretended to be the original discoverer of wisdom, to the extent that many Baconians, learned stupid asses, have pretended for him. Apart from the "induction" and the "method," and the utterly inexcusable terminology (far worse even than the coinage of Jeremy Bentham), Bacon's true distinction as a "philosopher" was *this*—I accept the essayist's description: "The philosophy which he taught was essentially new. Its object was *the good of mankind*, in the sense in which the *mass of mankind* always have understood, and always will understand, the word *good*. The aim of the Platonic philosopher was to raise us far above vulgar wants; the aim of the Baconian philosophy was to supply our vulgar wants. The former aim was noble; but the latter was attainable." What the mass of mankind understand by the word good, is, of course, pudding, and praise, and profit, comfort, power, luxury, supply of vulgar wants—all, in short, which Bacon included under the word *commoda*; and to minister to mankind in these things is, according to the great English teacher, the highest aim—the only aim and end—of true philosophy or wisdom. Oh, Plato! Oh, Jesu!

"The former aim was noble, but the latter was attainable." On the contrary, I affirm that the former aim was both noble, and, to many men, attainable; the latter not only ignoble, but to all men unattainable, and to the noblest men most.

The essayist makes himself very merry with the absurdities of what they called philosophy in times of ante-Baconian darkness. "It disdained to be *useful*, and was content to be stationary. It dealt largely in theories of moral perfection, which were so sublime that they never could be more than theories; in attempts to solve insoluble



enigmas; in exhortations to the attainment of unattainable frames of mind. It could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the *comfort* of human beings."

Now, the truth is, that Plato and Pythagoras did not undervalue comfort, and wealth, and human *commoda* at all; but they thought the task of attending to such matters was the business of ingenious tradespeople, and not of wise men and philosophers. If James Watt had appeared at Athens or Crotona, with his steam engine, he would certainly have got the credit of a clever person and praise-worthy mechanic—all he deserved; but they never would have thought of calling him philosopher for *that*. They did actually imagine—those ancient wise men—that it is true wisdom to raise our thoughts and aspirations above what the mass of mankind calls good—to regard truth, fortitude, honesty, purity, as the great objects of human effort, and *not* the supply of vulgar wants.

What a very poor fool Jesus Christ would have been, judged by the "new philosophy"—for his aim and Plato's were one. He disdained to be useful in the matter of our little comforts;—yes, indeed, "he could not condescend to the humble office of ministering to the comfort of human beings." On the contrary, "whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are holy, if there be any virtue"—

Why, good Messiah, this is the mere Academy over again. Have you considered that these are unattainable frames of mind? You offer us living bread, and water which he that drinketh shall not thirst again;—very beautiful, but too romantic. Can you help us to butter the mere farinaceous bread we have got—to butter it first on one side, and then on the other?—to improve the elemental taste and somewhat too paradisiac weakness of this water? These are our vulgar wants; these are what the mass of mankind agrees to call *good*. Whatsoever things are snug, whatsoever things are influential—if there be any comfort, if there be any money, think on these things. Henceforth we acknowledge no light of the world which does not light our way to good things like these.

Almost this sounds profanely; but the profanity belongs to the essayist. His comparison of Plato's philosophy with modern inventive genius is exactly as reasonable as

if he had compared the Christian religion—with the same. Ancient philosophy was, indeed, natural religion—was an earnest striving after spiritual truth and good; it dealt with the supersensuous and nobler part of man; and its “aim” was to purify his nature, and give him hope of an immortal destiny amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

Just so, says the essayist; that was what they called wisdom—*this* is what I, Lord Bacon and I, call wisdom. “The end which the great Lord Bacon proposed to himself was the *multiplying of human enjoyments and the mitigating of human sufferings*.” Anything beyond this we simply ignore;—let all the inquirings, all the aspirings of mankind stop here. Leave off dreaming of your unattainable frames of mind, and be content with the truth as it is in Bacon.

I can imagine an enlightened inductive Baconian standing by with scornful nose, as he listens to the Sermon on the Mount, and then taking the preacher sternly to task—“What mean you by all this—“bless them that curse you”—“love your enemies”—“be ye perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect!” What mortal man ever attained these frames of mind? Why not turn your considerable talents, friend, to something useful, something within reach? Can you make anything?—improve anything? You are, if I mistake not, a carpenter to trade, and have been working somewhere in Galilee. Now, have you invented any little improvement in your own respectable trade? Have you improved the saw, the lathe, the plane? Can you render the loom a more perfect machine, or make a better job of the potter’s wheel? Have you in any shape economized materials, economized human labor, added to human enjoyment? Have you done, or can you show the way to do, any of all these things? *No!* Then, away with him! Crucify him!”

Ah! but, the enlightened Briton would say, now you talk of religion; that is our strong point in this admirable age and country. Is not there our venerable church?—our beautiful liturgy? There is a *department* for all that, with the excellent Archbishop of Canterbury at the head of it. If information is wanted about the other world, or salva-

tion, or anything in that line, you can apply at the head-office, or some of the subordinate stations.

True, there is a department, and offices, and salaries, more than enough; yet, the very fact is, that modern British civilization (which may be called the child of this great British teacher) is not only not Christian, but is not so much as Pagan. It takes not the smallest account of anything higher or greater than earth bestows. The hopeless confusion of ideas that made Bacon and Macaulay institute a comparison between ancient philosophy and modern ingenuity, is grown characteristic of the national mind and heart, and foreshadows *national death*. The mass of mankind agree to call money, power, and pleasure, good; and behold! the Spirit of the Age has looked on it, and pronounced it very good. The highest phase of human intellect and virtue is to be what this base spirit calls a philanthropist—that is, one who, by new inventions and comfortable contrivances, mitigates human suffering, heightens human pleasure. The grandest effort of godlike genius is to augment human power—power over the elements, power over uncivilized men—and all for our own comfort. Nay, by tremendous enginery of steam, and electricity, and gunpowder—by capital and the “law of progress,” and the superhuman power of co-operation, this foul Spirit of the Age does veritably count upon scaling the heavens. The failure of Otus and Ephialtes, of Typhæus and Enceladus, of the builders of Shinar, never daunts him a whit;—for why?—*they* knew little of co-operation; electricity and steam, and the principle of the arch, were utterly hidden from them; civil engineering was in its infancy; how should they not fail?

The very capital generated and circulated, and utilized on so grand a scale by civilized men nowadays, seems to modern Britons a power mighty enough to wield worlds; and its *numen* is worshiped by them accordingly, with filthy rites. The God of mere nature will, they assure themselves, think twice before He disturbs and quarrels with such a power as this; for indeed it is faithfully believed in the City, by the moneyed circles there, that God the Father has money invested in the three-per-cents, which makes Him careful not to disturb the peace of the world, or suffer the blessed march of “civilization” to be stopped.

*Semble* them, first, that the peace of the world is maintained so long as it is only the unmoneyed circle that are robbed, starved, and slain; and, second, that nothing civilizes gods or men like holding stock.

But I am strong in the belief that the portentous confusion, both of language and thought, which has brought us to all this, and which is no accidental misunderstanding, but a radical confounding of the English national intellect and language, a chronic addlement of the general brain, getting steadily worse now for two hundred years, is indeed more alarming than the gibbering of Babel, and is symptomatic of a more disastrous ending. By terrible signs and wonders it shall be made known that comfort is not the chief end of man. I do affirm, I—that capital is not the ruler of the world—that the Almighty has no pecuniary interest in the stability of the funds or the European balance of power—finally, that no engineering, civil or military, can raise man above the heavens, or shake the throne of God.

On that day some nations that do now bestride the narrow world will learn lessons of true philosophy, but not new philosophy, in sackcloth and ashes. And other nations, low enough in the dust now, will arise from their sackcloth, and begin a new national life—to repeat, it may be, the same crimes and suffer the same penalties. For the progress of the species is circular; or possibly in trochoidal curves, with some sort of cycloid for deferent; or more properly it oscillates, describing an arc of a circle, pendulumwise; and even measures time (by æons) in that manner; or let us say, in one word, the world wags. . . .

19TH.—One other observation upon the “great English teacher,” and then I bid him farewell. Try to measure the value of him and his teaching, even in respect of human comfort, and power, and luxury, the great *end* of it all. First, he never discovered, or even thoroughly learned, or, properly speaking, knew, anything himself. He had a smattering, like Lord Brougham, of the science of his age; of the one chancellor it might be said, as it has been of the other, “if he had known a little law, he would then have known a little of everything.” But I crave his lordship’s pardon—his, now I remember, was a nobler mission—not to toil, himself, amidst laboratory fumes, forges, and fur-



naces, but to direct others how to toil; to survey and lay out great leading paths of investigation; to take a vast comprehensive view of the whole field of science, and allot the laborers their tasks. This man, then, living in an age of extraordinary intellectual and experimental activity—shortly after Galileo had demonstrated the true solar and planetary motions, and Kepler had fixed their laws—after the telescope, and the mariner's compass, and the printing-press had been invented (and all *without* the *Organum*)—this smattering chancellor, who never himself discovered anything, except his law, is supposed to have shown quite a new way, given quite a fresh impulse and a worthy aim to “philosophy.” I want the evidence, but there is none. Therefore, I dogmatically affirm that no chemist, no geologist, no mechanist, physician, astronomer, engineer, or other “philosopher,” ever since Bacon's day, in any investigation or series of experiments, thought once of the *instantiæ*, or the *vindemiæ*, or any of the other uncouth verbiage which makes up that preposterous book. I affirm further, that of those men who have really carried forward science and the arts, not one in forty ever read that book—that of those who read it, not one in forty understood it—and that of those who understood it, not one at all made use of it.

Hereupon the essayist, you may be sure, would tell me that although, indeed, they did not read, understand, or value the teachings of that book, or know the things treated of therein by Bacon's names, yet they did pursue their inquiries, and conduct their experiments with due regard to the very *instantiæ* of the *Organum*, and gather in their vignettes by the very process our great teacher taught—yes, they did so, just as Tubal-cain and Dædalus, Archimedes, Aristotle, Columbus, and Kepler, did before them, and not otherwise.

What Lord Bacon really *did* then, the whole result and upshot of his teaching—if anything at all—was this, to cause mechanical ingenuity and experimental or empiric investigations into the laws of bodies (with a sole view to use and comfort), to be substituted for *Philosophy*, and dignified with that venerable name. And the popular essayist, not being an ill-formed man, nor behind, nor before his age, acknowledges that this is what Bacon did, and pronounces that he did well.

Now, I am tired of Macaulay and his Essays, and see with surprise that I have filled up some ten pages with a tirade against him. He is, after all, a very clever and dexterous artificer in words; one of the defftest of the nineteenth century. His Lay of Horatius, and his Ballad of Naseby might be imposed at first upon anybody for poems, for true song. I took them for such myself not long ago; but the thing is impossible.

“And what ’s impossible can’t be,  
And never, never, comes to pass.”

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### A RHAPSODY ON RIVERS.

From ‘John Mitchel’s Jail Journal.’

As we descended we soon heard the murmurous dashing of a river hidden yet by the trees. It is the Shannon—a rushing, whirling, tumultuous stream that derives its waters from the “Big Lake,” a noble reservoir some thirty miles farther to the northwest, lying high on a plateau of Tasmania. It is the greatest lake in the island, and is said to measure ninety miles round. Through the whole of its course this river runs very rapidly, having a fall of two thousand feet in those thirty miles; and, like all the other Van Diemen’s Land rivers, it is icy cold.

All my life long I have delighted in rivers, rivulets, rills, fierce torrents, tearing their rocky beds, gliding, dimpled brooks kissing a daisied marge. The tinkle, or murmur, or deep-resounding roll, or raving roar of running water is of all sounds my ears hear even now the most homely. Nothing else in this land looks or sounds like home. The birds have a foreign tongue; the very trees whispering to the wind whisper in accents unknown to me; for your gum trees are all hard, horny, polished as the laurel—besides, they have neither upper nor under side, but are set with the plane of them vertical; wherefore they can never, never, let breeze pipe or zephyr breathe as it will, never can they whisper, quiver, sigh, or sing as do the beeches and sycamores of old Rosstrevor. Yes, all sights and sounds of nature are alien and outlandish—suggestive of

the Tropic of Capricorn and the Antarctic Circle—save only the sparkle and the music of the streams. Well I know the voice of this eloquent river; it talks to me and to the woods and rocks in the same tongue and dialect wherein the *Roc* discoursed to me a child; in its crystalline gush my heart and brain are bathed, and I hear in its plaintive chime all the blended voices of history, of prophecy, and poesy, from the beginning. Not cooler or fresher was the Thracian *Hebrus*; not purer were *Abana* and *Pharpar*; not more ancient and venerable is *Father Nilus*. Before the quiet flow of the Egyptian river was yet disturbed by the jabber of the priests of *Merœ*—before the dynasty was yet bred that quaffed the sacred wave of *Choaspes*, “the drink of none but kings”—ere its lordly namesake river in *Erin* of the streams reflected yet upon its bosom a *Pillar Tower* or heard the chimes from its seven churches, this river was rushing through its lonely glen to the southern sea—was singing its mystic song to these primeval woods.

“Oh! sun-loved river, wherefore dost thou hum,  
 Hum, hum, alway, thy strange, deep mystic song  
 Unto the rocks and strands?—for they are dumb,  
 And answer nothing as thou flowest along.  
 Why singest so all hours of night and day?  
 Ah, river!—my best river! thou, I know, art seeking  
 Some land where souls have yet the gift of speaking  
 With Nature in her own old wond’rous way!”

I delight in poets who delight in rivers, and for this do I love that sweet singer through whose inner ear and brain the gush of his native *Aufidus* for ever streamed and flashed. How some perennial brook of crystal glimmered for ever through all his day-dreams! How he yearned to marry his own immortality with the eternal murmuring hymn of that bright *Blandusian* fount! Wisely, too, and learnedly did *Clarence Mangan* discourse with the rivers, and attune his notes to their wondrous music. How gloriously he interprets the German *Moerike* and his melodious theme:—

“What on cold earth is deep as thou? Is aught?  
 Love is as deep—love only is as deep;  
 Love lavisheth all, yet loseth, lacketh naught;  
 Like thee, too, love can neither pause nor sleep,

“Roll on, thou loving river, thou ! Lift up  
 Thy waves, those eyes bright with a riotous laughing !  
 Thou makest me immortal. I am quaffing  
 The wine of rapture from no earthly cup ! ”

So, too, with Mueller; he delivers himself and you up to the entrancement of the Naiad :—

“There danceth adown the mountain  
 The child of a lofty race :  
 A streamlet fresh from its fountain  
 Hies through the valley apace.

“Some fairy hath whispered ‘ Follow ! ’  
 And I have obeyed her well ;  
 I thrid the blossomy hollow,  
 With my pilgrim staff and shell.

“On, on, behold me straying,  
 And ever beside the stream,  
 As I list its murmurous playing,  
 And mark how its wavelets gleam.

“Can this be the path I intended ?  
 Oh ! sorceress, what shall I say ?  
 Thy dazzle and music blended  
 Have wiled my reason away !

“No mortal sounds are winging,  
 Their wonted way along ;  
 Oh, no, some Naiad is singing  
 A flattering Summer song !

“And loudlier doth she flatter,  
 And loudlier, loudlier still ”——

But behold ! plump into the water, just under the bank, tumbles a *Platypus*, uncouth, amphibious quadruped, with broad duck-bill; and shrill from a neighboring gum tree yells the “laughing-jackass”—a noisy bird so named by profane colonists.

We are in Australia, then ! Knox has been sitting on the bank, musing with dreamy eyes on the passing waters; but now we awake, and see that the dusk is approaching—a dusk that will call forth stars that never glassed themselves in the *other* Shannon. So we mount for our “registered lodgings” in Bothwell, and reluctantly leave that most lovely glen.



## JAMES LYMAN MOLLOY.

(1837 —)

JAMES LYMAN MOLLOY, one of the most popular composers and song-writers of the present day, is the son of Dr. K. J. Molloy, of Cornolारे, King's County, where he was born in 1837. He was educated at the Catholic University, Dublin, London University, and at Paris and Bonn. He was called to the bar at the Middle Temple, London, in 1872, but does not practice. In addition to the words of a large number of songs, he published in 1879 a work entitled 'Our Autumn Holiday on French Rivers.' His 'Kerry Dance,' 'Thady O'Flynn,' 'Darby and Joan,' 'Just a Song at Twilight,' and 'Bantry Bay' have had great vogue.

### THE KERRY DANCE.

O, the days of the Kerry dancing, O, the ring of the piper's tune!

O, for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like our youth too soon;

When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,  
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight,  
O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears.

O, the days of the Kerry dancing, O, the ring of the piper's tune!

O, for one of those hours of gladness, gone, alas! like our youth too soon.

Was there ever a sweeter colleen in the dance than Eily Moore?

Or a prouder lad than Thady, as he boldly took the floor?

"Lads and lasses to your places; up the middle and down again."

Ah! the merry hearted laughter ringing through the happy glen!

O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!  
O, the days, etc.

Time goes on and the happy years are dead,

And one by one the merry hearts are fled;

Silent now is the wild and lonely glen,

Where the bright glad laugh will echo ne'er again,

Only dreaming of days gone by, fills my heart with tears!

O, the days, etc.

Loving voices of old companions, stealing out of the past once  
more,  
And the sound of the dear old music, soft and sweet as in days  
of yore,  
When the boys began to gather in the glen of a summer night,  
And the Kerry piper's tuning made us long with wild delight,  
O, to think of it, O, to dream of it, fills my heart with tears!  
O, the days, etc.

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### THE CLANG OF THE WOODEN SHOON.

Oh! the clang of the wooden shoon,  
Oh! the dance and the merry tune,  
Happy sound of a by-gone day,  
It rings in my heart for aye,  
When the boats came in,  
With the sailors all aglow,  
And the moon shone down on the glistening tide below.

“Now my lads, with a merry will,  
Up with hatch and the baskets fill,  
Winsome lassies above ye stand,  
Ready with eager hand;”  
Then the sails came down,  
And all was taut and clear,  
And a wild, glad dance lit up the wooden pier.  
Oh! the rush of the tripping feet,  
Oh! the lightsome hearts that beat;  
Wild and sweet the merry tune and the clang of the wooden  
shoon.

But they are gone a weary while, ah me,  
And he, my own, came home no more from sea.  
The sea looks black,  
The waves have all a moan,  
And I am left to sit and dream alone,  
To sit and dream alone.  
Still I see them on the pier,  
All the kindly faces near,  
Hear the wild and merry tune,  
And the clang of the wooden shoon,  
When the boats came in with the sailors all aglow,  
And the moon shone down on the rippling tide below.

## THE FIRST VOYAGE.

“ My little one ’s going to sea,  
It ’s lonely my heart will be ;  
O, pitiless wind,  
For once be kind,  
And bring him again to me.”  
“ But mother, it ’s not for long,  
And see, I am brave and strong ;  
The stars of the night  
Are clear and bright,  
And hark, the old Bréton song ! ”  
“ The sea is great and our boat is small,  
But heaven is greater than sea and all,  
Ave Maria ! Ave Maria ! ”

The little one lightly sprang  
On board as the sailors sang,  
And leaving the pier,  
His parting cheer,  
Half gayly, half sadly rang.  
He looked at his mother there,  
Her hands ever clasped in prayer,  
While steady and strong  
The old Bréton song,  
Rose through the midnight air.  
“ The sea is great and our boat is small,  
But heaven is greater than sea and all,  
Ave Maria ! Ave Maria ! ”

## WILLIAM MOLYNEUX.

(1656—1698.)

WILLIAM MOLYNEUX was born in Dublin, April 17, 1656. Owing to tender health, he was educated at home till the age of fifteen, when he was placed in the University of Dublin, under the care of Dr. Palliser. After taking his degree he went to London, and entered the Middle Temple in June, 1675.

In 1678 he returned to Ireland, and married Lucy, the daughter of Sir William Domville, Attorney-General.

Always deeply interested in mathematics and physical science, he established a philosophical society in Dublin with Sir William Petty as President, and in 1685 he was elected a member of the Royal Society ; but we cannot follow here the details of his career as a scientist. He became a member of the Irish Parliament, and began to take notice of and study the fight for independence which that body had begun in 1690 by the rejection of a money bill which had not originated with themselves. In 1696 and 1697 the English Parliament, desiring to destroy the Irish woollen manufactures, then in a most thriving state, introduced prohibitory laws to prevent their exportation. These enactments seemed to Molyneux not only cruel and unwise, but unjust and tyrannical, and he immediately set himself to produce his 'Case of Ireland Stated.' This appeared in 1698, with a manly yet respectful dedication to William III.

In size little more than a pamphlet, this work created a great sensation in England. The English House of Commons declared "that the book published by Mr. Molyneux was of dangerous tendency to the crown and people of England, by denying the authority of the King and Parliament of England to bind the kingdom and the people of Ireland, and the subordination and dependence that Ireland had, and ought to have, upon England, as being united and annexed to the imperial crown of England," and the book was committed to the hands of the common hangman, by whom it was glorified by being "burnt with fire."

It is noteworthy that he opens his case by laying down the principles set forth at the beginning of our own Declaration of Independence in almost identical phraseology.

In addition to the works we have named, Molyneux wrote a reply to one of Hobbes' works under the title of 'Metaphysical Meditations on God and Mind,' and a considerable number of articles and papers which appeared in 'Philosophical Transactions' and elsewhere. He died Oct. 11, 1698.

### A NATION'S RIGHT.

From 'The Case of Ireland Stated.'

All men are by nature in a state of equality in respect of jurisdiction and dominion: this I take to be a principle in



itself so evident that it stands in need of little proof. 'T is not to be conceived that creatures of the same species and rank, promiscuously born to all the same advantages of nature, and the use of the same faculties, should be subordinate and subject one to another; these to this or that of the same kind.

On this equality in nature is founded that right which all men claim, of being free from all subjection to positive laws, till by their own consent they give up their freedom, by entering into civil societies for the common benefit of all the members thereof. And on this consent depends the obligation of all humane laws, insomuch that without it, by the unanimous opinion of all jurists, no sanctions are of any force. For this let us appeal, amongst many, only to the judicious Mr. Hooker. . . .

No one or more men can by nature challenge any right, liberty, or freedom, or any ease in his property, estate, or conscience, which all other men have not an equally just claim to. Is England a free people? so ought France to be. Is Poland so? Turkey likewise, and all the eastern dominions, ought to be so. And the same runs throughout the whole race of mankind. Secondly, 't is against the common laws of England, which are of force both in England and Ireland, by the original compact before hinted.

It is declared by both houses of the parliament of England, 1 Jac. cap. i., That in the high court of parliament all the whole body of the realm, and every particular member thereof, either in person or by representation (upon their own free elections) are by the laws of this realm deemed to be personally present. Is this, then, the common law of England, and the birthright of every free-born English subject? And shall we of this kingdom be denied it, by having laws imposed on us, where we are neither personally nor representatively present? My Lord Coke in his fourth inst. cap. i. saith, that all the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and all the Commons of the whole realm ought *ex debito justiciæ* to be summoned to parliament, and none of them ought to be omitted. Hence it is called General Concilium in the Stat. of Westmins. i., and the Commune Concilium, because it is to comprehend all persons and estates in the whole kingdom. And this is the

very reason given in the case of the merchants of Waterford foregoing, why statutes made in England should not bind them in Ireland, because they have no representatives in the parliament of England.

My Lord Hobbart, in the case of *Savage and Day*, pronounced it for law, that whatever is against natural equity and reason, that act was void. Whether it be not against equity and reason, that a kingdom regulated within itself, and having its own parliament, should be bound without their consent by the parliament of another kingdom, I leave the reader to consider. . . .

It is against the statute laws both of England and Ireland; this has been pretty fully discussed before; however, I shall here again take notice, that in the 10th of Henry the Fourth it was enacted in Ireland that statutes made in England should not be of force in Ireland unless they were allowed and published by the parliament of Ireland. And the like statute was made the 29th of Henry the Sixth, and in the tenth year of Henry the Seventh, cap. xxiii., Irish statutes. The parliament which was held at Drogheda, before Sir Christopher Preston, deputy to Jasper, Duke of Bedford, lieutenant of Ireland, was declared void, for this reason amongst others, that there was no general summons of the said parliament to all the shires, but only to four. And if acts of parliament made in Ireland shall not bind that people, because some counties were omitted, how much less shall either their persons or estates be bound by those acts made in England, whereat no one county or person of that kingdom is present.

In the 25th of Edward the First, cap. vi., it was enacted by the parliament of England, in these words, "Moreover, from henceforth we shall take no manner of aid, taxes, or prizes, but by the common assent of the realm." And again in the statute of liberty by the same king it is enacted, "No tollage or aid shall be taken or levied by us or our heirs in our realm, without the good-will and assent of archbishops, bishops, earls, barons, knights, burgesses, and other freeman of the land." . . .

Fifthly, it is inconsistent with the royalties præeminence of a separate and distinct kingdom. That we have thus a distinct kingdom has been clearly made out before. 'Tis plain the nobility of Ireland are an order of peers

clearly distinct from the peerage of England; privileges of the one extend not into the other kingdom; a lord of Ireland may be arrested by his body in England, and so may a lord of England in Ireland, whilst these persons remain sacred in their respective kingdoms.

A voyage royal may be made into Ireland, as the year book and Lord Coke tell us, and King John, in the twelfth year of his reign of England, made a voyage royal into Ireland; and all his tenants in chief which did not attend him in that voyage did pay him escuage at the rate of two marks for every knight's fee which was imposed, as appears by the pipe roll, which shows that we are a complete kingdom within our selves, and not little better than a province, as some are so extravagant as to assert, none of the properties of a Roman province agreeing in the least with our constitution. 'Tis resolved in Sir Richard Pembrough's case, that Sir Richard might lawfully refuse the king to serve him as his deputy in Ireland, and that the king could not compel him thereto, for that were to banish him into another kingdom, which is against Magna Charta. Nay, even though Sir Richard had great tenures from the king, for that was said must be understood within the realms of England. And in Pilkington's case aforementioned Fortescue declared that the land of Ireland is and at all times hath been a dominion separate and divided from England. How then can the realms of England and Ireland, being distinct kingdoms and separate dominions, be imagined to have any superiority or jurisdiction the one over the other? 'Tis absurd to fancy that kingdoms are separate and distinct merely from the geographical distinction of territories. Kingdoms become distinct by distinct jurisdictions and authorities legislative and executive, and as a kingdom can have no supreme, it is in itself supreme within itself, and must have all jurisdictions, authorities, and præeminences to the royal state of a kingdom belonging, or else 't is none. But that Ireland has all these is declared in the Irish statute 33 Henry the Eighth, cap. i. The chief of these most certainly is the power of making and abrogating its own laws, and being bound only by such to which the community have given their consent. . . .

To conclude all, I think it highly inconvenient for England to assume this authority over the kingdom of Ireland.

I believe there will need no great arguments to convince the wise assembly of English senators how inconvenient it may be to England to do that which may make the lords and people of Ireland think that they are not well used, and may drive them into discontent. The laws and liberties of England were granted above five hundred years ago to the people of Ireland, upon their submission to the crown of England, with a design to make them easy to England, and to keep them in the allegiance of the King of England. . . .

The rights of parliament should be preserved sacred and inviolable wherever they are found. This kind of government, once so universal all over Europe, is now almost banished from amongst the nations thereof. Our king's dominions are the only supporters of this noble Gothic constitution, save only what little remains may be found thereof in Poland. We should not, therefore, make so light of that sort of legislature, and as it were abolish it in one kingdom of the three, wherein it appears; but rather cherish and encourage it wherever we meet it.













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